WELLINGTON

A CHARACTER STUDY

THE HON. OLIVER BR

Price, net, $3.50

The biography of Napoleon's conqueror is here treated for the first time in the modern manner by one who has served in the British war office and as Secretary to Lord Morley in India. "No battle will be described in it, no political issue explained. Beneath the actions of his military and public life, beneath the blinding glamor of his surpassing fame, is the task of finding the essential portrait of the man himself." Thus does the author expose his plan of action for this remarkably fine character study. Leonard Woolf, English critic of the *Nation*, says of it: "What gives to his book real life and freshness is the fact that without belittling or denigrating Wellington in the usual modern manner, he yet makes one see the limitations and littleness in Wellington's character."

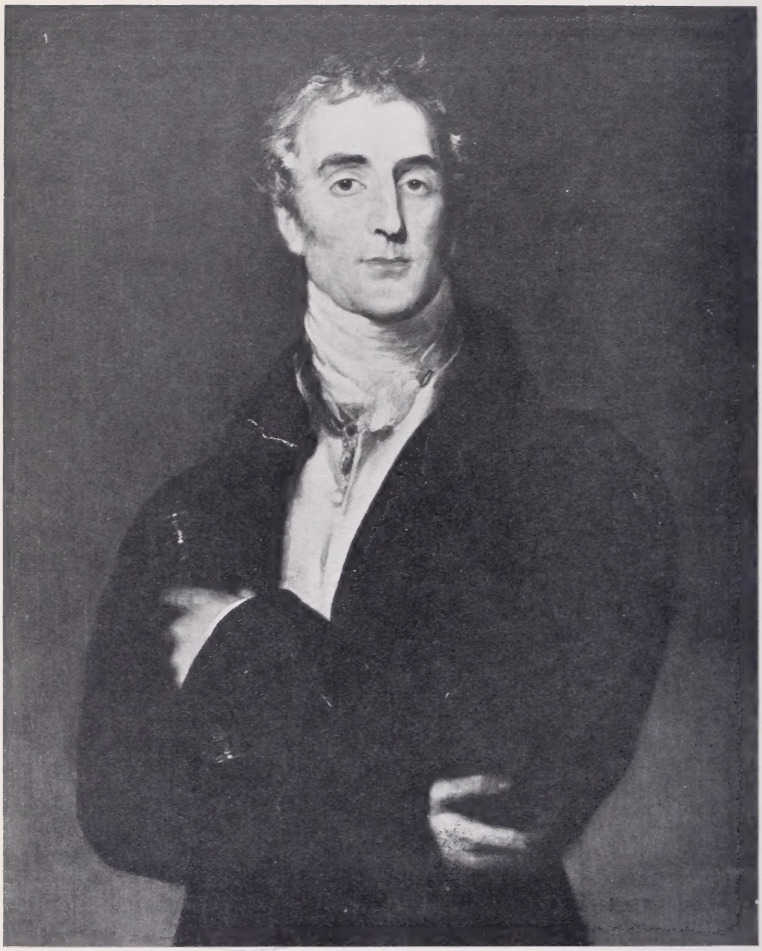
The Iron Duke was a blunt straightforward man, a "soldier rather than a thinker" with distinguishing traits of realism, commonsense, and a peculiar integrity of purpose. There is an interesting contrast between this just, if hard, man and his priggish conceited brother, Mornington. The Hon. Brett pictures Arthur as one who "disliked speculations about the future, preferring to face the immediate problems as they arose." Always a plain man, he was not given to wearing his heart on his sleeve. "Attractive women appealed to him" all his life; he tolerated them more than men; was often influenced by them. The great warrior remained at heart a pacifist, hoping ever that it would be the last war."

To quote Leonard Woolf again; "The duke emerges as still the 'great' character, and more real and understandable."

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012

http://archive.org/details/wellington00bret

WELLINGTON



THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON
by Sir Thomas Lawrence

From a picture in the possession of the author

WELLINGTON

BY

OLIVER BRETT

GARDEN CITY NEW YORK
DOUBLEDAY, DORAN AND COMPANY, INC.
1929

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN

CONTENTS

Chapter		*Page*
I	YOUTH	1
II	INDIA	12
III	AN INTERLUDE	30
IV	SPAIN	40
V	RELATIONS WITH SOLDIERS	56
VI	WAR AND POLITICIANS	83
VII	PENINSULAR WAR: 1810–1812	101
VIII	PENINSULAR WAR: 1813–1814	119
IX	WATERLOO	137
X	PARIS AND VIENNA	153
XI	ENGLAND	163
XII	CASTLEREAGH	183
XIII	RUSSIA	191
XIV	CANNING	204
XV	PRIME MINISTER	213
XVI	REFORM	233
XVII	HOUSE OF LORDS	241
XVIII	LAST YEARS	258
XIX	THE IRON DUKE	278
	BIBLIOGRAPHY	299
	INDEX	302

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

FRONTISPIECE

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

From a picture in the possession of the Author

Page 101

VISCOUNT WELLINGTON

From a drawing in Chalk in the British Museum

Page 137

WELLINGTON

From a miniature in the possession of Lord Gerald Wellesley

Page 183

WELLINGTON

From a print in the possession of Lord Gerald Wellesley

Page 213

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

From the picture in the possession of Viscount Esher

Page 258

WELLINGTON AND PEEL

By gracious permission of His Majesty the King

MAPS

Page 12

INDIA

Page 40

SPAIN

NOTE

My grateful thanks are due to Dr. Harold Temperley for giving me invaluable advice with regard to those chapters that deal with the foreign policy of Castlereagh and Canning, and to Lord Gerald Wellesley for his assistance on many points of detail in his ancestor's family life. I am also indebted to Lord Esher and to Mr. Desmond MacCarthy for reading the proofs with such discreet observation that many a slip has thus been obviated.

O. S. B.

WELLINGTON

CHAPTER I

YOUTH

Voluminous are the works which have been written about the Duke of Wellington. His career has been described from every angle; his battles examined in minute detail. The epic of the Peninsular War has inspired the pen of a romantic soldier and a serious historian. His Life has been written many times, and almost every minute of Waterloo has been recorded. His Despatches cover a large space in our shelves; his speeches have been collected; his correspondence with several ladies has been published. Conversations with him and anecdotes about him have appeared from time to time since his death, while there is no memoir or biography within the long span of his life in which he does not figure. No historian can touch his period without concerning himself with the Duke, and the interest that he excited in his life-time hardly exceeded the attention he has received from posterity.

This volume is not intended as a description of the Life and Times of the Duke of Wellington. It makes an attempt to follow him through his time, to seek him out in the fog of war, to disentangle him from the thickets of ancient politics. No battle will be described in it, no political issue explained. Beneath the actions of his military and public life, beneath the blinding glam-

our of his surpassing fame, there is the task of finding the essential portrait of the man himself.

. . . . .

In the Eighteenth Century it was important to be born within the enchanted circle of the governing families. It was no disadvantage for Napoleon, the child of revolution, and the inaugurator of the principle *place aux talents,* to be born in humble circumstances; his English rival could not afford such a condition. Privilege and prestige were essential to the future Duke of Wellington. It is true the family were neither very rich nor particularly distinguished. The Somerset family of De Wellesleigh was of great antiquity, and as long ago as the reign of Henry II had been granted lands in Ireland, although across the centuries the loss of the "de" and the contraction to Wesley indicate a loss of consequence inevitable in a family of Irish country gentlemen. Moreover, strictly speaking, the infant Arthur was not a Wesley at all. His grandfather Richard Colley, who was descended from the Wesleys in the female line, had adopted the name from a gentleman who had married Colley's aunt and made him his heir. The Colleys too were of English extraction, appearing in County Kildare in the first half of the sixteenth century. The most interesting and eminent of them was Sir Henry Colley of Castle Carbery who played an important part in Irish affairs in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. But both Wesleys and Colleys were English, and no warmth of Celtic blood confused the clear and cold determination of family ambition. Grandfather Richard had sat in the Irish House of Commons and ended an undistinguished career as Baron Mornington in the Irish peerage. His son

Garret attained celebrity in his day for musical composition, and his chants and glees are still occasionally sung. In his life-time an earldom was gained and the social prestige of the family enhanced, but his artistic temperament was fatal to his finances and he left his widow and six children with very little money to uphold their dignities.

Thus the two sons of the first earl with whom history is concerned, Richard, the future Governor-General of India, and Arthur, the future victor of Waterloo, were within the charmed circle of eighteenth century society. Their father had been an Earl, and their mother, whose maiden name was Anne Hill, was the daughter of Viscount Dungannon. She was a woman of resolute character, who understood the English system of preferment, and she was determined to use the advantages of her position to overcome its drawbacks. Her son Richard was a brilliant boy, amazingly good-looking, clever and ambitious. Everything that Eton and social influence could do was employed to push him on in the world. The young Mornington well repaid all sacrifices made on his behalf. He was nine years older than his brother Arthur, and in youth his spirit was unclouded by the sense of failure in comparison with him and by the thwarted ambition that embittered his later life. Sure of his own ability and everywhere admired, the young man rose easily and quickly to positions of great importance; once there a strong family feeling rather than strong affections prompted him to do all he could to help his far less promising brother. One of the Gores remembered as a boy driving with Lord Mornington who pointed out to him that younger brother.

"Little Gore! I'll tell ye a thing," he said, "there

goes my brother Arthur, the biggest ass in Europe."

Mornington in early days had no idea that his own eager and polished cleverness was precisely the kind mistrusted by the English; they will never accept its leadership; he was unaware how much more promising it is, as far as the greatest positions of all are concerned, to be the fool of the family.

Arthur Wesley possessed at any rate that foundation of success. He was the typical fool of the family and no money was wasted on his education. His mother disliked him, and treated him as the family dunce. He had a slow, unintelligent way of speaking, and the appearance of a dull boy. At Eton he was idle at work and at games; a combination frowned upon by both boys and masters. He had got no higher than Remove when his mother, for reasons of economy, took him away and placed him in a *pension* in Brussels. The dreamy, slow boy had done no good at Eton, had made no friends, and he had utterly failed even to begin to emulate the successes of his elder brother. At Brussels he displayed a fondness for music inherited, no doubt, from his glee-composing father. He played upon the fiddle, an accomplishment of which in after years he became ashamed as unsoldierly, consigning his fiddle to the flames. His mother failed to discover in the boy any sign of promise. "I vow to God," she is recorded to have said, "I don't know what I shall do with my awkward son Arthur;" and, observing that he was "food for powder and nothing more," she destined him for the "fool's profession," and sent him at the age of sixteen to the French Academy at Angers. There he displayed as little talent as he had at Eton. His health was bad; he could take little part in the riding, fencing

and other exercises which constituted the life of the place. But he learnt both to write and to speak French fluently, and he also acquired a safe but by no means perfect seat on a horse. He dined out sometimes with the local *noblesse*. Little can be said of him at Angers except that he was "rather of a weak constitution, not very attentive to his studies, lay about a good deal on a sofa, and was constantly occupied with a little terrier called 'Vic.' "

Arthur Wesley had, indeed, the casual education of a younger son of no particular promise. His home-life seems to be have been bleak enough, and he retained no pleasant recollections of his childhood. The aim of his family was to get him into the Army as quickly as possible and in 1786 we find his brother, Lord Mornington, writing to the Viceroy of Ireland: "Let me remind you of a younger brother of mine whom you were so kind as to take into your consideration for a commission in the army. He is here at this moment, and perfectly idle. It is a matter of indifference to me what commission he gets, provided he gets it soon." Lord Mornington's reminder was immediately successful, and in March, 1787, Arthur Wesley became an ensign in the 73rd Regiment.

The young officer appears to have spent very little time with his regiment. The 73rd was in India but he did not join it; and during the succeeding six years he was transferred from one regiment to another, doing little or no regimental duty, but receiving considerable steps in rank at the pecuniary expense of Lord Mornington. He himself has related that as an ensign he had one of the privates weighed with and without his marching kit so as to learn what demand was made on

the endurance of a man in the ranks. The story shows not only how little officers studied in those days the bed-rock facts of their profession, but how early in him that instinct for the essential, so characteristic of his genius, developed. His comment on this incident long afterwards was that he was "not so young as not to know that since I had undertaken a profession I had better try to understand it"; nevertheless from 1787 to 1793 he preferred to be an A.D.C. to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

It seems that at this time Arthur Wesley was not considered a serious young man. His companions looked upon him as a good-humoured, insignificant youth, and the poet Moore says that he had a reputation for frivolous fooling. Lady Aldborough recorded that the Dublin girls would not go on a party if "that mischievous boy" was to be one of the number, and Lord Leitrim noticed that it amused the young Wesley to twitch out the lace neck-cloths of his friends. Old soldiers like Lord Cornwallis disapproved of his dangling round the lively vice-regal court instead of going with his regiment to the East Indies, and he had not even the excuse of being a social success; far from it. Years afterwards Lady Aldborough reminded him that she had found him such dull company driving back from some picnic that she had to turn him out of her carriage, and make him walk back to Dublin with the band. Doubtless, too, in the eyes of the prudent, it seemed silly in a young captain with a private income of £125, lodging with a bootmaker in Dublin, to propose to marry Catherine Pakenham; especially as for the first and last time in his life Arthur Wesley was over-spending himself. He had ever afterwards a horror of debt.

His mother gave little attention to his career. "There is my ugly boy, Arthur," she is said to have remarked on catching sight of him at the Dublin theatre after a long absence. On the other hand, Lord Mornington showed no signs of being disappointed with him. Having got his brother made A.D.C., he next proceeded to make him a member of the Irish Parliament for his own private borough of Trim. For several years the young member of Parliament lived in a small country house near Trim, reading a good deal and giving some attention to his political duties. He made a few innocuous speeches and voted for his party; but he appears to have given complete satisfaction to his brother, who records that "by his excellent judgment, amiable manners, admirable temper and firmness, he has entirely restored the interest of my family." Lord Mornington's test of statesman-like efficiency may appear crude, but after all not much could be expected of a Captain hardly 21 years old. Nor was much demanded of a well-born youth in professional directions; the Duke of Richmond seems to have been surprised that Arthur Wesley should have asked permission to attend his drills, on the ground that he felt unequal to a command as long as he was ignorant of the fundamental details of his profession. "He persevered for a whole month," we are told, and even went on to refuse a lieutenant-colonelcy, saying that he had been so short a time a Major that he did not feel equal to it. Such self-abnegation, however, could not be expected to last long; he only remained a Major from April to September in the year 1793.

Lord Longford, the father of Catherine Pakenham, placed parental obstructions in the way of the marriage;

and such a crisis appears to have effected a change, as it so often does, in the young officer's conduct. He at once resigned his post as A.D.C. and henceforth his position as Colonel of the 33rd regiment became in his eyes all-important.

Fortunately for Arthur Wesley, events made a military career at least exciting. In 1793 the French Revolutionary Convention had declared war on England and Holland, and the Duke of York had been sent with 10,000 men to assist the Austrians and Prussians in the task of turning the French out of the Netherlands. In 1794 that incapable General was in difficulties, and an expedition under Lord Moira was sent to reinforce him. To this expedition the 33rd regiment was attached, and Colonel Wesley sailed from Cork to Ostend.

It cannot be said that his first experience of fighting the French was encouraging. The victorious armies of the young Republic, organized by the genius of Carnot, were in the first flush of their revolutionary ardour. The Army of the North, commanded by Pichegru, the son of a labourer, was engaged in sweeping the Allies out of Belgium when Lord Moira arrived at Ostend. The whole campaign consisted of a disastrous retreat comparable to that from Mons in 1914. Lord Moira had the greatest difficulty in joining the Duke of York, who, after his complete defeat at Fleurus, was retiring as rapidly as he could along the Scheldt. Colonel Wesley, by the fortunate chance of seniority, found himself in command of a brigade of 3,000 men. Lord Moira left him behind in Ostend to clear up the situation in that town, and Colonel Wesley took his brigade round by sea to join the retreating army at Antwerp.

In September Belgium was abandoned and the long winter retreat through Holland began. During this retreat he obtained his first experience of real fighting. General Abercrombie's failure to re-take the village of Boxtel was to a certain extent retrieved by Colonel Wesley's action in covering his retreat. He gained the recognition of his superiors for his behaviour on this occasion. The brigade under his command formed the rearguard of the retreating army; and, after some months' stand on the river Waal, the reduced forces of the Duke of York succeeded in escaping across North Germany to the coast at Bremen.

The rather depressed young Colonel, who landed at Harwich in March, 1795, and took his regiment into camp at Warley, had not derived much encouragement from this inglorious campaign. But his brother, who watched him most closely and to whom he owed everything, had formed a high estimate of his ability. His practical interest in his profession in comparison with that of other young aristocrats amounted to keenness, though the degree of that keenness would not strike a modern soldier as remarkable. In the campaign just brought to an ignominious close he had behaved noticeably well, though not in a position of great responsibility, and tame as Lord Cornwallis' praise in a letter of introduction sounds, "a sensible man and a good officer," that commendation had been thoroughly earned. As for Arthur Wesley himself, no doubt he had learnt a good deal. Long afterwards he told Lord Stanhope that he had learnt at any rate "what one ought not to do, and that is always something." But the immediate effect of his experience was to disgust him with a military career and to turn his thoughts back

to the girl with whom he had a shadowy engagement. In June, therefore, with Lord Mornington's approval, he wrote to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland to apply for a civil post under the Revenue or Treasury Boards. History does not relate why Lord Camden refused this application, couched in humble terms and backed by the influence of Lord Mornington. Refused, however, it was, and Arthur Wesley's endeavour to earn a better income and to marry Catherine Pakenham, failed. He was obliged to set out on a voyage to the West Indies with his regiment; a fruitless expedition which was driven back by heavy gales to England.

Thus the early career of the young soldier was hardly distinguished. Many young officers had achieved as much under the genial advantages of family influence and judicious expenditure, which then enabled an English aristocrat to rise even more quickly in the Army than a self-made military genius in the French Army. To Arthur Wesley these advantages seemed perfectly natural, nor would the Duke of Wellington, later, have been able to perceive any arguments against a system that had produced himself. He was the embodiment of the aristocratic theory, that trusts to influence rather than examination as a selective principle and believes in character moulded by tradition rather than in education. The soldier who was to be so hard a worker led an idle youth; he who was to be so meticulous in detail had been grounded in nothing. No one had picked him out as a remarkable man; he had been merely allowed to grasp his chances in the idle world in which he lived, where prizes went by favour. It was all the same whether he adhered to soldiering or turned civil servant under the Treasury. He had already

been a politician. Any man of family was fitted for any post. His brother was an earl, and he himself had been at Eton; he belonged to the governing class. He was of medium height, neat and well-made. His manners were frank and self-assured; though he had neither the accomplished suavity nor the good looks of his brilliant brother. Unlike Lord Mornington he did not abound in "enlightened views," but he was entirely free from the absurdly sensitive vanity which crippled that eminent man's career and clouded his common sense. Lord Mornington would never have forgiven or forgotten a lady who made him get out of a carriage and walk with the band. The young Wesley, who had in after life to be reminded of the incident, was more likely at the time to have thought her a fool for preferring the company of a "rattle", and have consoled himself with the reflection that at any rate he had not to make conversation. Thus in the scanty records of his youth some of the qualities which afterwards made him the most eminent man in Europe are dimly perceptible. He had begun to remedy the defects of his education and had acquired the habit of studying by himself for some hours every day. We can detect in him already that love of detail, that hatred of inefficiency, that sound common sense which were the foundation both of his character and his success.

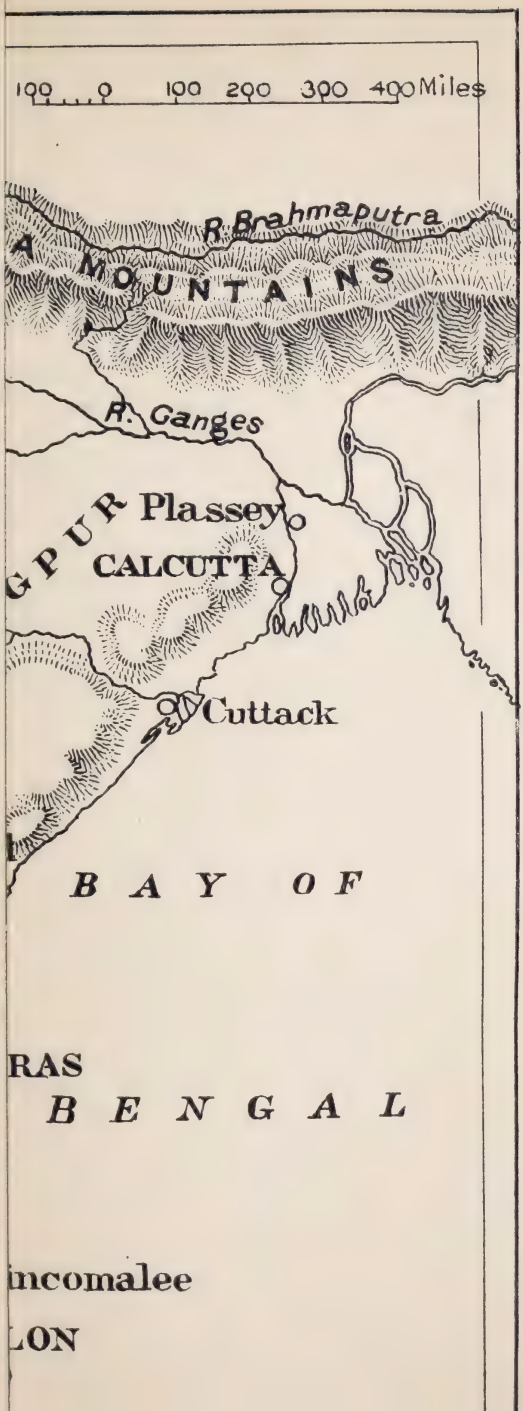
CHAPTER II

INDIA

GREAT days were dawning for the Wesley family. Arthur was 27 years old, when, in the month of April, 1796, the 33rd Regiment of Foot, quartered at Poole, were ordered to sail for India; but he was suffering from an illness and could not embark with the troops. By the 20th of June, however, he had sufficiently recovered to be at Portsmouth, waiting for that favourable wind without which, in those days, the long voyage to India was never begun. Although on so fast a ship that he was able to overtake his regiment at the Cape, it was not till nearly eight months later, in February, 1797, that he arrived at Calcutta.

When Colonel Wesley landed, the situation in India was to a large extent determined by what was occurring in Europe. Great Britain was at war with the French Directory and Spain, and the conflict between England and France was the motive in Asia of every diplomatic and military move among the various native states and European settlements in the East. The static and pacific policy of Lord Cornwallis and Sir John Shore had retarded the extension of British control in India, but the time was ripe for another burst of "forward policy." The appointment of Lord Mornington as Governor-General provided the impetus, while French influence supported the native princes at whose expense this forward movement was made.

Arthur Wesley derived enormous advantage from


100 0 100 200 300 400 Miles
R. Brahmaputra
A MOUNTAINS
R. Ganges
GPUR
Plassey
CALCUTTA
Cuttack
BAY OF
RAS
BENGAL
incomalee
LON

his brother's elevation. It is true that Sir John Shore had at once taken a fancy to him, and prophesied that "if Colonel Wesley should ever have the opportunity of distinguishing himself, he will do it, and greatly"; —one of those remarks so easily forgotten if they do not happen to come true. His strong sense and boyish playfulness appealed to the pious and simple mind of the Governor-General. He was a frequent guest at Sir John's table, and he was given command of the Bengal portion of an expedition against the Philippine Islands, an expedition which only got as far as Penang, when it was recalled. But the whole position of the young officer was changed by Pitt's offer of the Governor-Generalship to Lord Mornington. It is not surprising that Wesley strongly urged his brother to accept the appointment, but that the latter should have hesitated is strange. Long afterwards the poet Rogers drew attention to a remarkable contrast between the Duke of Wellington and Lord Wellesley: "the one scorned all display, the other lived for nothing else." That aspect cannot but have appealed to Lord Mornington. In 1798 the plebeian spelling of the family name gives place to the more aristocratic Wellesley.

Arthur Wellesley was on leave in Madras when his brother arrived in May, 1798, and from the outset the Governor-General came under the influence of the stronger character and sounder judgment of his younger brother. Mr. Wyatt, the architect, records a remark made to him by Mornington at this time: "Aye! Arthur is a much cleverer fellow than I am, you may depend upon it." Both on military and on political questions Mornington acquired the habit of making Arthur Wellesley his unofficial adviser. His abilities had

ripened slowly but surely. Not only his military actions in India but also his political despatches show that the Governor-General was correct in his high estimate of his brother's capacities.

Mornington, with that pomposity which was inherent in his character, had declared that he would not "accept this high station, unless I were assured of my possessing firmness enough to govern the British Empire in India without favour or affection to a human being, either in Europe or Asia." However justified he may have been in his own eyes, in the eyes of the Indian official and military world his favouritism towards his brother was glaring. It affected Colonel Wellesley's superiors in various ways. Some, like General Baird, resented it and fought against it; others, like General Harris and Lord Clive, the Commander-in-Chief and Governor of Madras, accepted it and gave Colonel Wellesley's views extra weight because he was related to the Governor-General.

As for Colonel Wellesley himself, the prospect of prolonged war with the French and the high position attained by his brother aroused his ambition. He seems to have anticipated becoming a Major-General in the course of a year, and he applied himself earnestly to those political and military problems the "forward policy" in India involved. The objective of its advocates, among whom the Governor-General was not the least conspicuous, was the Sultanate of Mysore. The usual method of clearing the ground was pursued, and the immediate neighbours of Tipú Sultan were squared before the attack. Treaties were made with the Peshwa, the head of the Marhatta confederacy, and with the Nizám of Hyderabad; and then, in February, 1799, war

was declared upon Mysore. Colonel Wellesley at Madras was very active in all these preparations. He advised a preliminary disarmament of the Nizám's army to encourage him to make a treaty; he assumed command of the troops at Madras until General Harris arrived; he suggested the visit of the Governor-General to that city; and he succeeded in obtaining from General Harris the command of the Nizám's contingent, to which the 33rd Regiment was attached. This command gave him the rank of brigadier, and General Baird, whom Wellington afterwards described to Croker as "a gallant, hard-headed, lion-hearted officer, but no talent, no tact," at once complained. Baird was a senior officer, yet his Brigade was smaller than Wellesley's. Such squabbles are common enough in the Army. General Harris appears to have ignored Baird's remonstrance. Colonel Wellesley's career in India under the aegis of his brother was to be marked by many such unpleasant incidents.

During the attack on Seringapatam, he was in reserve and his share in the campaign was confined to an advance upon an outpost in the village of Sultanpettah. Here he was repulsed with loss, and owing to his subsequent eminence, much argument has accumulated round this insignificant affair. Colonel Wellesley appears to have been considerably mortified and to have held that the attack should never have been made. In any case he retrieved it the next morning, though as he did not receive his orders in time the business was very nearly undertaken by General Baird. The capture of Seringapatam itself by General Baird alone, in which Wellesley took no part, produced a second controversy between the two men. There is evidence to

prove that after the attack General Baird sent a message to General Harris asking that he and the regiments who had stormed the city might be relieved, but no doubt he was unaware that Colonel Wellesley was the next officer for duty. This despatch was the weak point in General Baird's case in the quarrel which followed. At any rate he was not going to acquiesce meekly to Wellesley's permanent appointment to the command at Seringapatam. "Before the sweat was dry on my brow," he complained, "I was superseded by an inferior officer." An angry correspondence took place between Baird and General Harris, in which the latter remained quite firm, needless to say with the Governor-General's support, who wrote of his brother: "My opinion of his discretion, judgment, temper and integrity is such, that if you had not placed him in Seringapatam, I would have done so of my own authority."

Colonel Wellesley himself wrote a "very handsome note" to General Baird, accompanied by Tipú Sultan's state sword; he could afford to be magnanimous. Violent partisans on both sides have obscured the issue, but even if we allow that Colonel Wellesley with his tact and skill in dealing with civilian authorities was a better choice than General Baird for the administration of Seringapatam, we cannot overlook the motives that may have swayed Harris and certainly did sway the Governor-General. We can only say that this piece of favouritism was justified by events. Colonel Wellesley, installed in the ancient city, soon produced order out of chaos. Plundering was suppressed; the territory of Mysore was divided up, the Peshwá, the Nizám and the East India Company being allotted small portions,

and a Hindu dynasty set up over the rest; while a neatly-conducted guerilla campaign was undertaken against the robber chief Dhoondia Waugh. In fact, the newly-conquered territory was settled on good imperialist principles. Wellesley's despatches at this time, giving his views on policy, display the balance and moderation of his political judgment: and the Governor-General, whose attitude towards his brother was still untarnished by envy, wrote to him affectionately saying that his conduct at Mysore had secured his character and advancement for the remainder of his life, adding "you may trust me for making the best use of your merits in your future promotion."

Wellesley at this period was still very poor. His command in Mysore involved him in heavy expense, and, although his share in the prize-money of the Mysore campaign had been £4,000, he described himself as ruined. Mornington had generously declined to be repaid what he had spent in buying promotions for his brother; and that there was a strain of generosity also in Wellesley is shown by his supporting the infant son of the robber chief, whom he had taken prisoner, setting aside £400 for his education.

Wellesley's administration in Mysore between July, 1799, and February, 1803, was interrupted by an incident that throws light on his growing ambition. In May, 1800, he had been offered by the Governor-General the command of an expedition against Batavia. Wellesley refused this on the advice of Lord Clive, who was very anxious to keep him at Mysore. In November he was offered the command of 5,000 men to proceed against the French in Mauritius, and left for Trincomalee, in Ceylon, to organize the expedition.

Here he learnt from Lord Clive that the objective of the expedition had been changed for Egypt, and Wellesley, without waiting for orders, set sail with the whole of his force for Bombay. In the meantime, owing to the increased size of the expedition, he had been superseded by Baird. Thus when the irascible Baird arrived at Trincomalee he found his army had disappeared. Such are the bare facts of an involved quarrel.

Mornington had lately been made an Irish Marquess and was in the full flush of autocratic power. He was arrogantly contemptuous of this step in the peerage, calling it a "gilded Irish potato." In truth, his head had been turned by his position, and he had become intolerably arbitrary. "No dog must bark when he spoke; all men must abide by his decision. To differ from his opinion was in his eyes the cardinal sin." At this juncture the irate General Baird arrived at Barruckpore, determined to obtain the command in Egypt. The Governor-General received him with "urbanity and kindness," and by skilfully changing the topics of conversation and by talking very rapidly, he succeeded at first in foiling Baird's obvious intentions. Baird, however, was not to be put off. He knew from experience that Wellesley would be "loaded with favours by his exalted relation" on every opportunity. He called again the next morning, and a "long and stormy conversation" took place between the two. The Governor-General worked himself into a state of extreme irritation and met the animated persistence of Baird with rudeness and pomposity. The upshot was a complete victory for Baird; he was appointed to command the expedition. The Governor-General, already sufficiently

annoyed by these interviews, then heard of Wellesley's departure for Bombay without orders. It is not surprising that some of his annoyance should be diverted towards his brother.

When Wellesley, in the meantime, learnt at Bombay that he had been superseded and was to be merely second-in-command, he in his turn was extremely angry. His first impulse was to throw up the appointment. He complained to his brother Henry: "I was at the top of the tree in this country; the governments which I served placed unlimited confidence in me, and I had received strong and repeated marks of their approbation. . . . But this supersession has ruined all my prospects." He complained to the Governor-General himself in terms lacking in dignity and good taste, and even entertained the project of sailing without Baird, who had been delayed on his journey between Trincomalee and Bombay.

Both brothers, after a time, recovered their temper. A convenient fever gave Wellesley the excuse for not going with the expedition, and he confessed to the Governor-General that it was not surprising that senior officers should resent an appointment made "out of your partiality for me." He wrote a soothing letter to Baird, hoping that the latter would not think his illness was due to reluctance to serve under him, and, in a letter to Colonel Champagné, he said, "I believe you know that I always thought that General Baird had not been well used, when I was called to the command. But I do not think it was proper that I should be disappointed more than he was, in order that he might have no reason to complain. . . . I see clearly the evil consequence of all this to my reputation and future views;

but it cannot be helped, and to things of that nature I generally contrive to make up my mind." The Governor-General on his side endeavoured to make things up by writing that he approved of his brother's departure from Trincomalee to Bombay, and by re-appointing him to his command at Mysore. But the quarrel rankled in the minds of both. As late as 1833 the Duke of Wellington wrote to Colonel Gurwood that he considered he had been "very ill-used by the Government," and for many months Wellesley corresponded with Colonel Shawe, Lord Wellesley's Secretary, on official matters rather than with the Governor-General himself.

The expedition departed from Bombay. The ship in which Wellesley was to have sailed was lost on the voyage. Wellesley returned to Mysore. By sleeping in another man's bed he had caught the Malabar itch, a disease that could only be cured by baths of nitric acid so corrosive that the towels with which he dried himself rotted. His illness was a painful one, but there was more in it than this. "I know but one receipt for good health in this country," he wrote, "that is to live moderately, to drink little or no wine, to use exercise, to keep the mind employed, and, if possible, to keep in good humour with the world. The last is most difficult, for there is scarcely a good-tempered man in India." Wellesley had not kept his temper, and Sir Herbert Maxwell is probably correct in thinking that, had he retained the chief command, no fever would have prevented him from going.

In the end, however, Wellesley did not lose by this episode. The imperialism of the Governor-General found an early opportunity for another move of "forward policy," this time at the expense of the Marhatta

Confederacy. Vast tracts of Central India from Delhi to the borders of Mysore were under the nominal rule of the Peshwá at Poona, but in reality the latter shared the dominion with four other Marhatta princes, Sindhia, Holkar, the Gaekwar of Baroda, and the Rajah of Nagpur. Naturally these five princes quarrelled among themselves, and these quarrels, combined with the influence of the French over Sindhia and Holkar, provided the Governor-General with opportunities for first dividing the Marhatta chiefs and then destroying them. His first step was to make an alliance with Baroda, and then, Holkar having attacked and taken Poona, to make a similar alliance with the Peshwá. This treaty was signed at Bassein on December 31st, 1802, and then war was declared on Holkar. Six months or so later Sindhia and Nagpur decided to join forces with Holkar; thus the war arranged itself conveniently with two Marhatta chiefs on our side and three against us.

General Stuart, who was appointed to the supreme command in the war, assembled his army at Hurryhur, on the frontier of Mysore; and Wellesley, who had lately attained the rank of Major-General by seniority, was early on the scene to offer his services. He received the command of a detachment of General Stuart's army, and was sent forward in March, 1803, to recapture Poona for the Peshwá. His exploits in this war established his military reputation in India. His brilliant dash on Poona with his cavalry obtained for him the chief command in the South, and when General Baird returned from Egypt his efforts to supplant Wellesley by remonstrance to the Government of Madras resulted in a snub so conspicuous that he retired and returned to

England. The six months' campaign between June and December, 1803, was a triumphant success. By the capture of Ahmadnagar, the decisive battles of Assaye and Argaum and the storm of Gawilghor, the Marhatta power was broken. They sued for peace.

Occasional glimpses of the man himself can be caught through the dust of this arduous campaign. Wide rivers had to be passed, and the army crossed in wicker boats, made from the jungle, and covered with bullock skins. Communications between various detachments of the army were maintained by foot-messengers, who, armed with a rattle to frighten wild beasts, covered great distances. The shrewd qualities that were to lead him to success in the Peninsula and at Waterloo were in evidence at Assaye and Argaum: at Assaye the native guides informed him that there was no ford across the River Kaitna; he went himself to look and saw that there were two villages facing each other on each side of the river, and from this he deduced that communication must be possible between them. "That was common-sense," he said long afterwards to Lord Stanhope. "When one is strongly intent on an object, common-sense will usually direct one to the right means." He exhibited this same combination of reason and intuition again, a little later, when he was expecting to be joined by the Nizám's contingent under Colonel Stevenson. Seeing some dust flying about on the horizon he told an officer to ride at once with orders for Colonel Stevenson. "But suppose," said the officer, "it should not be Colonel Stevenson?" "Why then," said Wellesley, "you are mounted on a damned good horse, and you have eyes in your head: you must ride off as hard as you can." But Wellesley had been able to tell Colonel

Stevenson's dust from any other dust by an exact calculation of the time it would take Colonel Stevenson to carry out his instructions. Wellesley's brigade-major draws a picture of him at Assaye: "The General was in the thick of the action the whole time, and had a horse killed under him. No man could have shown a better example to his troops than he did. I never saw a man so cool and collected." Wellesley himself says that he lost two horses: "Diomed piked, and another horse shot under me." Similar coolness and self-confidence were displayed at Argaum, where three battalions ran away and were rallied by Wellesley himself. "If I had not been there," he writes, "I am convinced we should have lost the day."

Wellesley's conduct of the ensuing peace negotiations increased his reputation. We find him pleading at length with the Governor-General on behalf of moderation. His political despatches are admirably arranged and clearly expressed; years afterwards he told Lady Salisbury that on reading them over he was surprised to find them so good—"as good as I could write now. They show the same attention to details, to the pursuit of all the means, however small, that could promote success." Wellesley had strong views on policy in India, and, although not opposed to "forward policy," continually maintained that if we extended the area of our power it was our business to govern, to keep order, to protect with our troops the populations gathered under our dominion. Through all the intricacies of peace negotiations with orientals he kept before himself this simple line of policy: if the native prince was competent let him remain; if not the Company must take over and govern resolutely. On such lines the division of the

spoils was ultimately made, and the Governor-General in praising the sanity and judgment of the treaty describes it as "wise, honourable and glorious."

More months of active campaigning succeeded. Marhatta brigands lurking in the hills had to be hunted down and exterminated, and such active service in India was very arduous in those days. "The most surprising march ever made," he remarked in later days, "was one of mine in India—seventy-two miles from five one morning to twelve the next—and all fair marching; nor could there be any mistake as to distance, for in India we always marched with measuring wheels." He travelled himself in a light palanquin, with fixed poles and the panels made of canvas. The troops bore with the utmost cheerfulness the extraordinary fatigue of these marches, although supplies were not always easy to obtain. The elephants which carried the baggage of the army were easy to feed as they lived on the produce of the country, but water was often a difficulty. "It was painful to see large bodies of men," he said long afterwards, "calling out for water and to have no water to give them. There are no springs to be found in that country; but the armies usually encamp near the dry beds of rivers, and there, by digging a little way into the sand, water of good quality is generally found. But sometimes this resource fails, and then both men and animals suffer greatly, or rush to any neighbouring village—for where there is a village there is water—and obtain the supply of its tank. But sometimes the tank is small and soon exhausted, and then, where scarcely anything remains but thick mud, one sees the men struggling and fighting in it for the last drop of water." In the early stages of his career Wellesley was concerned

for his men. He resented their being used as tax-gatherers and as police for the petty tyrannies of native chiefs, acquiring thereby undeserved unpopularity. "Visiting the sick officers and the wounded, we heard," wrote Sir Joseph Nicholls in his Journal, "of General Wellesley's liberality to them: he sent in to every one a dozen Madeira from his stock, and that wine is neither cheap nor plentiful; to-day he was in amongst them before the camp was pitched, making inquiries."

Wellesley's own life, though not so physically arduous as his men's, was strenuous enough. For three years he was under canvas and never slept in a house. "At the siege of Gameghur," he afterwards told Mrs. Arbuthnot, "Colonel Stevenson was attacking the fortress on another side—he was taken ill—he was then an old man; I was obliged to attend to his business as well as my own, and thus I rode every morning to his station, which by the circuitous road round the hills was twenty-five miles from mine and twenty-five back every day." A vast amount of correspondence had also to be maintained with the commanders of the widely separated forces who from different bases were attacking the Marhatta Confederacy; with the residents in numerous native states, with the Governments of Bombay and Madras and with the Governor-General. The difficulties of correspondence may be inferred from the fact that important instructions from the Governer-General, dated Calcutta, May 25th, did not reach Wellesley's camp until June 18th. Wellesley appears to have suffered from lumbago, but otherwise to have stood well the strain of the campaign, and his years in India seem to have effected a total change in his constitution. No doubt it was kill or cure, but the weakling of Angers

developed beneath the Indian sun that wiry strength and untiring endurance so conspicuous in the Peninsula. It was, however, with no reluctance that in March, 1804, he left camp and went to Bombay.

No sooner was the fighting over than the soldier's capacity for grumbling made its inevitable re-appearance. He considered that he had not been sufficiently rewarded for the services he had rendered. He was worried about his promotion,—because his appointment on the staff had not been officially confirmed. One cannot but agree with Sir Herbert Maxwell that Wellesley during his time in India displayed unwarranted irritation against his superiors and some ingratitude considering his rapid promotion: a man who is Major-General at 33 has not much to complain of. Although he wrote gratefully to the Governor-General, his letters to others are full of unjustified complaint. There can be no doubt that Wellesey was suffering from the fret of aroused ambition. Peace now reigned with all the native states, and the absence of opportunity in India turned his thoughts towards England. In the spring of 1804 Wellesley applied to General Lake and the Governor-General for leave to go home, and, although a renewed offensive by Holkar and the defeat of Colonel Monson by Holkar's cavalry changed his purpose for the moment, since it might lead to further hostilities, henceforth the idea of returning to England was never far from his mind. In September he wrote to Colonel Malcolm: "I don't exactly see the necessity that I should stay several years in India in order to settle affairs. . . . I look to England, and I conceive that my views in life will be advanced by returning there. I don't conceive that any man has a right to call upon

me to remain in a subordinate situation in this country, contrary to my inclination. . . . I am positively determined that, whether the Governor-General goes or stays, I quit India as soon as Holkar will be defeated."

General Lake having been given the command of operations against Holkar and there being no further use for the Southern army, Wellesley returned to his administration in Mysore, to brood over the lack of military opportunities, and the probable departure of his "exalted relation." "I certainly do not propose," he wrote to the Governor-General's Private Secretary, "to spend my life in the Deccan; and I should not think it necessary to stay there one moment longer than the Governor-General should stay in India. I conclude that he intends to go in February." He then renewed his complaint that he "has never received anything but injury" from the Court of Directors and that, although "not very ambitious," he had expected to be placed on the staff in India. Early in February, 1805, Colonel Malcolm recorded that his anxiety and vexation on this subject had fretted him into a fever. He was continually applying to the Governor-General for permission to go home. At length in March, after addreses and acclamations from Bombay, Madras, Calcutta and Seringapatam, after publication by the Governor-General of the thanks of Parliament, and after receiving the Knighthood of the Bath, the path of ambition was cleared. Wellesley sailed for England on H.M.S. *Trident*.

Wellesley had no private life during these eight arduous years. All his faculties were concentrated on his work; only rare glimpses can be obtained of any social relaxation, though William Hickey in his diary tells us of cheerful dinners at which he met the young

soldier. The romance of the gorgeous East made no appeal to him, and he took no interest either in the natives or their history. He himself had few stories to tell in after years of his life in India. A quarrel with the commander of the ship in which he sailed to Ceylon; an interview with a famous female magician after Assaye, who foretold his future and presented him with the reputed sword of Genghiz Khan, which he wore in all his subsequent battles; these are all that the eager memoirists have gleaned. Such fugitive gleams of the lighter side of life alone show up against the vast mass of his official correspondence. Wellesley was a reserved man. His friendship with Colonel Malcolm is the only evidence of affection in his Indian life. They were the same age, and the playful ingenuousness of "Boy Malcolm" seems to have appealed by contrast to Wellesley's now concentrated purposeful temperament, rousing in him, perhaps, the ghost of his younger self, who had been over fond of jokes and "ragging." They were together all through the Marhatta campaign, and in Malcolm's high-spirited company Wellesley's methodical energy found relaxation and relief. As he records himself, he was "not afraid of responsibility," but its effect was to make him old for his years. He spoke little at meals, and was always grave and taciturn, brooding over affairs. Malcolm admired Wellesley immensely and he had a cheering effect upon the General's spirits; their relation was in fact the nearest approach to intimacy of which Wellesley was capable. He was by nature extremely loyal, and when Malcolm got into trouble with the Governor-General during the peace negotiations Wellesley stood by him through thick and thin. It is to Malcolm, too, that he opened

heart most completely on the vexed subject of his supposed ill-treatment by his superiors. "I cannot express to you," he wrote on leaving India, "how much distressed I am at going away and parting with my friends in this country." Note the shyness of the plural; he had no other friend.

This solitary instance of personal feeling stands against a background of ardent public service. The Nizám once offered him £70,000 for certain information. "Can you keep a secret?" he inquired of his corrupter. Eagerly the man replied, "Yes." "And so can I," replied Wellesley.

Integrity, and even severity were in his character. "If my Marhatta allies," he wrote to Colonel Murray, "did not know that I should hang anyone that might be found plundering, not only I should have starved long ago, but most probably my own coat would have been taken off my back." Integrity, resolution, a cool head, a capacity for an enormous amount of hard, dry, detailed work, energy and reserve were combined with insight into the character of others, and a wise moderation in Imperial affairs. On the other side, there are, during Wellesley's life in India, exhibitions of impatience and irritation which are less justified by circumstances than those of his subsequent career. The climate must not be forgotten, the effects of the sun on temper and outlook in days when the sun-helmet was unknown. Had his career closed at this point he would have left behind him the memory of an exceptionally resolute, prompt and able soldier; typically English in doing his duty first and grumbling afterwards, whose work had left him no time to cultivate the affections or the private life.

CHAPTER III

AN INTERLUDE

WELLESLEY arrived in England in September, 1805, after an absence of nine years. He had acquired in India, mainly from prize-money, some thirty or forty thousand pounds, which gave him an independence he lacked before. He does not seem to have felt, as his brother did four months later, the painful contrast between India and home. He was not a retired proconsul. He had no wife to say to him brightly, "Ah, you must not think you are in India still, where everybody ran to obey you. They mind nobody here." The Marquess could not get over the fact that no one took any interest in India. He wanted to be a Duke, and wanted in vain. Wellesley did not suffer from these frailties. Armed with a letter from the Governor-General: "Let me recommend Sir Arthur Wellesley to you: I think you will be pleased with his knowledge and talents. If you should want a good General, I can assure you he will prove useful to you";—he set out to see Mr. Pitt, who gave him a warm welcome, and talked with him a long time on military matters. Wellesley, who said in 1837, "I knew as much of war then as I do now," was consulted on various aspects of the struggle against Napoleon, and he made a good impression. Pitt was surprised to find he talked little about himself and said afterwards to the Marquess Wellesley, "I never met any military officer with whom it was so satisfactory to converse. He states every difficulty be-

fore he undertakes any service, but none after he has undertaken it."

He also visited Castlereagh, who was then Secretary of state for the Colonies, and it was on this occasion that his famous and only meeting with Nelson took place. *"Lord Nelson was, in different circumstances, two quite different men, as I myself can vouch, though I only saw him once in my life, and for, perhaps, an hour. It was soon after I returned from India. I went to the Colonial Office in Downing Street, and there I was shown into the little waiting room on the right hand, where I found, also waiting to see the Secretary of State, a gentleman, who from his likeness to his pictures and the loss of an arm, I immediately recognised as Lord Nelson. He could not know who I was, but he entered at once into conversation with me, if I can call it conversation, for it was almost all on his side and all about himself, and in, really, a style so vain and so silly as to surprise and almost disgust me. I suppose something that I happened to say may have made him guess that I was 'somebody,' and he went out of the room for a moment, I have no doubt to ask the office-keeper who I was, for when he came back he was altogether a different man, both in manner and matter. All that I had thought a charlatan style had vanished and he talked of the state of this country and of the aspect and probabilities of affairs on the Continent with a good sense, and a knowledge of subjects both at home and abroad, that surprised me equally and more agreeably than the first part of our interview had done: in fact, he talked like an officer and a statesman. The Secretary of State kept us long waiting, and certainly, for the last

*Croker, ii, 233

half or three-quarters of an hour, I don't know that I ever had a conversation that interested me more. Now, if the Secretary of State had been punctual, and admitted Lord Nelson in the first quarter of an hour, I should have had the same impression of a light and trivial character that other people have had, but luckily I saw enough to be satisfied that he was really a very superior man: certainly a more sudden and complete metamorphosis I never saw."

An expedition under Lord Cathcart to Hanover had been planned and Wellesley had been given the command of a brigade, but the crushing blow of Austerlitz caused it to be abandoned, and Wellesley's brigade returned to quarters at Hastings. No victorious commander of armies likes being reduced to the command of a brigade at a quiet seaside place, but Wellesley put a good face on it: "I have ate of the King's salt, and therefore I conceive it to be my duty to serve with unhesitating zeal and cheerfulness, when and wherever the King or his Government may think proper to employ me." We know, however, that beneath these excellent sentiments he was discontented enough, and was complaining to Lord Wellesley that he had not even obtained the colonelcy of a regiment. This he shortly received, becoming full Colonel of the 33rd Regiment, but this did not prevent his concluding that he could advance himself more advantageously by activity in the social and political world. In November he met Pitt at Lord Camden's country house in Kent, and again at the Lord Mayor's dinner on the occasion when Pitt made the famous declaration that England had saved herself by her exertions and would save Europe by her example. The death of Pitt, however, in January, 1806, and the

accession of Fox to power, placed the Tories in opposition, and when Wellesley entered Parliament in April as member for Rye, he was in the curious position of having accepted a Government seat from Lord Grenville for the ostensible purpose of defending his brother against expected attacks on his Indian Administration.

His excursions into the social world had other results. A slight illness prompted him to go to Cheltenham for his leave. In the gossiping social circles of Cheltenham he met Lady Olivia Sparrow, who proceeded to chaff him about his desertion of Catherine Pakenham and to assert that that lady was still anxious to marry him. It is clear that Wellesley's mind had not been much occupied during absence with his frustrated engagement. The lady's name is never mentioned in his correspondence, and the idea that she might be still waiting for him came as a complete surprise. "What!" he said, "does she still remember me? Do you think I ought to renew my offer? I'm ready to do it." Much has been made of Wellesley's nobility in this matter. We have been told that during the twelve years which had passed since he last saw Catherine Packenham she had lost her looks; it has even been suggested that during his absence her face had been marked by smallpox: and we are asked to admire Wellesley's chivalry. As a matter of fact it would never have entered his head not to renew his proposal if she wished it. His code of conduct was not in the least self-conscious and in his own mind he would not consider that he had made any self-sacrifice by doing the right thing. Catherine Packenham seems to have hinted that she had aged and altered, but Wellesley replied that "minds, at all events, did not

change with years", and went over to Ireland to marry her.

Catherine Pakenham had long given up the frivolous world in which Wellesley had first met her. She was very religious now, with strong Low Church views, and she had devoted herself for many years to the dull duty of looking after an invalid relative. When he first saw her Wellesley is said to have been unable to keep his dismay from showing, and, turning to his brother Gerald, he whispered: "She is grown damned ugly, by Jove!"

They were married in Lady Longford's drawing-room in Dublin on April 10th, 1806. The bride was a great friend of Maria Edgeworth, the novelist, and from the latter's letters we get a romantic view of "the great Sir Arthur", who is described as "handsome, very brown, and a hooked nose." The enthusiastic Maria is in ecstasies over the romance of it all, but Wellesley's code, though it made him keep his word as a matter of course, had no place in it for romance. Young people of good family made marriages of convenience in those days according to the Continental custom, and Wellesley, who had been away for nine years and was about to go away for another nine, did not pretend to any emotion that could be dignified by the name of love. Nor can it be said that the marriage was a success even judged by the standards of the time. Maria Edgeworth thought Lady Wellesley a sweet creature, and even admired her appearance, but she was not fitted for the position that fate was about to thrust upon her. As we shall see later on, she was considered both a fool and a bore, though perhaps most foolish and most boring by the lovely ladies who fluttered round the conquering

hero. Wellesley himself in his rakish middle-age could not abide the narrow domesticity of her outlook, and her fear of himself and her incurable unpunctuality exasperated him. After marriage they set up house together in Harley Street for the short period before Wellesley's departure for Spain. There, in 1807 and 1808, two sons were born to them.

Meanwhile Wellesley was much occupied by political activity. The attacks made on Lord Wellesley's Indian administration, led by Paull, the son of a Perth tailor, were a great annoyance to him, more especially as he could not get the matter debated owing to the reluctance of the Whigs to be seen following so plebeian a leader. He complains to Malcolm that he has to play a "difficult and unpleasant game", and, although we catch a glimpse of him dining with Lord Grenville in November, his position during the Ministry of All the Talents was equivocal. The death of Fox and the accession to power of the Duke of Portland's Administration in March, 1807, brought an improvement in his situation. He gave up his Whig seat, and the methods of parliamentary representation before the Reform Bill are unconsciously exposed by his writing that he has "directed" Justice Day to return him for Tralee. He was also returned for Newport in the Isle of Wight, and it was the latter seat that he eventually selected to represent. The opportunity of taking office in the Government as Chief Secretary for Ireland under the Lord Lieutenancy of the Duke of Richmond was offered to him, and rather reluctantly and only on condition that it should not interfere with his military career, he accepted.

Wellesley's administrative duties in Ireland were

much interrupted by military affairs. In July, 1807, he embarked at Sheerness in command of a division of Lord Cathcart's army, bound for Copenhagen, to assist in that "ruthless" attack on the Danes which can hardly be justified even on the plea that necessity knows no law. His Whig enemies accused him of writing pompous and boasting letters home from Copenhagen, but Lady Bessborough, a good judge, said that she did not find them so, though she criticised his habit of personifying the enemy by talking of "his" loss, "his" defeat, instead of using the less dramatic plural. He received the thanks of Parliament for his unimportant share in that successful and infamous expedition. His friend Malcolm wrote continually urging him to return to India in some post such as Governor of Madras, but he was not to be persuaded. "The fact is," he writes, "that men in power in England think very little of that country; and those who do think of it, feel very little inclination that I should go there. Besides that, I have got pretty high upon the tree since I came here, and those in power think that I cannot well be spared from objects nearer home." He felt that he was making his way in England.

The administration of Ireland in those days was no more pleasant than at any other period. The recent memory of two suppressed rebellions and the Act of Union made the Irish people no easier than usual to manage; and the main business of Government was devoted to exercising patronage so as to keep as many people as possible on their side. Wellesley had no illusions as to the loyalty of the Irish people, and he pleaded, as he had in India, to be allowed to use the strong hand. But the dirty work of governing Ireland

gave him no pleasure, and he turned eagerly to any opportunity for doing or thinking about other things. It is curious to notice that his political post was kept open for him during his absence at Copenhagen; on his return, his liking for political business proved no greater. He undertook with alacrity the commission of looking into the question of assisting the South American colonies to revolt against Spain. General Miranda, who represented them, was sent to discuss the matter with him, and it is characteristic of Wellesley that, although he drew up careful and admirable plans for executing the project, he thoroughly disapproved of the policy implied in the undertaking. "I always had a horror of revolutionising any country for a political object," he said. "If they rise of themselves, well and good, but do not stir them up: it is a fearful responsibility." The Government rejected the scheme, and it fell to Wellesley to break the news to Miranda. "I thought it best to walk out in the streets with him and tell him there, to prevent his bursting out. But even then he was so loud and angry, that I told him I would walk on first a little that we might not attract the notice of everybody passing. When I joined him again he was cooler."

Wellesley was not satisfied with his life. He found that after India expenses in England were very heavy. Notwithstanding all the new taxes, and the rise in price of every article, everybody seemed very rich, and luxurious living surrounded him on every side. The Wellesley *ménage* could not compete, and his discomfort was increased by his dislike of political life. He confessed to Malcolm that he had small respect for Parliament, and added: "I am employed in this country much in the

same way that I was in India—that is to say in everything: but there are circumstances in this country which render all employment unpleasant."

An opportunity of escape, however, was not long in coming. In April, 1808, he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-General, and in June he was ordered to take command of the expedition that had been collected at Cork for the purpose of fighting Napoleon on the coast of Portugal. Lord Castlereagh was responsible for this appointment, and he encountered great difficulty in getting it through. The military profession was outraged at a Lieutenant-General so recently promoted being put over the heads of so many senior officers. Even the King was reluctant to ratify the appointment. Castlereagh, however, was firm, and even Whigs like Windham rallied to his support. Wellesley's domestic life with his young wife in Harley Street came to an abrupt conclusion, and his political post in Ireland fell to the temporary charge of the aspiring and obsequious Croker. The latter has recorded that on June 14th he dined with the Wellesleys in Harley Street to talk over Irish business. They differed a little on this, and Croker suggested that Wellesley should think it over and write to him from Dublin. " 'No, no,' said Wellesley in his quick way, 'I shall be no wiser to-morrow than I am to-day. I have given you my reasons: you must decide for yourself.' " Wellesley then fell into silence, and remained so for so long that Croker asked him what he was thinking about. " 'Why, to say the truth,' he replied, 'I am thinking of the French that I am going to fight. . . . 'Tis enough to make one thoughtful; but no matter: my die is cast, they may overwhelm me, but I don't think they will out-man-

œuvre me. . . . I am not afraid of them, as everybody else seems to be.' "

The evening before his departure from England Wellesley spent with Lord Liverpool and Lord Melville at Coombe Wood, sleeping at his sister's house between Egham and Bagshot; and on July 12th, 1808, he sailed from Cork for Portugal with 9,000 men.

CHAPTER IV

SPAIN

However large and important may have been the services rendered by Wellesley in Spain, it is essential to grasp as a whole the meaning and events of the vast war in which Europe was engaged. The stage was now set for one of those rare conflicts which have a form almost resembling that which the art of the story-teller imposes upon life. Such was the Peninsular War. There is something rounded and complete about it: a highly successful brush with the enemy which leaves him, however, unbeaten in spite of his defeats: then retirement before a strongly reinforced foe to an extreme tip of land and the surrender apparently of all that gallantry and energy had won, and lastly gradual expansion outwards from that fortified extremity of Torres Vedras until not one Frenchman is left in Spain. And this campaign, so complete in itself, gathers significance too from being part of a titanic movement in which for the sake of an idea the whole of European civilization was involved.

The democratic ideas embodied by the French Revolution could not halt at the frontiers of France. Either they were, or they were not, to be the basis on which the future should be built. The conflict between republican France and European aristocracy was one on which no compromise was possible. Napoleon stood for a new European state, bureaucratic and democratic; his creative effort was towards a remoulding of Europe in

FRANCE
BORDEAUX
LANDES
R. Garonne
R. Adour
Toulouse
Orthes
Tarbes
PYRENEES
Carcassonne
Sorauren
Pamplona
R. Ebro
CATALONIA
R. Ebro
VALENCIA
Valencia
Balearic Is.
MURCIA
MEDITERRANEAN
SEA
Miles
100 50 0 100

the Roman order, the establishment, as Mr. Belloc says, of one rule over all Western men. The idea of the universal State, which, since the fall of Rome, has ever haunted the minds of aggressively creative Powers, was inherent in the crusade of the Revolutionary armies. To break down the spirit of nationalism, to uproot narrow aristocracies and mouldering monarchies, and to plant in their place the tricolour of equal opportunities, enlisted on Napoleon's side not only the new democracy of the United States, but the innumerable soldiers of all nationalities who fought in the Grande Armée. Against the spirit of these ideas the reactionary forces of Europe were arrayed in vain, and it was not until Napoleon attempted to carry his eagles into the Russian East, that knew not Rome, that the edifice he had constructed began to totter to its fall.

From Valmy in 1792, to the Peace of Tilsit in 1807, four coalitions had attacked the Revolution, and, as the result of those essentially defensive wars, the dominion of France had been extended over Europe from the borders of Russia to the Atlantic and the Mediterranean. The ancient boundaries of Italy, Switzerland, the Germanies and the Netherlands had disappeared, and the effete but still Holy Roman Empire had been reduced to a shadow. New Kingdoms in Italy, Holland and Westphalia had been erected under the control of France. The Confederation of the Rhine and the Grand Duchy of Warsaw had been constructed at the expense of a defeated Prussia and a defeated Austria. England and Russia alone remained as examples of the old order when, on June 25th, 1807, Napoleon arranged his theatrical interview with the Czar on a raft in the middle of the river Niemen.

Napoleon could bargain with Alexander, but not with the English. The aristocracy of England, tenacious, practical and unimaginative, were determined and uncompromising in their resistance to Revolutionary ideas. Nor for that matter did Napoleon wish to bargain with England, since he did not fear her. It is true that England had thwarted him, had upset his plans of oriental conquest, had nullified his Egyptian campaign, and had, at Trafalgar, deprived him for good and all of the command of the sea. But he knew that England had no power to hurt him upon the continent of Europe, and he had erected against her that "Continental System" which he believed, by the ruin of her trade, would ultimately bring that "nation of shop-keepers" to its knees.

And Napoleon was right. England had no power to hurt him. The "side-shows" undertaken by England in Antwerp and Portugal were, like all "side-shows", useless to affect the great issue. Napolean himself ignored them, and it was not until the Grande Armée had been destroyed amid the wastes of Russia that the military effort of England began to count in the world-war.

We, however, are concerned with the "side-show"; and Wellesley himself, whose intellectual limitations did not permit him to understand the wide issues of the war and whose practical tenacity and patience enabled him to wait for his ultimate opportunity, is typical of the English character.

In the early part of 1808 Napoleon was engaged in dethroning the Spanish Bourbons by means of intrigue rather than of war, thus rounding off his European system by controlling that Peninsula. His plans, however, were rudely disorganised in May by the unex-

pected rising of the Spanish people. The levies of Andalusia compelled Dupont's army to lay down its arms at Baylen in July, 1808, and it became necessary for Napoleon to look into Spanish affairs himself. He swept like a whirlwind across the Pyrenees and in December received the surrender of Madrid.

Meanwhile, the news of the popular rising in Spain had aroused enthusiasm in England; it prompted the Government to embark upon its "side-show." Wellesley's expedition to Portugal was based entirely upon the command of the sea, exactly as were the expeditions to the Crimea in 1854 and to France in 1914. His supplies of money, food, ammunition, clothes and reinforcements came from England, and if Trafalgar had not been fought the expedition could not even have started. The immediate objective of the expedition was to drive the French out of Portugal, and to hold that country as a strategic base, situated between the provinces of northern and southern Spain and so dividing the French armies holding those provinces. Marshal Junot, with 30,000 men, was in occupation of Portugal, but he was isolated by the fact that, after the defeat at Baylen, King Joseph had left Madrid and retired behind the Ebro. A good opportunity was thereby provided for an offensive movement against Junot, and Wellesley, landing his troops at the River Mondego on August 1st, 1808, determined to advance upon Lisbon. On August 21st he fought and defeated Junot at Vimiero, but unfortunately at the close of the battle Wellesley was superseded on the field by Sir Harry Burrard. Full advantage was not taken of the victory. On the same day Sir Hew Dalrymple arrived and took the supreme command. Under him the unfortunate Convention of

Cintra was concluded by which Junot agreed to evacuate Portugal.

The British troops entered Lisbon on September 10th; Wellesley, who disapproved of the political proceedings and was on bad terms with Sir Hew Dalrymple, threw up his post and returned to England on September 17th. The easy terms under which the defeated Junot had escaped from Portugal caused an outburst of anger in England, and the Government was obliged to appoint a Court of Enquiry which sat at Chelsea in November. By this Court Wellesley was exonerated for his share in the Convention of Cintra, but he was obliged to return to his political post in Ireland; and, if it had not been for the support of Castlereagh, his military career might easily have been terminated by the unpopularity of the Treaty.

Wellesley was therefore absent in England when, in November, Napoleon made his great concentration in Spain. Sir John Moore, with a British army of 40,000 men, was left alone to deal with the formidable menace. Now the war in the Peninsula cannot be understood unless the truth of Henry IV's dictum is appreciated, that "in Spain large armies will starve and small armies will be beaten." Through the long years from 1808 to 1812 we find the French scattered in search of food and therefore held by the English; then occasionally a temporary concentration is made and the English are driven back. Next the concentrated army begins to starve, is obliged to scatter, and the English advance. These concentrations are the landmarks of the war, and the first of them was made by Napolean in November, 1808. Within a month the Spanish armies had been defeated everywhere and Napoleon was in Madrid. His plan was

to advance thence down the valley of the Tagus and to occupy Lisbon. But the audacity of Sir John Moore in advancing his small army almost to Valladolid and thus threatening Napoleon's flank and rear, forced him to turn aside in an attempt to catch Moore at Astorga. The attempt failed owing to the celerity of Moore's retreat through the wintry mountains of Galicia, and, leaving Soult to fight Moore at Corunna, Napoleon left Spain to undertake the Wagram campaign against Austria.

The death of Sir John Moore at Corunna and the embarkation of the remnant of the British army to return to England, brought the campaign of 1808 to a close. Napoleon never returned to Spain. In his eyes it was and remained a "side-show"; he never considered it to be the decisive strategic point of his European campaigns; he was convinced and rightly convinced that, as long as everything went well elsewhere, he could afford to allow England to expend her resources in that barren and unprofitable land. As long as things went well elsewhere, he could at any moment concentrate a force that would drive the English into the sea again as quickly as Sir John Moore had been driven into the sea. It was only after 1812, when things did not go well elsewhere, that Spain became of strategic importance in the world-war.

The value of Moore's campaign was that it led to the retention of Lisbon and Cadiz; holding these bases, the English Government decided to persevere. An alliance with Spain was signed on January 9th, 1809; General Beresford was sent to Lisbon to organize the Portuguese army; and in April Wellesley, resigning his Irish office and his seat in Parliament, sailed from Portsmouth to command once more a second expedition to the Penin-

sula. At Lisbon Wellesley found himself situated between Soult, commanding the northern army in Galicia, and Victor, commanding the southern army in Estremadura. The former had, in March, taken Oporto, and was in possession of the line of the Douro; the latter, stationed at Merida, held the line of the Guadiana. Wellesley decided to advance against Soult. Marching 80 miles in four days he succeeded in the difficult feat of crossing the Douro and taking the town of Oporto. Soult was obliged to make a disastrous retreat through the mountains of Leon in very bad weather, and Wellesley, feeling safe upon his northern flank, had leisure to turn his attention to the south. After many consultations with the Spaniards, it was decided to advance on Madrid by the valley of the Tagus. The allied troops were concentrated at Abrantes for that purpose.

To advance on Madrid was a bold move on the part of inferior forces, and can only be compared to Moore's advance to Valladolid, or the British advance to Mons in 1914. It was, of course, a reply to Napoleon's campaign in Austria, for which he had withdrawn many of the best troops from Spain. Wagram was fought on July 5th, Talavera on July 27th. The former decisive battle enabled the side-shows to be active, and the British Government seized the opportunity to embark on the ill-fated Walcheren expedition, to go to Antwerp as they did a century later—with similar results.

On June 27, Wellesley advanced from Abrantes; and Victor, evacuating Estramadura, crossed the Tagus at Almaraz, and joined up with King Joseph's army to oppose Wellesley's advance. A second concentration was thus formed. The magnificent victory of Talavera,

which brought Wellesley his peerage, (he was made Lord Wellington) failed, however, to achieve any other lasting result. Lack of supplies made it impossible for him to advance further, and he stood in grave danger of being cut off from his base by the advance of Soult from the north upon his left rear. On August 1st Soult entered Plasencia, and Wellington's only means of escape was to cross the Tagus at Arzobispo and retire south through Estremadura to Badajoz, where he arrived on September 3rd. Even here, however, he could not remain, and the total defeat of the Spaniards at Ocana in November having alarmed him for the safety of Portugal, Wellington withdrew from Badajoz across the Tagus in December, and the campaign of 1809 came to a close.

The state of affairs at this time was gloomy enough. Little impression had been made on Napoleon's power. The expedition to Walcheren had failed; no result had been derived from Talavera; while at home the quarrel between Canning and Castlereagh had upset the Duke of Portland's Administration. Lord Wellesley, who for a few weeks had been undertaking the difficult task of dealing with the Spaniards as Minister at Seville, returned to London to be Foreign Secretary in Mr. Perceval's Government, and Lord Liverpool succeeded Castlereagh at the War Office. Great pressure was brought on the new Government to evacuate Portugal; indeed, it was only after prolonged debate that a decision to hold Lisbon was reached. As for Wellington himself, the victory at Talavera left him under no illusions; he was well aware how precarious his position was and was likely to remain. Napoleon was about to make peace with Austria; this he foresaw would probably mean that

another concentration would be made to drive him into the sea. As early as October, 1809, Wellington visited Lisbon and laid down the plans for three fortified trench lines across the strip of land from the Tagus to the sea; a year later these were to be the sole precarious foothold of the British forces in the Peninsula.

No sooner had Wellington withdrawn across the Tagus and ceased to lie upon the flank of any French attack on the south, than in January, 1810, Soult invaded Andalusia. Seville, Granada, and Malaga fell into his hands, and in the rich provinces of the south only the garrisons of Cadiz and Badajoz held out. In the north the third great concentration was preparing rapidly and Marshal Masséna, Napoleon's "spoilt child of victory," had been sent from Paris to command it. In April Masséna was ready to advance, and during the summer the French invasion of Portugal was successfully accomplished. The fortresses of Astorga, Ciudad Rodrigo and Almeida were captured, and Wellington, slowly retiring before superior forces, took up a position behind the River Alva in September. Here he fought the successful battle of Busaco, but, though the moral effect of the victory was good, it could not stay the advance of the French, and in October Wellington was confined behind the lines of Torres Vedras; their construction had been a masterpiece of foresight.

There can be no doubt that Masséna was totally unaware of the existence of these fortifications, or Soult would not have been wasting his time chasing the Spanish armies in Andalusia. As Wellington always maintained, the collapse of the defence before Lisbon and the forced embarkation of the British army would have automatically secured Andalusia for the French.

On the other hand, Masséna could not feed his army in a country skilfully laid waste by Wellington; an army too big to be fed, too small to force the lines of Torres Vedras. As early as November lack of supplies compelled Masséna to retire as far as Santarem on the Tagus, and through the winter his difficulties from want of food and from the insecurity of his communications continually increased. Wellington had left a small force beyond the Douro, which, assisted by the Spanish and Portuguese, persistently raided Masséna's communications with the interior; gradually the French position in Portugal became untenable. The concentration had failed.

Meanwhile Soult, attempting to create a diversion for the assistance of Masséna, advanced north in January, 1811, and laid siege to Badajoz. By the treachery of its Spanish commander it was captured by Soult almost on the very day that Masséna began his disastrous retreat from Santarem. Wellington always considered the loss of Badajoz on this occasion one of the most unfortunate events of the war, overshadowing the triumphant advance of his army against the retreating French. Yet the success of that advance was conspicuous enough. Masséna was driven out of Portugal, holding only the fortress of Almeida, and in April took up his quarters at Salamanca with an army reduced from 86,000 to 45,000 men.

The situation in May, 1811, seemed therefore favourable enough. Soult, leaving a garrison in Badajoz, had retired to the south and Wellington had detached Beresford to lay siege to Badajoz. Masséna was reorganizing his troops at Salamanca. During May both French Marshals attempted in vain to retrieve the

situation. Masséna advanced and was defeated by Wellington on May 5th at Fuentes d'Onoro; Soult advanced to relieve Badajoz, and was defeated by Beresford on May 16th at Albuera. Almeida fell into Wellington's hands. Quarrels were rife among the French generals, and the anger of Napoleon fell on all his servants in Spain. Masséna was superseded by Marmont, and King Joseph renouncing his throne, set off for Paris to placate his irate brother.

Yet favourable as the situation was, it remained a "side-show." In 1811 Napolean's power was absolute in Europe to the borders of Russia, and Wellington could not take advantage of his successes. On the contrary, he had always at the back of his mind the fear that Napoleon might think it worth while to come to Spain himself and destroy him with the Grande Armée. Fortunately, Napoleon already had his eye upon Russia, and was economising in Spain for his decisive concentration against her.

Nevertheless, though the Grande Armée never descended upon Wellington, minor concentrations of the forces already in Spain inevitably drove him to the defensive. Napoleon patched up the quarrels of his Marshals, sent King Joseph back to Madrid, and issued some sound strategic advice on the Spanish problem. The result was that Marmont in June joined forces with Soult at Merida in a fourth concentration, and Wellington was obliged to raise the siege of Badajoz. He then transferred his attentions to the fortress of Ciudad Rodrigo, but Marmont, affecting a fifth concentration with Dorsenne, who commanded the French army in the north of Spain, defeated Wellington at El Bodon, on September 25th, and achieved the relief of

Ciudad Rodrigo. Thus, inconclusively, ended the campaign of 1811.

In the next year the situation had changed. For many months Napoleon had been collecting from all over Europe the 450,000 men that in May, 1812, he was to lead across the frontier of Poland. His veterans in Spain, some 60,000 men, were among the number, and after a nice calculation he left in the Peninsula only just sufficient force to hold Wellington. We shall see how accurate this calculation was; for it was not the collection of the Grande Armée but its destruction that enabled Wellington to drive the French across the Pyrenees.

During the winter Wellington became aware that he would be strong enough to take the offensive. In January he beseiged and took the fortress of Ciudad Rodrigo, and in March he accomplished the great military feat of storming Badajoz, a costly and terrible assault. Guarding his right flank by destroying the bridge over the Tagus at Almaraz, he advanced in June into Castile. Marmont crossed the Douro to meet him, and Wellington, retiring to Salamanca, fought there on July 22nd the most decisive battle of the Peninsular War. Its effects were immediate: Marmont retired in confusion upon Burgos, and Wellington, crossing the Douro, entered Valladolid; King Joseph, cut off in Madrid from Marmont's army, evacuated that city and fled east towards Valencia; while in the far south Soult abandoned the prolonged siege of Cadiz and prepared to evacuate Andalusia.

On August 12th Wellington entered Madrid. The new Government formed by Lord Liverpool after Mr. Perceval's assassination in May, hastened to bestow a

Marquisate on Wellington; to all appearance Napoleon's power in Spain had been destroyed by the conqueror who had occupied the capital. Yet Napoleon had not miscalculated. While Wellington went north to undertake the siege of Burgos, Napoleon from the heart of Russia replaced Marmont by Masséna and forced on the attention of his jealous Marshals the vital necessity of combination. Other events intervened to save the French. The siege of Burgos languished; the declaration of war by the United States in June threatened those sea communications by which alone the British army was supplied; Lord William Bentinck, who was supposed to create a diversion from Sicily on the east coast of Spain, had failed to co-operate. But the main reason that the fruits of victory did not fall into Wellington's hands was that his success brought against him a sixth concentration. Wellington reached Burgos on September 18th and while he was engaged in fruitless endeavours to take that fortress, Soult was marching by Cordova and through Murcia to join King Joseph's army in Valencia. In October, Soult and King Joseph advanced to the Tagus, and General Hill was obliged to evacuate Madrid, while Wellington, raising the siege of Burgos, began to retreat towards the Douro. The concentration had succeeded.

The retreat from Burgos to Ciudad Rodrigo in November was more severe than that from Talavera to Badajoz in 1809, and only less disastrous than Sir John Moore's from Valladolid to Corunna in 1808. The fruits of the campaign were lost; King Joseph was reinstated in Madrid; and Wellington's army was back in the positions whence it had started in June.

There can be no doubt that Napoleon had left sufficient troops in Spain to hold Wellington; what he did not foresee was that during that November, when Wellington was retreating from Burgos to Ciudad Rodrigo, he himself would be retreating with a broken army across 700 miles of snow from Moscow to the Beresina. During the same winter Wellington visited Seville and Cadiz in an endeavour to reorganize the Spanish army, and spent many months on reconstituting his own. His position by the spring of 1813 had been profoundly modified by the disappearance of the Grande Armée amid the snows of Russia.

In March, 1813, for the first time during the long course of the Peninsular War, Wellington had a superiority in numbers over the French. When the campaign started in May, Wellington was able, while holding the French in front of Salamanca with his centre and right, to send his left across the Douro through the Tras Os Montes into Leon, thus turning the French position on the Douro. King Joseph was obliged to retreat, abandoning Valladolid and Burgos, and to take up positions behind the Ebro. On June 15th Wellington crossed the Ebro, and on the 21st the victorious battle of Vittoria threw the French back across the Pyrenees and left them, apart from their detachments in Eastern Spain, with only the fortresses of San Sebastian and Pamplona in their possession. King Joseph's defeat brought Soult back to the chief command, and in July he recrossed the Pyrenees in an attempt to relieve the besieged fortresses. The two battles fought at Sorauren failed in that object, and he was obliged to retire again behind the frontier of France. On August 31st San Sebastian was stormed and sacked, in spite of another

attempt made by Soult to save it. Little was left of French dominion in Spain.

Meanwhile, Russians and Prussians combined had been completely defeated by Napoleon at Lützen on May 2nd and at Bautzen on May 20th. But the Austrians also had read the writing on the wall and on August 10th they joined the Allies. On September 18th the decisive battle of Leipsic was fought and for the first time Napoleon was defeated. Great pressure was now brought on Wellington to invade France, but he was reluctant to do so. Pamplona still held out and he was alarmed lest the French detachments still remaining to the east in Catalonia might cut his communications. He consented, however, to cross the frontier river of Bidassoa on October 7th. The fall of Pamplona on the 31st, and the decisive results of Leipsic altered his views; and in November he fought the battle of the Nivelle, and, crossing the Nive, forced the French back upon Bayonne. The end of the year saw Wellington established in St. Jean de Luz, and, although attacked by Soult at St. Pierre on December 13th, he remained there for two months waiting for good weather.

In the campaign of 1814 Napoleon was at bay in France and could pay little attention to the difficulties of Soult in the south. That general, leaving a garrison in Bayonne, decided to fight Wellington at Orthes, and, on being defeated, he retreated east to Tarbes in February, avoiding the desolate region of Landes to the north. Wellington, crossing the Adour, sent a detachment under Beresford to occupy Bordeaux, and himself followed Soult across the many rivers between Bayonne and Toulouse. At Toulouse the last battle of the war

was fought on April 10th, and it was here on the Garonne after the victory, and as Soult was about to retreat again eastwards to Carcassonne, that the news of Napoleon's abdication was received. The war was over. The long patience of Wellington had met its reward.

CHAPTER V

RELATIONS WITH SOLDIERS

We must now return, and look more closely at our hero. To compare great things with small, an attempt has been made, like that of Mr. Hardy in *The Dynasts*, to give on a large scale an impression of the European war. The part that was played in that drama by Wellington needs a more minute and individual scrutiny. His personal relations with the Spaniards and Portuguese among whom he lived for so many years, with the British army that he led from Oporto to Toulouse, with the politicians far away in England, throw a strong light upon his character.

Lady Elinor Butler and Miss Ponsonby, well known as the Ladies of Llangollen, had presented Sir Arthur Wellesley with a Spanish translation of the English prayer-book on his assumption of the command in Spain in 1808, and, on the voyage out in the *Crocodile*, a fast frigate, Wellesley acquired sufficient Spanish to understand, if not to speak, the language. He was, however, an indifferent linguist, and a year later he was unable to converse with General Cuesta, as the latter refused to speak French. While Wellesley was engaged on this studious occupation, political forces were moving against him at home. The Duke of York and the War Office had other views than Castlereagh. Officers who had been Guardsmen, even if they did not happen to have had any experience of war, seemed to them more suitable to command in the Peninsular, and Wellesley had not

arrived ten days off the coast of Portugal when he learnt of his supersession by Dalrymple, by Burrard, by Moore, Hope, Fraser and Paget. Youth had once again been beaten by age. Dalrymple was fifty-eight; Burrard, too, was old and slow and cautious. That Wellesley should suddenly find himself the most junior of the Lieutenant-Generals in Spain was a bitter blow, and he consoled himself with the hope that he would beat Junot before any of them could arrive.

This hope was fulfilled at Vimiero on August 21st, but the ill-feeling at headquarters survived the battle While his subordinates were calling Burrard "an obtuse pig," Wellesley was writing home to the Duke of Richmond that "Dowager Dalrymple and Betty Burrard were haggling with Kellerman on inadmissible terms and losing a glorious opportunity of having the whole French army at our mercy." Dalrymple cannot but have been aware of Wellesley's disapproval of the Convention of Cintra. He did not only disapprove, he openly denied any responsibility for its contents, and his proximity became so irritating to Dalrymple that the latter, in order to be rid of him, suggested that he should act as plenipotentiary to Madrid. Wellesley refused. He would not go to Madrid, nor would he adopt Castlereagh's suggestion of going to the Asturias to examine the geography of the country, saying that he was not a draftsman.

Wellesley preferred to go home. He sailed from Lisbon on September 20th and reached Plymouth on October 4th. Meanwhile a wave of indignation had swept over England at the Convention of Cintra. Politicians of all parties shouted against it; journalists denounced it in bitter terms; newspapers came out with

black edges; the Corporation of London presented a petition to the King. The sonorous sentences of Wordsworth's pamphlet indicate the public excitement: "Wherever the tidings were communicated, they carried agitation along with them—a conflict of sensations in which, though sorrow was predominant, yet, through force of scorn, impatience, hope, and indignation, and through the universal participation in passions so complex, and the sense of power which this necessarily included—the whole partook of the energy and activity of congratulation and joy. Not a street, not a public room, not a fire-side in the island which was not disturbed as by a local or private trouble; men of all estates, conditions, and tempers were affected apparently in equal degrees. Yet was the event by none received as an open and measurable affliction; it had indeed features bold and intelligible to every one; but there was an under expression which was strange, dark, and mysterious—and, accordingly as different notions prevailed, or the object was looked at in different points of view, we were astonished like men who are overwhelmed without forewarning—fearful like men who feel themselves to be helpless, and indignant and angry like men who are betrayed. In a word, it would not be too much to say that the tidings of this event did not spread with the commotion of a storm which sweeps visibly over our heads, but like an earthquake which rocks the ground under our feet."*

Wellesley's enemies were in high glee at the hubbub, glad to see "the Wellesley pride a little lowered" and not a little pleased at this unexpected shock to the "arrogance of that damned infernal family." Even his

*Wordsworth's Convention of Cintra.

friends, not understanding the military idea of subordination, thought he should have resigned rather than sign the Convention; he could have counted upon being reinstated. The political world trembled for its popularity. The King, who had intended to make him Viscount Vimiero, at once dropped the idea. The Duke of Portland's Government wilted before the storm, recalled Dalrymple and Burrard, and set up a Committee of Enquiry into the Convention. Thus it was in a depressed state of mind that Wellesley landed in Plymouth. He attempted to rally friends to his assistance, and he and his brother the Marquess wrote anxious letters, even to some of the Whig Grenvilles, explaining their case. But the politicians were frightened by his unpopularity, and even the staunch Castlereagh was affected by it, knowing that the public required some one to be shot. "When I came back," said Wellington long afterwards, "the old King was to have one of his weekly Levées; I asked Lord Castlereagh to carry me, as I happened to have no carriage in town. Castlereagh hemmed and hawed, and said there was so much ill-humour in the public mind that it might produce inconvenience, and, in short, he advised me not to go to the Levée. I said, 'When I first mentioned it, I only thought it a matter of respect and duty to the King; I now look upon it as a matter of self-respect and duty to my own character, and I wish you distinctly to understand that I will go to the Levée to-morrow, or I will never go to a Levée in my life.' "* Castlereagh withdrew his objection.

The Committee of Enquiry assembled on November 14th, and for more than a month the distinguished

*The Croker Papers; i, 344.

figures that it contained were engaged in listening to elaborate evidence on both sides of the vexed question. Wellesley, who had resumed his Irish duties, read an able document in defence, and the Committee, as might be expected, produced a report that whitewashed everybody and satisfied nobody. Nevertheless, the manœuvre was a political success. The excitement died down; the politicians breathed again, though the Generals who had been exonerated were never afterwards employed. That Wellesley did not share their fate he owed mainly to the friendship of Castlereagh, and the high position of his family as compared with the social standing of his rivals.

When the Session opened in January, 1809, the storm had subsided, and Wellesley, working at the routine of his office, resumed his place on the benches of the House of Commons. Meanwhile, things had been going badly in Spain. Sir John Moore had retreated and fought and died, and the Government were obliged either to give up the idea of Spain as a theatre of operations, or to fit out a new expedition to replace the broken remnant that had straggled home from Corunna. Castlereagh, whose faith in Wellesley's judgment had never wavered, succeeded in carrying the Government in the desired direction; all opposition, even the King's, to Wellesley's appointment to the command was overcome; and once more he set out for Portugal. On April 16th he sailed from Spithead on the *Surveillante*, a frigate commanded by Sir George Collier. On the first night they ran into a severe storm off the Isle of Wight and the ship was nearly wrecked. Collier intended to run the ship ashore, and sent Sir Colin Campbell down to tell Wellesley so, who was retiring for the night.

Campbell, rushing excitedly into Wellesley's cabin cried: "It will soon be all over with us." "In that case," said Wellesley, "I shall not take off my boots."

To the fury of the anti-war party in England, the Wellesley family proceeded to take permanent charge of the war. The Marquess was appointed Ambassador to Spain, and, when he returned to England at the end of the year to become Foreign Secretary in Perceval's Administration, his place at Seville was taken by another brother, Henry. Sir Arthur Wellesley was thus well supported in his formidable task. He was now in the prime of life, forty years of age. About five feet nine in height, thin, wiry and well made, he posssesed a strong constitution. His endurance was unaffected by climate or hardship and throughout the whole course of the war he escaped all serious illness. His head was long with wavy brown hair, his eyes were blue, and the prominent nose, which afterwards became so well known, was his most striking feature. His mouth was small, and did not shut firmly owing to the prominence of his teeth. Though his feet were small, he walked with a firm tread, and his hands with their slender fingers suggested that taste for music which he had sternly discarded. The simplicity, even austerity, of his way of living was in contrast with the neatness of his dress. He hardly ever wore full uniform; a plain blue frock coat, small cocked hat and short cape, was his ordinary costume. He would often ride about in civilian dress, and his wardrobe was never large. Little baggage accompanied him on his campaigns, and he took small interest in his food. Luxury and display of any sort were foreign to his character, and he would not even allow himself the escort usual to a Commander-in-Chief. He was capable at any time

of doing without his scanty allowance of sleep. A hard-bitten man, as we see in Goya's picture, with a keen glance and an expression of almost sleepless anxiety.

The long years of lonely supremacy from 1809 to 1814 which Wellesley spent in Spain hardened and confirmed his character. The war was conducted on the Spanish side with violent animosity unintelligible to his unpassionate, rational nature. Like most Englishman he felt instinctively superior to the foreigner, and he made little effort to understand the primitive varieties of southern character with which he was surrounded. Portuguese and Spaniards alike were a perpetual nuisance to him, and a hindrance to his plans. The Portuguese Government, weak, inefficient, bound by its fear of the Lisbon mob, was continually intriguing against him, continually interfering with military operations.

Wellesley had small patience with them. In his view they should have thought of the miseries of their people before they began to fight. He despised them for their "unconquerable love of ease, which was superior to their fear and detestation of the enemy." The folly of the people, the cowardice of the Government, and the obstinacy of the officials filled him with contemptuous disgust, and he was always threatening to remove the British army, if they did not exert themselves. As for the politicians, they were "bad heads," and on occasions of extreme irritation he would insist that if some member or other of the Government who had thwarted him did not quit the country, he would. His way of speaking about them can hardly be called tactful. He would accuse them of being tired of the war, and he often indulged in the dangerous luxury of irony at their expense. "Has any alteration been made of any description in the old

system of allowing every booby to do as he pleases, provided only that he cries 'Viva!' and attends the levées of the Ministers? Have any really efficient measures been adopted either to bring money into the treasury or to raise recruits for the army or militia?" In Wellesley's opinion the only way to make Portugal the basis of military operations was to control actively all the departments of the state, to use its resources, and apply them honestly to the objects of the war. He made no attempt to hide his opinions; he was "glad that the gentlemen felt his letters"; and as late as 1813 he asserted that the British army had met with nothing but ingratitude from the Government and authorities in Portugal for their services. "I hope," he added, "that we have seen the last of Portugal."

The Portuguese army, on the other hand, under the able direction of General Beresford, did well in the war. Beresford was only 40, and probably owed his appointment to the fact that he was a friend of Wellesley and to the expectation that friction would therefore be avoided between the commanders of the two armies. He was not an able leader in the field, but he knew Portuguese, was a hard worker and a first-rate organiser. Beresford was a brave man, but arrogant and self-assertive, and therefore not popular with his equals. Accustomed to command, he stood no nonsense from anybody. Wellesley had a high opinion of his ability. In the event of anything happening to himself he always desired that Beresford should take his place. "If it were a question of handling troops," he said once at dinner to his staff, "some of you fellows might do as well, perhaps better than he; but what we now want is some one to feed our men." He remained throughout

the war on excellent terms with Wellesley, who said that it was impossible for two people to understand each other better, and gave him full credit for having raised, disciplined and equipped the Portuguese Army. Of all his generals, with the exception of Hill, Beresford gave him the most complete satisfaction.

Hill was not a man of very great abilities, but he was more trusted by his chief than any other of his generals. A kind, homely sort of man with a broad, red face, "Daddy" Hill had the simplicity that wins the affection of an army. "Hill does what he is told," was Wellesley's comment, and he liked him better than the brilliant and erratic Crauford. Hill, Beresford and Crauford were the only subordinates to whom Wellesley would occasionally explain his plans or whom he trusted to accomplish the smallest independent action. Crauford was a hot-tempered and self-willed man, restless and energetic. A strict disciplinarian, and an admirable trainer of troops, he was admired but not loved by his men. He was extremely sensitive, always quarrelling with people and considering himself slighted. Profoundly dissatisfied with his military career, he was apt to intrigue against the Commander-in-Chief, and Wellesley found him often extremely troublesome. On his death-bed he sent for Wellesley and expressed regret that there had been differences between them: "Crauford talked to me as they do in a novel," said Wellesley, a remark which throws light upon the characters of both. Wellesley well appreciated the qualities of dashing soldiers of the Picton type; stern and brave men, cool in action, natural leaders of men. Picton, who wore a top-hat at Quatre Bras, was famous for his oaths and violent temper. A commissary once complained to

Wellesley that Picton had threatened to hang him. "Did he?" said Wellesley, "then I advise you to take care, for he is quite the man to do it." He understood these men, but he did not confide in them. His comment on Picton years afterwards was characteristic: "He was the foulest-mouthed blackguard I ever knew, but he always behaved very well." By blackguard it is necessary to add he meant much what we mean by "cad."

Wellesley has been accused of feeling for his generals that hard, intellectual contempt that his magnificent brother felt for his colleagues in the Perceval cabinet. No doubt he was haughty and autocratic towards his subordinates. He could not bear the loose, familiar conversation of Picton. Staff officers were known to have wept after suffering the biting sarcasm of a stormy interview with him. One day when he was sitting to Goya in Madrid a staff officer came in and the astonished painter heard Wellesley say, "I shall be glad to know who is to command the army, you or I? I establish one route; you establish another. As long as you live, Sir, never do that again; never do anything without my orders." He was accused of want of sympathy, of an inability to listen to advice or criticism, and in after years it was noticed with disapprobation that he preferred the society of fashionable people to that of his old military companions.

A commander placed in Wellesley's position could not afford to suffer fools gladly. He was on good terms with his younger officers, only holding himself aloof from the older generals. It was not his fault that his subordinate generals were men of an intellectually inferior type. He found them uninteresting after the war, but during the war he did what he could with them,

trusted Hill and Beresford as far as they could be trusted; but he knew well enough that all initiative must come from him. Years afterwards he was asked, "What on earth would have happened if anything had befallen you?" He confessed that he could not imagine the results. England is not famous for the average capacity of its generals, and Wellesley had to do the best he could with those that fate provided. It was not in his character to flatter them, to pretend he thought them abler than he did, to conceal his opinion that he alone was fit to bear the weight of responsibility. It was vital, in his precarious situation, that he should have been a superbly self-confident man, and the very quality which exasperated his ambitious subordinates, carried him to ultimate victory. On the other hand, Wellesley was popular with the Spanish soldiers and country people, though the reverse with the Spanish officers and the Spanish aristocracy; but it must be remembered that he seldom came in contact with the former. His opinion of the Spaniards was even lower than of the Portuguese. He could not tolerate in them what appeared to be a mixture of haughtiness and self-seeking intrigue. Their incompetence, their failure to appreciate the English effort, and their permanent suspicion that the English were not doing their best exasperated him. Their unwillingness to produce provisions for his "half-starved army" irritated him into asserting that his men could not be worse off if they were in an enemy's country, and that he had never seen an army so badly treated. He rarely had a good word for the Spanish. He notes, indeed, their joy at his victorious entrances to Salamanca, Valladolid and Madrid, but what praise he gives is mixed with caustic criticism. "Those to whom

letters are entrusted," he wrote, "may not choose to take the trouble of carrying them, but they would prefer death to delivering them to the enemy." "They cry 'viva,' are very fond of us and hate the French; but they are incapable of useful exertion; they are vain yet ignorant of military affairs. What can be done for this lost nation?" And as a rule this condemnation was unqualified. He complained that they took no trouble except to pack up their property and run away when they heard the approach of a French patrol, that they were insubordinate to their superiors, that they never adhered to a plan or put up a steady resistance, and that they were incapable of foresight. In short, the defects of the Spaniards were of the kind particularly antipathetic to all that was English in Wellesley. Enthusiasts and erratic heroes did not appeal to him. He required a soldier to sit down soberly to his work and see it through. He expected the Spaniards to be dominated by the English aristocratic quality, a sense of duty; he expected them to show foresight and prudence, to be continually active and consistently courageous. He expected them in fact to be English, and when they were not, he considered the national character to be based upon false principles, and swore that he "would not stay much longer." Nevertheless, being English, he did stay.

The leaders of the nation were, no doubt, largely to blame for all this. The Grandees were poor and had no political influence. Wellesley thought them good-natured people, but with no ideas beyond the Court. "They are just like your servants or my servants," he said long afterwards, "they have both the good and the bad qualities of menials." The little Court dis-

tinctions had become for them the summit of happiness; no other place but Madrid was worth living in, and even to be appointed ambassador in Paris was looked upon as miserable exile. Wellesley records with amusement that they told him he ought to be very happy as the Guards had stamped with their feet as he came in, a sign of high distinction. Apart from the Court they had no social life. A Spanish dinner was always a family affair, at which the servants came in and took their portions. Wellesley was only invited out to dinner three times in all the years he was in Spain, and at one of these entertainments the whole dinner consisted of boiled beef and sausages.

The politicians, he found, were entirely lacking in experience. Wellesley struggled desperately against abuses which in his view had "sunk Spain," but he was hardly the man to deal with an infant democracy. He had a great dislike for the new popular assembly and would have preferred "a wise Bourbon, if we could find one" to the Cortes. The French Revolution had made an indelible impression on his mind, and he was continually haunted by the fear that the Cortes would become a National Assembly on Parisian lines. "The natural course of all popular assemblies is to adopt democratic principles," he wrote, " and to invest all the powers of the State in their own body." He was not in Spain to assist that kind of "progress"; on the contrary, he desired, as a representative of the English governing class, to purge Europe of its democratic taint, even if such a purge entailed a Bourbon upon the throne of Spain.

When Wellesley arrived in Spain every little place had its own Junta, nominally in obedience to the Central

Junta, but in reality refusing to recognise such authority and loudly asserting its own privileges. These Juntas, moved by jealousy to a cordial hatred of one another, and always intent upon their own interests, naturally failed to initiate any sort of general policy. The Cortes which succeeded the Juntas, concerned itself with creating a Constitution, and Wellesley wished that "some of our reformers" would go to Cadiz to see the benefit of a sovereign popular assembly, and of a written constitution. The latter, in his view, was formed on the principle that a painter paints a picture—to be looked at, and he made every endeavour to get it altered on English lines. He rejoiced in Soult's blockade of Cadiz because it gave time for the Cortes to pass through "the ordeal of experience", and for "the fever of theory" to evaporate. He considered that the "wild theories of modern days" led directly to government by a licentious press working upon the urban mob, while the politicians themselves, listening to "the praise of their foolish Constitution", let real control slip from their hands. He did not believe the politicians cared much about the war. Men who had a "contempt for all the consequences of their actions", and who, offended by being told the truth, continued to act as if their army was not miserably inefficient, could not, in his opinion, be in earnest about the war.

The idea that the Spaniards were war-weary, which permeated official circles in England, was probably exaggerated. They were content to leave the fighting to the English, who seemed to know how to do it, and to concentrate themselves upon political intrigue. Sensitive about their authority, they resented Wellesley's attempts to improve them. Wellesley complained that

open insults were contrived to show the English what the general opinion of them was. But no doubt the Spanish politicians felt instinctively the hostility of the English commander to democracy, and even when, eventually, they consented to give him the command of the Spanish army, they were determined to keep their political independence. Rather than allow him to get his own way, they would break any engagement or understanding, until Wellesley became even more anxious to resign than he had been originally to accept the command. In the end, Wellesley was obliged to admit that he had no influence with the Government and wrote jokingly to his brother Henry: "If the new Cortes act upon the same democratical system as the last, quit them and travel about and amuse yourself."

In such circumstances he did not believe that much was to be expected of the Spanish army. Wellesley inveighed against them in vain. "We shall see whether boasting will relieve the siege of Cadiz," he wrote. "They halloo to the whole world for assistance, and abuse us if it is not immediately given to them. They march the troops night and day, without provisions or rest, and abusing everybody who proposes a moment's delay. They reach the enemy in such a state as to be unable to make any exertion, or to execute any plan, even if any plan had been formed; and then when the moment of action arrives, they are totally incapable of movement, and they stand by to see their allies destroyed." Wellesley pleaded vainly that some steps should be adopted to provide the Spanish nation with an army. The soldiers were neither paid, fed, nor disciplined; they were dangerous only to their friends;

incapable of undertaking any serious operation. By 1812 the Spaniards had lost all their cannon and all their cavalry, and by the end of the year their pride was so far reduced that they swallowed the bitter pill of handing over to Wellesley the command of their army. From January to October, 1813, Wellesley struggled to reform them, but, as he could not get the Minister of War to carry out what he had been forced to promise, little improvement was effected. Wellesley resigned in despair, and the troops of Spain continued to starve in rich provinces which had previously maintained ten times the number of French.

Napier has written the epic of the Peninsular War. War lends itself easily to such treatment, and its romance has always appealed to the staff-officer and non-combatant. The imagination of the Duke of Wellington did not rise to such an altitude. "Notwithstanding my great respect for Colonel Napier," he wrote in 1835, "I have never read a line of it; because I wished to avoid being led into a literary controversy, which I should probably find more troublesome than the operations which it is the design of the Colonel's work to describe and record." Wellington had no feeling for the glory of war, nor, of course, did he share our illusion that his was a gentlemanly and courteous type of warfare from which all horror and atrocity were excluded. On the contrary, it was his opinion that the enmity aroused by it was more violent than in any previous war, that non-combatants were worse treated than ever before, and his own hope and desire was that it would be "the last war." His own attitude, at any rate towards an enemy general, is well shown by what he said long afterwards to Stanhope on the subject of

General Brenier who had so skilfully eluded him at Almeida: "I had seen him before: I had taken him prisoner at Vimiero. Before he was exchanged he came to me in London, told me he was in difficulty, and I lent him £500. I daresay he thought if I had taken him prisoner I should have made him pay me."

Wellington's despatches and letters have been published. In them are disclosed his anger and disappointments, his struggles and difficulties day by day, and much that he said about his own army had been adversely criticised. Wellington could not bear disorder. In 1809 he complained that the officers committed outrages behind the scenes of the theatres, and that the army as a whole was behaving extremely badly. Every form of irregularity was taking place; the troops were worse than an enemy in a country, plundering in all directions. British soldiers were put to death by the inhabitants; and often such acts of revenge were thoroughly deserved by the troops, since the animosity of the Portuguese had been wantonly provoked. He admitted that the army was admirable on parade, and still more admirable in action; but the soldiers as a mass were "a rabble who cannot bear success." Yet at the same time he was aware of the cause. "An army loses its discipline and spirit when it is starving." The difficulties of supply at that date were immense.

Later, in 1810, he wrote that he was receiving no support from the officers, that they had no confidence in him, and that their efficiency was destroyed by the universal "system of croaking." As for the conduct of the soldiers, it was "infamous." They were guilty of wanton murders; they stole the chest from convoys of money; they stole shoes; they "forget everything when

they can get plunder and wine". Desertion, too, was rapidly increasing, and, although the men had now no real grievances, were well fed, well housed, and had little duty, they continued to allow themselves to be captured. Yet in the midst of all these complaints he also admitted that it would be an excellent army if it did not plunder. It fought bravely, was becoming healthy and efficient. Often, too, the men were kind to the Spaniards, and they had been known to raise money among themselves as compensation for damage. It was true they stole shoes, but it had to be remembered that the British soldier was obliged to pay for his own shoes. It was true that they deserted, but it had to be remembered that those who deserted were mainly Irish.

In 1811 it was much the same story. Wellington still complained of insubordination and lack of discipline in the army. General officers desired to act according to their own opinions and to alter the Commander-in-Chief's plans; officers were always wanting to go home, to spend, under the pretext of business, the winter in England. Wellington was sometimes obliged to become himself general of cavalry, general of the advanced guard and leader of two or three columns all at the same time, owing to the shortage of officers. Women were being seduced; clothes, arms and forage were being sold for wine; buildings were being damaged by the troops that were quartered in them. In Wellington's opinion the army was composed of "a bad description of men". The ordinary recruit was of such a bad type that he was convinced that men should be drawn from all classes of the community. It is curious to observe that he did not object so much to the plunder-

ing committed by the French. They had "extraordinary discipline," and their rapine was carefully organised with a view to obtaining subsistence, clothes, and shoes for nothing. Their sacking of a taken town was systematised. First it was plundered, then all the food in it was taken, and then a contribution of money was levied. The result was that the French troops could get on perfectly well without pay, provisions or magazine. It was unscrupulous, but there was something to be said for such a system. Their army did not indulge in mere disorderly waste. It was "a wonderful machine".

In 1812 things went well and Wellington became more cheerful. "This fine army," he wrote, "the finest and bravest soldiers in the world"; the Spaniards considered them to be invincible. But this enthusiasm was clouded by the retreat from Burgos. He complained that the officers neglected to attend to the soldiers' food, and that both officers and men did all their work slackly. Cavalry officers "never think of manœuvring except on Wimbledon Common"; the men, he said, were "round-shouldered and slouching", unaccustomed to marching, and went sick when they were obliged to march. "It is," he maintained, "an error to suppose that the lower orders are always right in their complaints and the higher orders always wrong." But he was obliged to admit that it was mainly the new troops from England that were now misbehaving, that they were not receiving their pay regularly, and that many of the outrages were caused by the inadequacy of the pay they did receive. He welcomed the advance from sixpence to a shilling a day that a grateful Government made to the troops in that year, and he pleaded in vain that some allowance should also be made to wives and children at home. The

officers, however, were still on his mind. Many of them had been out for five years and wanted to go on leave. "A pretty army I have here; they all want to go home!"

The year 1813 brought continual success. Wellington considered the army to be in the highest order, healthy, strong and efficient. "Our own troops always fight," he said. He considered it to be an unrivalled army for fighting. All through the great advance and the resounding victories of that year he considered his army to be "the most complete machine existing in Europe." Never had they been in better health, heart or condition. They were well received by the French when they crossed the frontier, and behaved well to the civilian population. Wellington eagerly defended them against complaints from England, denying the right of anybody to cry out against the loss of a few hundred men, and asking the nation to remember that the same men who fought at Vimiero were still fighting at Sorauren. Yet even in this year of triumph there came the plunder of Vittoria and the sack of San Sebastian. However good the morale might be, the discipline was bad. Victory was certain to destroy discipline. He knew his army were "terrible fellows for everything but fighting," and before Vittoria he expressed the uneasy hope that the men would not "employ themselves, as usual, in plunder." When he knew that his men had got hold of a million of money from the battlefield and were demoralised, his anger knew no bounds. It was "impossible to command a British army"; they were "the scum of the earth"; it was "a disgrace to have anything to say to such men." He complained that nobody ever thought of obeying an order; that habits of obedience

and attention did not exist; that the officers did not do their duty; and that the non-commissioned officers were as bad as the men. Again and again he returned to the subject. Officers, who flocked to England in the winter, spent the summer in carrying off young Spanish ladies from their homes. Men, drunk and loaded with plunder, surrendered themselves to unarmed French peasants. In four months 1,200 men had deserted. Yet when his anger cooled he was ready to admit that it was always the new regiments that were worst, and that it was impossible to expect good conduct, health and efficiency from an army that did not receive regular pay.

Wellington has been accused of a harsh attitude towards his men, and of ingratitude for their services. Certainly he adopted no sentimental artifices to encourage emulation. He had not Napoleon's useful histrionic gift. He expected to find in others the simple devotion to duty that moved himself, and was angered by the mixed motives of his mob of men. Heavy responsibility lay upon him. On his brain and hand everything depended. Worried by politicians in Spain, Portugal and England, he had no Marshals whom he could trust to win a battle. For three years he seldom slept out of his clothes. The overwhelming weight of the war fell upon his shoulders, and if we examine his correspondence it is clear that his praise and condemnation follow every rise and fall of success and failure. His letters which were written in many moods are read in one. It cannot be said that he failed to appreciate the qualities of his army. "The Guards never misbehaved," he said afterwards, "White's window would not permit it." He described his men as "this brave army that has

struggled through its difficulties for nearly six years." He knew and appreciated his men, and enjoyed in after years dilating upon the satisfaction with which the English soldier received his beef, the Irish soldier his wine, and the Scotch soldier his pay. Talking of the result of the war, he would say. "Their soldiers got them into scrapes; mine always got me out." In retrospect he forgot his annoyances and looking at the war as a whole he was conscious chiefly of the results of his endeavours. "We mended in discipline every campaign, and when we crossed the Pyrenees, there never was an army in better spirits, in better order, or in better discipline."

If Wellington never tolerated disorder he nevertheless was a just man. Those around him would have agreed with his own estimate, "I always mean to do justice to the officers under my command." If he believed it wrong that everybody should think they had a right to criticize the Commander-in-Chief, if he believed it wrong that an officer should solicit an appointment; it was because these ideas conflicted with his sense of discipline. Even his famous condemnation of his officers, written after the retreat from Burgos in 1812, for which he was never forgiven, is the document of a man who believes it to be his painful duty to tell the truth. And the defence of Wellington against charges of harshness and ingratitude is that everything he said and wrote about his army is true.

We are told that law was silent in the Peninsula, such law as there was could only be called martial. The lash was the common punishment, and the many memoirs that confirm Wellington's criticisms of his army describe the gruesome punishments that followed crime. Men were lashed into insensibility and even

insanity. They were lashed by beat of drum: ten taps between the lashes. "Styles loved drink," we are told, "and had at different times received 2,000 lashes"—we are also told that Wellington was once nearly killed by a drunken soldier firing a musket over his head. Many witnesses agree that Wellington had to be severe, and that an army composed of "ignorant, idle, drunken, ill-fed plunderers" could be controlled in no other way, and we must not be led away by our knowledge of different military organisations, or by our modern standards of the value of human life, into unfair comparisons. Wellington dealt unhesitatingly with the plunderer. We are told that when on one occasion two men were caught plundering and brought before him, he said curtly, "In ten minutes report to me that these two men have been executed." Marshal Junot, who heard the story, was astonished. "*Ma foi,*" he said, "*la discipline anglaise est bien sévère.*"

Confirmations of all Wellington's strictures can be found in the memoirs of his officers and men; and it is curious to turn from his indignation to the casual mention in them of precisely the same episodes as matters of ordinary occurrence. He will write of the outrageous scandals in the seduction of women, and his subordinates will calmly describe how "an officer had secured a nun, kept her as his mistress, and taught her to ride at the end of a long bridle in the yard." Such events were common-place; only when scenes of wholesale horror and havoc occur do those in high command and lesser witnesses unite to paint the picture of an undisciplined army. In the retreat from Burgos, 12,000 men were hopelessly drunk; the sack of Badajoz and San Sebastian are notorious. The taking of the

former was perhaps the greatest exploit of the war, a marvel of gallantry and intrepid devotion, but the sack which followed was a terrible disgrace. The officers retired to the camp, avoiding the scene of plunder, and a frenzied military mob was let loose upon the town. All trace of order and discipline disappeared and "the infuriated soldiery, like a pack of hell-hounds", were free for the accomplishment of rapine, debauchery and blood-shed. Indiscriminate carnage was followed by plunder, rape and devastation. No woman was safe from violation and robbery. Rings were torn from their ears; men, women and children were shot in the streets. The drunken troops indulged in every form of wanton cruelty, firing into the windows as they ran along the streets. "Entering a cellar," wrote an eye-witness, "I saw some soldiers lying on the floor so drunk that the wine was flowing from their mouths. Our soldiers cannot resist wine."

Wellington made some effort to defend the army against the anger aroused in Spain by similar scenes at San Sebastian. He maintained that our troops never intended to burn the town and had not in fact set it on fire; that the inhabitants had co-operated with the enemy and it was not our fault if they got hurt in the subsequent fighting; that the town had been plundered, but not sacked, and that in war towns were always plundered. His irritation at the noise raised in Spain over the event made him go so far as to talk about "infamous libels." But the facts are clear enough. The subtle difference between "plunder" and "sack" was not obvious to those on the spot. Once again we read of "merciless soldiery", of women shot at their doors, of drunken orgy. "Rapine has done her work. Nothing

is left; all is ruin." Thomas Hardy's verses have pictured for us the meaning of the scene:—

"On end for plunder, 'mid rain and thunder
That burst with the lull of our cannonade,
We vamped the streets in the stifling air—
Our hunger unsoothed, our thirst unstayed—
And ransacked the buildings there.

"Down the stony steps of the house-fronts white
We rolled rich puncheons of Spanish grape,
Till at length, with the fire of the wine alight
I saw at a doorway a fair fresh shape—
A woman, a sylph, or sprite.

"Afeared she fled, and with heated head
I pursued to the chamber she called her own;
—When might is right no qualms deter,
And having her helpless and alone,
I wreaked my lust on her."

It is clear, therefore, that Wellington can be defended for his bad opinion of the army; but it must not be forgotten, nor did he forget, that there were excuses for these excesses. The soldier's life was not an easy one. He was dressed for show; nothing could have been less convenient for the service of war than the tight breeches and gaiters and the even tighter jackets with their paraphernalia of buttons, laces and cuffs. They were tied together with loops and braces of every sort, and the soldier was unable to stoop to the ground. It required three hours' work for a man to prepare himself for parade, cleaning his uniform, cleaning his arms, greasing and powdering his hair and whiskers. On the

march the weight of a soldier's kit was 59 lb., although our troops only carried three days' bread, as against the French fifteen. In hot weather the troops marched an hour or two before daylight, halting for about twenty minutes every three or four miles. The roads in Spain were atrocious, as indeed they still are. Rain destroyed them, and the inhabitants had a pleasant habit of throwing on to them stones from the walls at the side. Yet, owing to the mountainous country, the artillery could not leave the roads. Two teams of horses and fifty men pulled a gun, destroying the road as they went. Ten or fifteen thousand animals took part in an advance, and all the baggage of the army went along with it. Four wives to each company were also allowed to follow the army. The suffering of the men from mud in bad weather and from dust in good weather was intense. The tight clothing and the choking leather stocks produced a torture of thirst. Even Wellington had been known to dismount and drink at a pool. As for the private soldier, one of them has written: "My sight grew dim; my mouth was dry as dust; my lips one continued blister. The water in my canteen tasted as bitter as soot, and it was so warm it made me sick." A foreign observer noticed that most Englishmen in a hot climate are a little mad.

Food was a constant pre-occupation. "We must now set about eating all the sheep," said Wellington, "and when they are gone, we must go." The private soldier was thankful for small mercies. "We were sent to break biscuit and make a mess for Lord Wellington's hounds. I was very hungry and thought it a good job, as we got our own fill." Wellington himself was indifferent to food. He is credited with so little sense of taste that

he could not tell good butter from bad, nor sound wine from sour. Caesar, too, is said to have been unable to distinguish between rancid and wholesome oil or to have been completely indifferent to it.

The climax of misery was reached in the retreat from Burgos. In the inextricable confusion the baggage was often lost, and even Wellington was heard saying to Private Jack Talbot, "Well, I can't be surprised that you have lost your baggage, for I cannot find my army."

War is a bad business and, fortunately for their peace of mind, those who remain at home never realize the horrors that it entails.

CHAPTER VI

WAR AND POLITICIANS

WELLESLEY's despatches from Spain are admirably clear in expression and forcible in style. He was a master of laconic epigram. "He who in war fails to do what he undertakes, may always plead the accidents which invariably attend military affairs: but he who declares a thing to be impossible, which is subsequently accomplished, registers his own incapacity." In his despatches are recorded his sagacity, his vigilance, his hatred of anything sentimental or bombastic. They present to posterity an impressive portrait of the masculine spirit.

His troubles were not confined to the vagaries of Spaniards and Portuguese. He had not been long in Spain before he became aware of the necessity of supporting the home front. A *coup-de-main* had given him possession, with small loss, of Oporto, the second city of Portugal. Napier is loud in admiration. "To attain great objects by simple means," he writes, "is the highest effort of genius." His enemies in England, on the other hand, accused their general of exaggerating the value of this success, and he was goaded into writing to the Whig Whitbread defending his account of the battle. He was not yet accustomed to the inevitable attitude of party politicians at home.

Wellesley was in high spirits after Oporto fell into his hands. "The ball is now at my foot," he wrote, "and I hope I shall have the strength enough to give

it a good kick." Unfortunately he was short of money, and his army was none too large. It must never be forgotten that in 1809 Wellesley took command of little more than 21,000 men, and the numbers of British soldiers in the Peninsula during the course of the war never rose above 60,000 men. Difficulties connected with the shortage of men and money recur throughout the war. Wellesley thought that the British Government had undertaken more than they could manage and he told the Secretary of the Treasury frankly that it would be better to relinquish their operations in Portugal and Spain if England could not afford to carry them on properly. Far from realising his difficulties, however, after every battle the politicians put more obstacles in his path.

For Talavera Wellesley was made Captain-General of the Spanish Army, Baron Douro and Viscount Wellington of Talavera. A pension of £2,000 a year was voted to him by Parliament, and Napoleon himself on hearing at Vienna the news of the battle was heard to remark "*Il parait que c'est un homme, ce Wellesley.*" Yet the battle of Talavera should never have been fought, and gave good material to his enemies at home. The loss of the wounded caused consternation in England, and it was not long before the Whigs fastened upon the strategic rashness of the advance into Spain. Lord Grenville admitted that Wellesley was "a soldier, though very rash, of considerable talents." But he could see no use in advancing, if subsequent retreat was inevitable. Lord Grey, in the House of Lords, "disputed the military, moral and intellectual fame of Lord Wellington," and called upon the Government to justify the victory of Talavera. The minor fry in

the Commons were determined to "hand Sir Arthur and his battle down to posterity in their proper colours." The Common Council of London petitioned the King against a general who had displayed "with equal rashness and ostentation, nothing but a useless valour." Wellington was even accused of having fought the battle in order to obtain a peerage. The Whigs of course were aware that their opposition was unpopular, but, though voted down in both houses, they were convinced that Wellesley's career was "approaching rapidly to a conclusion," and that he "ought to be hanged." Beneath the violence of their party hatred there lay a substratum of military truth, and Talavera was not easy to defend.

Late in 1809 Wellington was better pleased with his political situation. Frere, whom he did not like, had ceased to be British Ambassador at Seville, and to his brother the Marquess, who had arrived early in August, he could express his own feelings freely. As we have seen, the new popular assembly in Spain was not at all to his liking. He thought that even our own in England would be quite unmanageable, if it were not for its ancient traditions and its fear of a "French Revolution." He told his brother that if he were Bonaparte he would leave the English and the Cortes to settle matters in Spain between them, and that the certain result would be its falling an easy prey to France.

In the meantime, there had been a political crisis in England. The bad feeling aroused between Canning and Castlereagh by the Convention of Cintra had been inflamed by the failure of the Walcheren expedition. Canning's determination to expel Castlereagh from the

Cabinet was not based on sound criticism of the latter's administration of the War Office. Castlereagh had not only chosen Wellington for the command on Spain, but had backed him to the best of his ability. Nor was the Walcheren expedition essentially unsound. Wellington himself in after years told Greville that he considered it a good plan badly executed. But its failure produced in England an attack of war nerves. People began to despair of the war; to talk about the uselessness of sending more troops abroad, even to Spain. There arose a clamour against the Portland Administration, and within the Cabinet Canning was pressing for the resignation of Castlereagh. Unfortunately, he omitted to inform the War Secretary of what he was doing, and when the Duke of Portland at length told Castlereagh of Canning's objection to his remaining in the Cabinet, Castlereagh was extremely angry. On September 21st, a duel took place between them, with the result that both had to leave the Government. Portland then resigned, and Perceval formed an Administration in which Liverpool was Secretary of War and Wellesley Foreign Secretary.

Wellington's position in Spain was of course greatly affected by this political storm. Cabinet weakness necessitated extreme military caution abroad, and Wellington was well aware that a Cabinet which had lost its two most prominent members would, if any disaster occurred, abandon the war. All the blame for such a disaster would then fall upon him. "If I do fail," he said, "God have mercy upon me, for surely no one else will." The Whigs were not slow to take advantage of the situation, attacking the general policy of risking British armies on the Continent, and the spiteful

Creevey wrote in his journal that "the Wellesleys will now be beat if they are attacked properly." Wellington took all the precautions he could against disaster and spent, as we have seen, the month of October in Lisbon organising the fortification of the lines of Torres Vedras. He was, however, under no illusions about the state of the war. "It is obvious," he wrote to Lord Burghersh, "that the longer and the more intimately we become acquainted with the affairs of Spain, the less prospect do they hold out of anything like a glorious result." In November he journeyed to Seville and Cadiz to speed his departing brother back to England. One asset at any rate he had obtained from the political unheaval, the presence of Lord Wellesley at the Foreign Office. Another brother, Henry, came to Seville as Ambassador in his stead. Wellington at this juncture believed that the war would be long and doubtful. He was obliged, however, to do his best to fortify the resolution of the new Government and wrote to the Ministers with restrained optimism of his prospects. "I agree that we cannot in good policy give up the Peninsula, but that we may be able to continue the contest in Portugal with success and that we shall finally bring off our army. During the continuance of this contest, which must necessarily be defensive on our part, in which there may be no brilliant events, and in which, after all, I may fail, I shall be most confoundedly abused, and in the end I may lose the little character I have gained; but I should not act fairly by the Government if I did not tell them my real opinion which is, that they will betray the honour and interests of the country if they do not continue their efforts in the Peninsula, which, in my opinion, are by no means hopeless."

In 1810 the nadir of the war was reached. It is important to realize the precariousness of Wellington's position if we are to measure correctly the resolution with which he maintained it. The Government at home was lamentably weak, and Sydney Smith observed that when Europe was in convulsion Perceval's only action was to bring in a Curates' Relief Bill. With the exception of Lord Wellesley it contained no man of outstanding ability, and Perceval during the entire year was endeavouring to strengthen it by enlisting the services of either Canning or Castlereagh or both. The Prime Minister's task was not made any easier by the arrogance of Lord Wellesley, who treated him with contempt. Lord Wellesley did, however, endeavour by speech and action to support his brother in Spain. Money was very short in England at that time, but as much as possible was sent out to Wellington, and Liverpool succeeded in producing the necessary reinforcements. The war itself was far from popular in England. The danger that Wellington would be pushed into the sea was present to all minds, and from every side pressure was brought on the Government to abandon the campaign and disembark the army. Lord Wellesley's biographer claims that Wellington would have been forced to quit Spain in 1810 if it had not been for his brother's support. Wellington held a different view. "It is quite certain," he said long afterwards, "that my opinion alone was the cause of the continuance of the war in the Peninsula. My letters show that I encouraged, nay, forced the Government to persevere in it. . . . But it is not true that they did not in every way in their power, as members and as a Government support me."

In defence of public opinion at home it must be

remembered that no one was aware of the existence of the lines of Torres Vedras and it seemed certain that Wellington's army could not withstand the concentration that was being made against it under Masséna. Wellington for his part was not in the least blind to the perils of his situation. "I conceive," he wrote, "that the honour and interests of the country require that we should hold our ground here as long as possible; and, please God, I will maintain it as long as I can! and I will neither endeavour to shift from my own shoulders on those of the Ministers the responsibility for the failure, by calling for means which I know they cannot give; nor will I give to the Ministers, who are not strong, and who must feel the delicacy of their own situation, an excuse for withdrawing the army from a position which, in my opinion, the honour and interest of the country require they should maintain as long as possible." The resolute self-reliance of this must counterbalance the criticisms of his subordinates. Fears from England beset him on all sides. He was pestered with instructions not to run any risk or incur any unnecessary loss. He was reminded that Sir John Moore had said that Portugal could not be defended. "The Government are terribly afraid," he wrote, "that I shall get them, and myself, into a scrape. But what can be expected from men who are beaten in the House of Commons three times a week? . . . The state of opinion in England is very unfavourable to the Peninsula. The Ministers are as much alarmed as the public, or as the Opposition pretend to be; and they appear to be of opinion that I am inclined to fight a desperate battle which is to answer no purpose." He attempted to allay these fears. He told Lord Liverpool that it was

absurd to take other people's opinion on the situation in Portugal. He knew more about it, had studied it carefully and was not to be frightened by the ghost of Sir John Moore. "Depend upon it," he wrote, "I am not so desirous as they imagine of fighting desperate battles; if I was, I might fight one any day I please." It was true enough that it might become necessary to evacuate Portugal; but "when we do go, I feel a little anxiety to go, like gentlemen, out of the hall door, particularly after the preparations which I have made to enable us to do so, and not out of the back door, or by the area." He knew that to the eyes of the watchers at home all appeared to be lost, and that everything depended upon him to prevent it being so. "I am prepared," he said, "for all events; and if I am in a scrape, as appears to be the general belief in England, I'll get out of it."

On July 11, 1810, Ciudad Rodrigo fell and Masséna proceeded to attack the fortress of Almeida. Nothing could prevent its capture, which occurred on August 27th. Unfortunately, its fall was preceded by a small disaster caused by the rashness of Crauford, who, disobeying orders, engaged himself in an outpost scrap with Ney, in which he was soundly beaten. Crauford had been bickering with Wellington for some time; he could not bear Wellington's bluntness of speech in discussion, and Wellington had been obliged to explain that his manner did not necessarily mean disapprobation. Wellington, who had positively forbidden Crauford to involve himself at Almeida, was just enough to realize that Crauford's error was "one of judgment and not of intention," and, although he knew that he "would be hanged" for the disaster, he refused to accuse Crauford. Nevertheless, he could not resist his revenge. On parade

next morning he said: "I am glad to see you safe, General Crauford!" "I was never in danger." "Oh!" said Wellington drily. "I was." General Crauford walked away, saying, "He's damned crusty this morning."

Wellington had enough to make him crusty. The newspapers in England were publishing letters from Spaniards which enabled the enemy to discover Wellington's correspondents in towns occupied by the French. The private letters of his own officers were being published in the Press and gave information to the enemy. His control in such matters and in making appointments in his own army were to modern notions absurdly limited. Although he "would not give one pin to have the disposal of every commission in the army," he considered it ridiculous that he should not have the power to promote his own officers on the field. The Government at home were making scandalous appointments. One officer sent out to him he had "generally understood to be a madman"; another was "not very wise"; others were "disreputable and quite unsafe to keep." Wellington told the War Office that he trembled when he reflected upon the character and capacity of the general officers in his army, completing his protest with the words, "I pray God and the Horse Guards to deliver me from General ———." At the same time, he was obliged to urge the Government to greater exertion in the war. His cautious system of defence was, he knew, destroying his reputation and bringing down upon his head "the obloquy of the ignorant"; but, although personally he would probably benefit by the abandonment of the contest, he saw a good chance of success if only the people at home were not obsessed with the idea of

inevitable defeat. The Government refused to budge on the question of promotion. "I propose to drop the subject entirely," wrote Wellington at last, "about the result of which I do not care a pin, and I shall not enter into any proof of the truth of the statement which I made." Nevertheless he was annoyed with them. "They will end in forcing me to quit them," he wrote, "and then they will see how they will get on."

It can be imagined with what pleasure on October 10th, 1810, the troops caught their first glimpse of the fortified lines which Wellington had prepared for them. It was a complete surprise to them; no whisper of the elaborate preparation had reached them, and they broke out into loud praises of Wellington's foresight. Wellington himself was not much depressed by the miseries of the retreat. He considered that his army would reach the positions round Lisbon without much loss or difficulty. "There will be a breeze near Lisbon," he wrote, "but I hope we shall have the best of it." In his opinion the French were "in a scrape," the devastation was already causing trouble to their supplies, and their army was not large enough for the job it had undertaken. Their inevitable retreat would be a difficult and dangerous operation. He and his army were in high spirits, which was more than could be said for Masséna. When the French commander saw the lines of Torres Vedras he believed that the Portuguese officers in his employ had wilfully deceived him. The secret had been well kept. He became aware of the hopelessness of his position. Late in October Wellington was still writing vaguely to the War Office about "one of the strong positions in this part of the country," which he proposed to take up;

elsewhere he referred to it as "a line of posts" which he had established. Even the Portuguese Government had to be informed where the lines were, and apparently Masséna's maps were as faulty as his information, since he was heard to say of Wellington, "*Que diable! il n'a pas construit ces montagnes?*" The lines were twenty-nine miles long. They were not continuous trenches, but a series of earthworks that controlled the commanding points of the line. At intervals a solid fort had been constructed. In front of the lines everything that could be used as cover had been destroyed, and near the sea a large artificial marsh had been formed. Where the hills were not inaccessible, precipices had been formed by blasting the rock. The valleys had been turned into traps by entanglements of olive trees. The whole of this formidable system of defence, created between November, 1809, and September, 1810, had cost the absurdly small sum of £100,000.

But Masséna's retreat from Portugal in 1811, the inevitable result of Wellington's scheme, brought no relief to his anxieties. The English Press was still publishing full accounts of his plans and operations, although he knew that such information could not be obtained from the politicians, since he had taken good care not to give it to them. The insanity of George III, which became permanent in October, 1810, had weakened still further the by no means robust Ministry of Perceval. The Regent was supposed to be a Whig, and, if he dismissed the Tories, a Government pledged to abandon the Peninsular War would come into power. These fears produced in the Ministry a form of political paralysis. Wellington thought they had gone mad. Men and money were both needed in Spain, and, although

Wellington succeeded in squeezing out of them a reinforcement or five or six thousand men, he could not convince them that England could afford the expense of the war. They even sent him instructions not to send home any more prisoners. He endeavoured to alarm them by asserting that if they withdrew from Spain on account of the cost, the result would be an invasion of England itself, but so certain did the prospect of withdrawal seem that in March he was engaged in making preparations for evacuation. Fortunately, the course of events put an end to these alarms at home.

The easy life of the winter, when he had leisure to interview the handsome daughter of Madame Mascarenhas, to consider the complaints of the Conde de Castello Melhor that the olive trees on his estate had been cut down, to laugh over the discovery in Lisbon of Portuguese plans for libelling and caricaturing him in England on the ground of hunting parties and good dinners, was now over. The French might try to relieve their drooping spirits by firing guns in honour of the birth of the King of Rome, but nothing could disguise the fact that by the end of April it was the French and not the English who had been driven out of Portugal. Yet the retreat of Masséna brought victory no nearer and the campaign of 1811 was inconclusive enough. Albuera, like Jutland, gave an impression of defeat, and Beresford himself wrote a desponding despatch upon the battle. This despatch reached Wellington the next day when he was at dinner at Elvas. "This won't do," he said after reading it, "write me down a victory." Soult had no doubt been defeated, but the cost had been too severe. Beresford admitted that he could not stand the slaughter about him, and Wellington saw at

Albuera what he had never seen anywhere else, one whole regiment lying dead in the ranks in which they had stood. "Another such battle would ruin us," he wrote to his brother, and he was much afraid that people in England would be "out of temper" when they heard of the losses. Out of temper they were. The Whigs began to murmur that the waste of life was more than England could bear. The malicious Creevey recorded with glee that "Wellington and Portugal were going down." On the other hand many people in England went wild with delight over Albuera and Wellington himself was as much irritated by the excessive elation produced by this temporary and nominal success as he had been by the excessive depression produced by temporary failure. He had little patience with the war psychology of non-combatants.

Those who indulge in comparisons between Napoleon and Wellington would do well to remember the independent autocracy of the one and the political slavery of the other. Wellington had to obey orders from home; he was obliged to make the best of whatever troops or supplies were sent to him from England; he was at the mercy of shifting party struggles. The quarrel between Castlereagh and Canning which in 1809 had resulted in the temporary disappearance of both, was followed in 1811 by a similar quarrel between Wellesley and Perceval. Wellesley complained violently about the conduct of the war, and although Wellington was to all appearances not dissatisfied with the support he was receiving from the Government, the Marquess embroiled himself with every member of the Ministry. In 1811 he rarely attended the meetings of the Cabinet; he was convinced that Perceval must go,

and equally convinced that when Perceval went it would be the Marquess Wellesley who must replace him. His friend Canning would then came back into office. Wellesley was by far the most distinguished man in the Cabinet, but he was a *mauvais coucheur*. He could not stand "the republic of a cabinet," where plans and policies were freely discussed and criticized. He had been accustomed to dictate in India, and the sensitiveness of his pride rather than Wellington's difficulties was the origin of his obstruction. On January 12th, 1812, he resigned, refusing any longer to serve under Perceval. His resignation was no doubt an unpardonable act of impatience; it also failed, as he hoped, to bring down Perceval's Administration, though it might well have had the result of letting into office the anti-war Whigs, which would have been fatal to Wellington's effort in Spain. The Whigs, however, refused to form a Coalition; the Regent supported Perceval, and Castlereagh resumed his place at the Foreign Office. Wellington was very angry. He considered Wellesley's complaints of the Government to be quite unreasonable, and for several days he was so put out that he would not speak to anybody.

Again in May, 1812, the political situation was convulsed. Perceval was assassinated by a madman in the House of Commons, and the ambitious Wellesley saw another opportunity of placing himself at the head of the Government. The Ministry desired to carry on under the leadership of Liverpool, and Wellesley and Canning were approached by Liverpool and asked to co-operate. Wellesley demanded from Liverpool, as he had from Perceval in January, a more vigorous prosecution of the war; Liverpool denied that it could be

prosecuted more vigorously. Wellesley, and his brother William, who was offered the War Office, refused to join the Government, and Liverpool was obliged to give up his task of reconstructing the Ministry. Wellesley's chance had now come. On May 22nd the Regent asked him to organize a coalition administration with the Liverpool party and the Grenville Whigs. Canning, of course, was ready to join, but the Whigs were naturally opposed to any increased activity in the war, and Lord Liverpool's party refused to serve under a man whom they considered had publicly attacked the memory of Perceval. On June 2nd, therefore, Wellesley was obliged to relinquish the hope for which he had intrigued so long. It was a bitter blow to him, and he complained loudly about the "dreadful personal animosities" which had balked him. He was obliged to witness the quiet formation by Lord Liverpool of an administration which was to last for fifteen years; to see Lord Bathurst installed at the War Office instead of his brother William; while he and Canning were left in the cold shades of Opposition. They tried to console each other by pretending that the retreat from Burgos was a "melancholy confirmation" of the truth of Wellesley's strictures on the conduct of the war, while Canning suggested to Wellesley that their position would be better if it could be proved that Wellington was not averse or indifferent to their policy, and proposed that the said brother William should be sent on a trip to Spain to find out whether Wellesley could speak to that effect in Wellington's own name and with his authority. They did not know that Wellington was writing: "Affairs appear to be in a strange state in England; however, I trust that at last some Govern-

ment will be formed. I always detested home politics, and late occurrences have not given me a relish for them."

The new Government was next faced with the declaration of war by the United States in June. It was a serious matter as far as the operations in Spain were concerned, since large quantities of American flour were imported into the Peninsula, and the whole basis on which the war had been fought was the command of the sea, secured by Trafalgar. New arrangements of supply had to be made, which kept Wellington busy at his headquarters at Fuente Guinaldo. "It is to be hoped," he wrote, "that the British Government will at last discover the nature of the element by which they are surrounded." The home Government, too, were trying to inflict upon him a second-in-command, some one to take his place in case of accident, a precaution which throughout the war he resisted to the utmost of his power. Money, too, as usual, was scarce, and at one moment he had absolutely none at all.

During the autumn of the retreat from Burgos the British Government were urging the discussion of two problems: what to do with the British Army when the French withdrew from Spain, and whom to appoint as second-in-command. Wellington, who had just been driven across Spain, failed to see the urgency of the former, and was as obstinate as ever about the latter. "I have always felt," he wrote, "the inutility and inconvenience of the office of second-in-command. It has a great and high-sounding title, without duties or responsibilities of any description." Driven into a corner by the War Office he eventually named Beresford for the post, at the same time writing to Beresford his

opinion of the entire pointlessness of such an appointment. His choice of Beresford was a curious one, and must have been made because he liked him best and thought that the whole business was ridiculous. Wellington was determined not to have a serious second-in-command if he could help it, and he was genuinely impatient of such bureaucratic problems.

Gradually his own position became stronger and he could ignore more and more the political situation in England, though English newspapers and English politicians continued to give him trouble even as late as 1813. The former continued to give information to the enemy; the latter continued to attack the Government. Not fully informed of the intricacies of home politics, it was difficult for him to judge adequately whether the Government had or had not done all that was possible for the Peninsula. He believed that on the whole they had done a great deal and, if asked, would have exonerated them. He had many complaints to make of English tradesmen. The contractors, as is usual in war-time, were dishonest; but he doubted whether the Government was to blame, and, as to public opinion, it was so entirely engrossed by the Princess of Wales that it could not be expected to remember the army that for so many years had been fighting in Spain. Wellington refused to hustle the Government, though he was always ready to write fully to Lord Bathurst on the uselessness of the post of second-in-command. The American war was a source of anxiety to him. It was vital to his prospective campaign that the coast should be kept open, and some American naval successes led him to fulminate on the importance of taking "one or other of these damned frigates." "Surely," he wrote,

"the British navy cannot be so hard run as not to be able to keep up the communication with Lisbon." Some idea of the dependence of his army on sea-power may be gathered from his assertion that if the enemy were to "take the ship with our shoes, we must halt for six weeks."

He took a great deal of trouble, too, to discourage Lord William Bentinck's proposed excursion into Italy, fearing lest the Government should divert thither troops needed in Spain. "The question of insurrection in any country," he wrote, "must always be one of great doubt." However oppressive the French Government of Italy might be, the people of that country would probably prefer to lead quiet lives rather than make the sacrifices necessary to get rid of it. He suggested Germany as a more likely ground for revolt.

By 1813 success had silenced the voice of faction. It had become unpopular to attack the victorious commander in Spain. England thrilled at the news of Vittoria; the Regent gave a grand fête at Vauxhall in honour of Wellington and the army. London was illuminated for three nights, and society buzzed with military gossip. Wellington could at last snap his fingers at Spanish, Portugese and English politicians alike. Nothing succeeds like success.

CHAPTER VII

PENINSULAR WAR: 1810-1812

A POSITION of perpetual authority has strange effects upon human character. Like the headmaster of a school living in a narrow world in which he has no equals and his word is law, the general in command of an army abroad is apt to see himself in the eyes of his subordinates. It is true that he does not hear them say "that inflated god almighty Wellington"; it might be better for him if he did. Like a king in a small court he is surrounded by the flattery of men too anxious to please, too anxious to catch his prevailing mood, too anxious to laugh at his very moderate jokes, whose careers depend upon his pleasure. On the other hand, if he has had any success, his men gradually acquire a vast confidence in his capacity. After Busaco they began to talk of him as "Arty, that long-nosed —— that licks the parley-vous." At Albuera, for which Wellington was late although he rode 135 miles in three days and killed two horses on the journey, one private turned nervously to another: "Where's our Arthur?" "I don't know, I don't see him." "Aw wish he woz here." At Sorauren as he rode alone on to the height above the village a cheer went up from the troops, and when the familiar figure on the wiry thoroughbred, dressed neatly in that short frock-coat and small plumeless cocked hat that had already earned him the nickname of the "Beau," was seen against the sky line, a corporal is reported to have shouted: "There goes the little blackguard that whops

the French." Both men and officers felt the atmosphere of his calm efficiency. "As usual," one officer wrote after Busaco, "Lord Wellington displayed extraordinary circumspection, calm, coolness and presence of mind. His orders were communicated in a loud voice, and were short and precise. In him there is nothing of the bombastic pomp of the Commander-in-Chief surrounded by his glittering staff. He wears no befeathered hat, no gold lace, no stars, no orders—simply a plain low hat, a white collar, a grey overcoat and a light sword." "We would rather see his long nose in the fight," said another, "than a reinforcement of 10,000 men any day." Through the fog of war we catch fleeting glimpses of him caught in the memory of his companions. One foggy morning Wellington found himself among some troops who had got separated from the rest of the army. It was impossible to see anything and he proceeded to examine some French prisoners who had just been captured. The prisoners stated that the whole French army was close to them. "Oh," said Wellington, "they are all there are they? Well we must mind a little what we are about then."

In November, 1810, he invested Beresford with the Order of the Bath and gave a great feast to celebrate the occasion, to which all the officers of the army and the whole of Lisbon society were invited. This little affair cost him £1,200, although he provided his own meat and wine, and Wellington, considering himself cheated, sent the bills to the police. Lord John Russell came up from Lisbon to visit Wellington at the small village which constituted his headquarters. "I have never before seen our great commander," he wrote, "and I was much struck with his piercing eyes and eagle

countenance, which gave assurance of vigour and capacity. He welcomed us all. I was furnished with a room and with a bedstead, but with no bed-clothes, so I slept in my cloak, and did not pass the night very comfortably." Next day Russell rode about the position and returned to headquarters for a late dinner. Sir William Gell was also travelling in these parts, and wrote his impressions to the Misses Berry; the peaceful atmosphere of Lisbon, with its operas and plays every night, the ordered quietness of the camp itself, where everybody seemed to do what they liked, riding about all over the country. He also dined with Wellington and strangely enough discovered in him a strong likeness to Bonaparte, "but with better colour; more animation and merriment I never saw. He has none of the airs of a great man—all life and good humour."

At Fuentes d'Onoro, in May, 1811, he was in the thick of the fight, and at one moment he had to ride his hardest to escape being captured. He was on a slow horse, and several times the French cavalry were within twenty yards of him. "If Boney had been there," he wrote, "we should have been beaten." Two days later Lord Aylmer came in excitedly to see Wellington, who was shaving, and told him that the French were retiring. Taking the razor off his chin for a moment, he said: "Ay, I thought they meant to be off; very well," and went on shaving.

It was about this time that Wellington lost his keys. The loss is recorded in a letter on April 30th, 1811, in which he informs the English representative at Lisbon that the latter's letters are locked up in his boxes and that if he wants answers to them he must send duplicates. Extraordinary as it may seem these boxes were

still locked on May 8th, for he wrote to General Beresford on that day that owing to the loss of his keys he could not tell him how many battalions there were in the 9th Corps. War was a casual affair in those days. The escape of the Almeida garrison on May 10th, 1811, was a bitter blow to him. "There is nothing so stupid," he wrote, "as a gallant officer. . . . There they were—sleeping in their spurs even; but the French got off. I am obliged to be everywhere, and if absent from any operation, something goes wrong." No one knew better than Wellington how narrow is the difference between victory and defeat in war, and how difficult it is afterwards to account for either. Many years later he told Croker that it was impossible to write the history of a battle,—that a battle was like a ball, that one remembered one's own partner, but knew very little what other couples were doing. As for his own success, he attributed it "entirely to the application of good sense to the circumstances of the moment." As an instance of this, it is curious to note that however sound and wide in conception, Wellington's plans were apt to go wrong in detail. At the critical moment of the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo there were no scaling ladders, and if Wellington had not had the sudden inspiration of breaking up the ammunition waggons and converting them into ladders, the assault could not have been successful. These *contretemps* nearly always arose from Wellington's inveterate habit of self-reliant secrecy. He was so reluctant to give away his plans that his subordinates were kept in dangerous ignorance of what was going to happen.

Through the long months of indecision in 1811 Wellington himself was busy enough. The immense

weight of his correspondence bore him down. "I have not leisure," he wrote, "to read long papers, which are called documents, but which contain not one syllable of truth." The weariness of what he was obliged to read breaks out again and again. "I have not often seen so absurd a paper as ——'s. It would do very well for the Encyclopædia; but there is not one word applicable to the present situation of Valencia." The Spaniards too were as irritating as ever. Instead of making Beresford a Captain-General for Albuera, they had made him "a Marquis of Castile, a title which can be purchased by anybody." The Portuguese had conferred upon Wellington the title of Count of Vimiero, the Grand Cross of the Order of the Tower and Sword, and a pension of 20,000 cruzados a year, which, except the last, he accepted with a good grace. But he had "a breeze" with them nevertheless, over his quarters in Lisbon, and refused to make use of the palace of Bemposta which the Regent of Portugal had put at his disposal, being determined to pay rent for his house and not to be under any obligation to the Portuguese.

The hot weather aggravated these irritations, and writing to suggest that his friend General Dumouriez should visit him, he summed up his feelings: "*Vous verriez bein des choses qui vous degouteraient de ces guerres révolutionnaires, malgré que les malheurs de notre temps les rendent pevt-être nécessaires.*"

Towards the end of July, 1811, Wellington felt that something ought to be done, and decided upon the blockade of Ciudad Rodrigo. His headquarters were now at Fuente Guinaldo, and a vivid picture has been handed down to us of the life in this small town of

intolerable heat. *"At these headquarters of Lord Wellington, everything was strikingly quiet and unostentatious. Had it not been known for a fact, no one would have suspected that he was quartered in the town. There was no throng of scented staff officers with plumed hats, orders and stars, no main guard, no crowd of contractors, actors, valets, cooks, mistresses, equipages, horses, dogs, forage and baggage waggons, as there is at French headquarters! Just a few aides-de-camp, who went about the streets alone, a few guides, and a small staff-guard; that was all! About a dozen bullock carts were to be seen in the large square, which were used for bringing up straw to headquarters; but apart from these no equipages or baggage trains were visible." Rumours of Napoleon's intention to come to Spain were still reaching Wellington; rumours also of Napoleon's intention to make peace. Wellington was inclined to believe the former, as he was convinced that Napoleon would have to "lower his tone to the world" if he did not remove the English from the Peninsula, and he wrote to Beresford that there would be "hell to pay" when he came. The stalemate of the hot weather enforced the usual inactivity, and the army was in such an unhealthy condition from fever that any military movement became impossible for the rest of the year. The monotony of cantonment life fell upon the troops. The War Office launched one of its perennial campaigns for altering the clothes of the soldier, but received little encouragement from Wellington, who was profoundly indifferent as to how the soldier was clothed. Wellington's vast correspondence was resumed. Sitting in his room at Freneda, he discussed with his

*Schaumann's *On the Road with Wellington*, 317.

brother Henry methods for keeping the Spaniards in good humour, with Lord Liverpool the effects on the French of the devastation of the country in contrast with the English freedom of supply based on our naval power. He wrote long letters to Lord William Bentinck, who had been deputed to make a diversion in Italy, advising him to "trust nothing to the enthusiasm of the people." Such enthusiasm was all very fine and looked well in print, but in practice it had meant nothing but incompetence in Spain, and tyranny in France. Here, too, he sharpened his bitter pen: "I have not leisure to read Senhor ——'s works, nor have I inclination to contend with him whether he or my officers have the merit of the plans by which Lisbon and the country were saved." His favourite amusement, too, was resumed. "I see Tweeddale's hounds are just arrived," he wrote to Sir Stapleton Cotton, "I hope you will come over and take a hunt some day or other, or we will draw your way when you like it."

Wellington never lost an opportunity of hunting and between the sieges of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz in 1812 he turned eagerly to it again. "The rivers are so full," he wrote, "that I am afraid it will be impossible to hunt to-morrow; but if the day should be fair, the hounds will be at Pozo Velho at half-past 11." He sometimes used this sport for military purposes, telling his staff on the day before he set out on military business to circulate the report that he was going to hunt on the banks of the Huelva and Yeltes, and even arranging as a blind a house for the reception of his hounds. Between February and the end of April, 1812, all operations were impossible in the flooded valleys of Castile, which gave him the needed opportunity for the

reduction of Badajoz. The Government at home had, meanwhile, undertaken a new side-show. Lord William Bentinck, who had originally been deputed for an expedition to Italy, was switched off to the east coast of Spain. Pressure was at once brought on Wellington to provide this operation with troops, and his disapproval shines through his submission. "It is entirely a matter of indifference to me," he wrote, "and always has been so, as far as I am personally concerned, whether the body of troops under my command is large or small. I shall perform service in proportion to the means placed at my disposal, in comparison with those of the enemy, and adverting to your Lordship's instructions."

The great siege of Badajoz was completed and the town fell on April 7th, 1812. During the siege Wellington had his headquarters at Elvas, but spent most of the day and night in the trenches. He records that however late he returned to Elvas, early the next morning the Portuguese governor of that town would arrive in full uniform with all his staff to express the hope that he had had a good night. Wellington, who had often had no sleep at all, used to "wish them at the devil," but no stress of business could deter the Spaniards and the Portuguese from performing this ceremony.

A vivid picture is provided by his entrance into Salamanca on June 17th, 1812. It was a glorious day, and the streets and balconies were crowded with an enthusiastic and clamorous populace. Wellington, followed by fifty staff officers and a detachment of troops, was surrounded by a mob of people wildly shouting "*Viva!*" The women threw their arms round the soldiers' necks, and even went so far as to embrace Wellington himself,

nearly pulling him off his horse. In the centre of the town he dismounted and met the most important citizens of the place, afterwards escaping as quickly as possible from the scene of exultation. An impressive *Te Deum* was sung in the Cathedral, which Wellington and his officers attended; in the evening the town was illuminated and a ball was given in Wellington's honour. In the tangled fighting that preceded the battle of Salamanca, we catch another glimpse of him. "While Lord Wellington was riding along the line, under a fire of artillery, and accompanied by a numerous staff, a brace of greyhounds in pursuit of a hare passed close to him. He was at the moment in earnest conversation with General Castanos; but the instant he observed them he gave the view-halloo and went after them at full speed, to the utter astonishment of his foreign accompaniments. Nor did he stop until he saw the hare killed."

On the morning of July 22nd, Wellington was very busy and had forgotten all about his breakfast. His staff got hungrier every hour, and at last, in a convenient pause in the operations, they had a meal spread out in a farmyard. While they were eating, Wellington rode into the yard, and, although he was in great anxiety and urged them to hurry, they persuaded him to eat a piece of bread and the leg of a chicken. He ate with his fingers, his field-glass under his arm, and walked about munching the food. He went up to the low wall, and, looking at the French through his glass, suddenly threw the leg of the chicken over his shoulder, saying "By God, they are extending their line; order my horses." In a moment he had mounted and was off, the staff following as best they

could, and knowing well that things must be serious if anything so precious as a piece of chicken was thrown away. Wellington rode quickly to Pakenham's Division and told him to begin the attack. "Ned," he said to his brother-in-law, "d'ye see those fellows on the hill? Throw your division into column; at them! and drive them to the devil!" Pakenham asked Wellington to shake hands with him before he did so, a sentimental gesture very distasteful to Wellington, who gave him his hand without a word or a smile and then, turning to his Spanish attaché, said: "*Mon cher Alava, Marmont est perdu.*"

Wellington's dispositions were quickly made, though he was still obliged to wait for some time until the moment of crisis should arrive. "Watch the French through your glass, Fitzroy," he said to his nephew Somerset, "I am going to take a rest: when they reach that copse, near the gap in the hills, wake me." Covering himself with his cloak he lay down on the ground and immediately fell asleep. Shortly after three his staff woke him up, and he sprang upon the exposed wing of the French. "I never saw an army," he wrote, "receive such a beating." Marmont was hit early in the fight, but Wellington, who was at one time within fifty yards of the front, escaped. A spent bullet passed through his left holster and hit his thigh. Making an exclamation he put his hand to the place, but when General Napier asked him if he was hurt, he replied curtly "No!" and went on giving out orders. Within an hour a complete victory was won and the French were in full retreat. It was Wellington's favourite exploit. Napier records that he displayed no excitement that evening, but he must have been well aware that he

had accomplished a great military feat. Even London deigned to show some excitement about the victory. Miss Berry called upon Lady Wellington; "the new Marchioness" was about to leave for London to attend a *Te Deum*. "She spoke," wrote Miss Berry, "with an enthusiasm and a worship of her hero which was truly edifying." Lady Bessborough, enjoying the celebrations in London, wrote to Lord Granville: "When the Eagles were carried to Lady Wellington, she kissed them, said 'They are mine,' and fainted away." One can imagine what Wellington would have felt about this.

The French army did not stop running until Burgos was reached. On July 30th Wellington entered Valladolid, and had a magnificent reception. Every house was decorated; the streets were strewn with laurel and flowers; and "*Viva el gran Capitan*" resounded on every side. Soult, meanwhile, was evacuating Andalusia, and King Joseph, hurriedly leaving Madrid, retired precipitately to Valencia. The political effect of occupying the capital was not to be despised, and Wellington, turning south, entered the city on August 12th, riding in at the head of the 51st Regiment. For five miles from the gates the road was crowded with people who had brought laurel boughs, flowers, bread, wine, grapes, lemonade and cakes to welcome the troops. The road was strewn with palms for the troops to march over. Bells were ringing and shouts of "*Viva*" rent the air. Wellington was so pressed by the crowd he could hardly keep his seat on his horse. They kissed his hands, his sword, even his horse and the ground he had ridden over. Amid tumultuous cheers he was conducted to the Palacio Nuevo. The half-ruined city and its starving inhabitants went mad with joy. Banquets, balls and

bull-fights were lavished on Wellington and his officers, and the men were so generously treated that in the end they had to be confined to barracks.

The turn of the wheel of fortune came quickly enough. The siege of Burgos was the worst conducted operation of the war, and Wellington was quite ready to take the full blame upon himself. "I see," he wrote, "that a disposition already exists to blame the Government for the failure of the siege. The Government had nothing to say in the siege. It was entirely my own act." Writing to Beresford, he said, "I do not know what to say of this damned place," and Beresford knew at once that the time limit was up. Wellington had always maintained that the best test of a general was "to know when to retreat; and to dare to do it." He was now to undergo that test. Lord John Russell, arriving at the camp at this critical moment, in his character of imperturbable tourist, sat next to Wellington at dinner on the evening when the decision to retire was made. Discussion arose as to whether, if the army went back to the lines of Torres Vedras, they could again be held. "That may be a political question," said Wellington, "but as a military question, I would go back twenty times to the lines, and be confident of holding them." Russell gained no inkling of the impending retreat. Wellington gave comic descriptions of the three guns with which he was trying to reduce Burgos, talked about Souham's advance as a "*forte reconnaissance*," and expressed regret that he could not show Russell over the Castle. Yet the "*forte reconnaissance*" was serious enough, so serious that Wellington said afterwards, "Fortunately they did not attack me: if they had I must have been destroyed." Souham

gave him time to escape, and on October 21st the retreat began. Russell, who had been dining so comfortably, was in a short time sleeping on a heap of chopped straw many miles from Burgos. Various glimpses of Wellington can be caught during the horrors of this retreat. At one moment he ordered a general officer to drive back a French corps over the river. The officer raised various objections: "Well," Wellington said, "if you can't do it, I must try," and rode off to see to it. At another moment, as has been told, he actually lost his army. On November 3rd, while still in full retreat, he wrote to Hill, "If you should be pressed by the enemy, take care that all our stores and people (including my hounds at Arevalo) move off." Whatever may have been the sufferings of the troops, in Wellington's opinion the army was well out of a bad scrape, the worst he had ever been in. He had had no idea the enemy could be so strongly reinforced, or that they would be able to push him so hard and so far. Soult indeed had had and had lost a fine opportunity of barring the road of Wellington's retreat and forcing him to fight. In spite, however, of the immense difficulties of his situation, Wellington extricated his army.

After this disastrous retreat the methodical cantonment life was in the autumn of 1812 resumed. Wellington, apart from his seven chargers, had eight hunters, and about sixteen couple of fox-hounds. They met three times a week and Wellington was never absent, though good runs were few and far between. The foxes were fat, and were either killed at once, or run to ground in spite of Colonel Waters' endeavours to stop the earths. "The hunting season is coming on apace," he wrote to General Stuart, "the hounds are on

the road, and I shall want Waters for the earth-stopping business, if not for that of Adjutant-General. He has been very near dying, poor fellow, and what is worse, I hear he has lost all his dogs." Wellington, who loved the exercise, was quite indifferent to the quality of the sport. He was keen to be off on these mornings and his staff took advantage of this to get quick sanction to official papers. His spirits were good and he was always inventing amusements and enjoying any fun that was going. His staff noticed at this time that he was "particularly gay and playful in conversation." He rose at six, and wrote till nine, when he had breakfast. The rest of the morning he interviewed various officers. About three he would go out for a ride, returning at six for dinner. He talked a good deal at this meal, discussing politics with his guests. From nine till midnight he was again at work, at which hour he went to bed.

In December he visited Seville and Cadiz. At the latter town he had a great reception, the whole town turning out to meet him, and a magnificent route being prepared along the ramparts for him and his staff. Unfortunately, the great man arrived with Lord Fitzroy Somerset and one orderly dragoon, which rather spoilt the grandeur of the procession. A series of fêtes was given in his honour by the Government, the army and the nobility. At the most splendid of all, given by the Grandees of Spain, the Duque de Frias rose, and much to Wellington's embarrassment, recited a sonnet in honour of his fellow duke of Ciudad Rodrigo. "Lord Wellington is here," wrote Lord John Russell, "and plays his part well to the Dons. He dines with the Regency to-day. But the Duc d'Infantado, notwith-

standing the champagne and burgundy he got at Woburn, has not asked me. Shabby fellow!" Eventually he met Wellington. "The Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo is not a bad figure here. He wears a blue hunting-coat at dinner with the embroidery of a Spanish captain-general and a star."

Wellington proposed to take the field as early as he could in 1813,—"to put myself in Fortune's way,"—but the climate was not to be ignored. The frost would often last for a month at a time, and, although some days were very fine, alternations of fog, snow and rain were frequent. Even when the sun was out there was always a bitterly cold wind. The officers got some good woodcock shooting, and there were plenty of hares. Snipe, plover and partridges were scarce. Wellington concentrated upon his hunting. "You had better direct your steps towards this village," he wrote to Graham from Freneda on January 31st, "which we have made as comfortable as we can. . . . The hounds are in very good trim, and the foxes very plentiful." He spent £400 on a couple of horses, and was quite annoyed because that winter harriers could not be run as well as fox-hounds. But, although he hunted every other day, he made up for it by working extra hard on the alternate days, writing till four o'clock in the afternoon. He would then come out and walk up and down the little square of Freneda in his grey coat, talking with various people who had business with him. The latter felt rather like schoolboys up before the beak. Wellington was quick, decisive and, as a rule, polite in business relations. On some days he would be inclined to decide against anything that was suggested to him; on others he was more approachable. But he had a hasty temper,

and was apt to fly into a passion if things went wrong. His prestige was now so great that his subordinates were afraid of him and ceased to be natural in his presence. His invariable rule was "to do the business of the day in the day", and vast was the business that he accomplished. Sometimes he would borrow a book from his staff, but he seldom read it. His occupations, however, ranged from strategic plans to the invention of the "Wellington" boot. But already a note of pride had begun to creep into his correspondence. "If I made such a promise, I think it probable I performed it. But if I did not forward the application, it is probable I never made such a promise." To another officer he wrote, "I cannot understand the nature of the feelings of an officer which are to be mortified by his performance of his duty . . . and I can only say that, in the course of my military life, I have gone from the command of a brigade to that of my regiment, and from the command of an army to that of a brigade, as I was ordered, without feeling any mortification." So do men forget the sensations of their youth, and, taking on the new sensations of their prime, believe that they have always felt them. Wellington had begun to realise the force of his own prestige. "I recommend to you not to be induced to resign," he wrote to Beresford. "What we have here is *the* army. You cannot be in any other than a distinguished situation." Even at a sing-song in the evenings Larpent, his Judge-Advocate-General, noticed that Wellington had no objection to listening to his own praises sung in Spanish, and occasionally called for such songs himself. He was beginning to enjoy the atmosphere of his own greatness.

Wellington was fond of a cheerful evening. He

would tramp up and down the square of Freneda in the failing daylight discussing the war in all its aspects; the war-weariness of the Spaniards, the futilities of the Cortes would be passed in review. "However," he said to Larpent on one such occasion, "all the real and urgent business is done here, at Freneda, and let them squabble at Cadiz; if they will leave us alone, I don't care." In his opinion it would have been a disaster if such a war had been fought in Germany where there was so much of value to destroy. "What is this village worth? Burn it, and a few hundreds would make it as good as ever." Then he would go indoors and attend after dinner the rousing sing-songs of his officers, or would ride ten miles through the wet to attend the "play-night" of the gay Light Division. In January he went to Lisbon to invest Charles Stuart with the Order of the Bath, giving on the occasion a dinner for Stuart, and a ball and supper in the evening to which all Lisbon society was invited. After the event he was unable to leave Lisbon on the appointed day because his shirts were still at the wash, but eventually got away and, with relays of horses, reached Freneda in five days, riding on the last day fifty miles between breakfast and dinner. In March he invested General Cole with the same order at Ciudad Rodrigo and gave another grand feast for about 40 women and 150 men. There were plenty of difficulties. Plates and dishes were scarce, and, as the roof of the ball-room had been carried away by cannon-balls, it was suggested that the ladies might catch cold. Crockery, however, was bought in Almeida; the roof was covered over with drapery of yellow damask brought from the palaces of Salamanca; and a sentinel was placed over a hole in the floor to prevent the dancers falling through

into the cellar. The meat for the dinner was cooked at Freneda, seventeen miles off, and was rather cold, but the wine was plentiful to enable everybody to get drunk. The bolero and fandango were danced, mixed up with English country dances, and the ladies, although plain, danced well. It is recorded that very few forks and spoons were stolen on this occasion; only the leg of a turkey was seen sticking out of the pocket of a Spanish officer. Wellington prided himself on being the most active man at the party. Leaving Freneda at half-past three, he rode seventeen miles in two hours to Rodrigo, dressed there in all his Orders, dined, danced, supped and in the early hours of the morning rode back to Freneda by moonlight. He arrived there at six, and was at work again by noon. Wellington, however hasty in his business hours, or grimly autocratic in his afternoon conversation, was cordial and high-spirited in the evening. His manners were frank and unpretentious, and the sense of his own prestige that he used with effect in his relation to military affairs could not be detected in his social life.

CHAPTER VIII

PENINSULAR WAR: 1813—1814

THE news of Napoleon's disaster in Russia formed the foundation of Wellington's campaign of 1813. Reticent as he always was about his plans, he sent a man to Vienna to tell the Emperor that he expected to keep busy some 150 or 200,000 French troops in his next campaign. He did not allow himself to be too optimistic, talking guardedly with his staff of the prospect of another winter in Spain; but at the same time writing to his brother Henry that there was "scarcely any French army left, except that in our front." The spring was dry and fine. By April 13th it was already too hot for hunting, but Wellington did not allow his excellent horses to remain unexercised. After his work was done in the morning he would ride off quite alone, taking the seventeen mile road to Ciudad Rodrigo, looking over the place and riding home again to dinner. On May 1st, the news reached Freneda that Murray had beaten Suchet on the east coast. Wellington "came running into the Military Secretary's room with the good news," and quickened the pace of his preparations. The six old mules that had drawn his carriage on the march in previous years were replaced by eight of the Prince Regent's grey horses brought up from Lisbon. On May 5th he gave a dinner to celebrate the anniversary of the battle of Fuentes d'Onoro. At dinner Wellington always selected who should sit on his right and left, the others, numbering generally

between 20 and 30, sitting where they chose. He often sat at dinner until after eleven, no one being able to go until he rose. On May 10th he held a review, dressed in the uniform of a full Colonel of the Blues, which suited him well. Sir Colquhoun Grant, one of the Regent's friends, was present at this review, expecting to be flatteringly received by the Commander-in-Chief. Wellington, who disliked fashionable gentlemen who came out from England, galloped past him at full speed, merely touching his hat and shouting "Grant! if you will dine with me, I dine at six o'clock." The mortified favourite was obliged to accept, though the Regent himself had never treated him in so cavalier a fashion.

Wellington now concentrated on making "a lucky hit" in the next campaign. On May 22nd, 1813, the campaign began, and as Wellington crossed the stream that divides Portugal from Spain he turned in his saddle, and waving his hand said, "Farewell, Portugal!" The first night was spent at Ciudad Rodrigo. Lord John Russell, who had been staying for a month at headquarters, accompanied the army on the first two days of its march, and then turned away towards Madrid, afraid lest he should be an "encumbrance" in the complicated operations involved. The turning of the Douro was a delicate affair, and Wellington said afterwards it was the most difficult move he ever made —that "it was touch and go", a manœuvre requiring "more art" than anything he ever did. He himself was swung across the river in a basket from the cliffs of Miranda to superintend it. Its success was complete, and the French immediately began to retreat. On June 2nd, Wellington, dressed in his grey cloak, entered

Zamora in triumph amid the ringing of bells, the roaring of guns, and the cheers of a huge crowd. He was met at the gate by the Mayor, the Junta and the priests, and entertained with a concert, lemonade and ices. Wellington's boredom at all this was painful to behold; and he even refused to eat. The inhabitants, accustomed to the pomp and revelry of French generals, could not believe that the grave, composed little man in a grey cloak could be Lord Wellington. On June 4th the army reached the village of La Mota, and Wellington lodged in a palace belonging to the Duke of Berwick and Alva, outside which he ordered a band to play in celebration of the King's birthday. Many of the villages at which he halted during the advance were miserable enough, full of hovels so dirty that Larpent saw Wellington and Beresford walking up and down the street rather than enter them, while the Military Secretary sat under a wall writing on his knees. The advance culminated in the battle of Vittoria, and Wellington was left to measure the vast spoils of his victory. Jewels, pictures, embroideries, silks and large quantities of money fell to the victors. Some £20,000 out of a million's worth of cash reached the authorities; the rest was looted by the soldiers and the Spanish peasantry. King Joseph narrowly escaped, and lost all his private papers. The baton of Marshal Jourdan was also captured. The latter was sent by Wellington to the Regent, who sent him the baton of an English Field-Marshal in exchange. Piles of plate and rolls of pictures, cut out of their frames, all the plunder of Spanish cities, fell into Wellington's hands. The pictures were packed up and sent to England where, after the peace, Wellington had them catalogued. He offered to return them

to the King of Spain, who refused to accept them, insisting that Wellington should keep them himself. They are still at Apsley House. "I have taken more guns from these fellows," wrote Wellington to his friend of Indian days, Colonel Malcolm, "than I took at Assaye. . . . They cannot stand us now at all." These guns were melted and cast into the Achilles statue in Hyde Park. Curiously enough, Wellington never lost a gun in all his military career. One gun and one carriage was all that the French saved from the battle-field of Vittoria; and that gun was captured later on when Pamplona fell; the carriage was driven back by the Comtesse de Gazan, who was looking for her lost child. The child had been adopted by an English soldier and Wellington had some trouble in persuading the lady not to leave it with the soldier. He gave her an English carriage to drive away in, thus completing the spoils of Vittoria.

Wellington's prestige was now so great that he was offered the command in Germany. Perhaps he was wise in refusing it; he was in a position to do what he pleased. "Many might be found," he wrote to Bathurst, "to conduct matters as well as I can, both here and in Germany; but nobody would enjoy the same advantage here, and I should be no better than another in Germany. If a British army should be left in the Peninsula, therefore, it is best that I should remain with it." He resumed, therefore, his pursuit of the French towards Pamplona.

On July 25th Soult forced the Roncesvalles Pass and descending the steep valley of the Pyrenees, threatened to relieve Pamplona. Wellington, who admitted afterwards that he should never have endeavoured to operate

against two places so wide apart, involving separated positions to which he could give no personal direction, confessed that his doing so was "one of the greatest faults he ever committed in war." He, therefore, raised the siege of San Sebastian and set out at once for Sorauren. He was only just in time to prevent disaster. Dismounting on the bridge he wrote an order in pencil, using the bridge-end as a table. As he was writing he was surrounded by peasants warning him that the French were entering the other end of the village. He continued to write, keeping an eye upon the street, and he finished his despatches and galloped off as the first advance-guard stragglers were appearing. Presently he halted to study the movements of the French through his telescope. While he was doing so a Frenchman employed as a spy came up to him and said, "*Monseigneur, voulez-vous voir le Maréchal Soult?*" pointing with his stick at a group of officers on the other side of the valley. Wellington was fond of recalling this moment; "I levelled my glass exactly as he pointed, and there, sure enough, I distinctly discerned Soult with his staff around him, several of them with their hats off and in animated conversation. . . . I saw his features so distinctly that when I met him in a drawing-room in Paris for the first time I knew him at once."

The two battles of Sorauren on July 28th and 30th were strenuous days for Wellington; he slept under hedges and in ditches, and never knew where he would get his next meal. One evening, after an excellent dinner at an inn in some occupied village, Wellington went into another room and, lying down on a bed without a mattress, fell asleep with his despatch-box as a pillow. The staff slept where they could, scattered about every-

where. Presently some officers, alarmed at the general situation, came rushing in and insisted upon waking the General. "Well, Sir," said Wellington, "you are certainly in a very bad position, and you must get out of it in the best way you can." He then turned over and was instantly asleep. Once when reconnoitring and consulting his maps in the hills he was almost captured by a French detachment, and he was only saved by a Sergeant Blood, who, leaping from rock to rock, roared out the alarm. But the result of the confused fighting was never doubtful. After Vittoria the French never fought at their best again, and for this reason little has been written about the events between that battle and Toulouse. Soult, although greatly superior in numbers, was driven without trouble across the Pyrenees.

After Vittoria Wellington's plans depended not only on developments on the east coast of Spain but also on the actions of the German Powers in the north. It was obviously useless for Wellington to enter France unless the war in the north was renewed and, if the war was not renewed, it would be better for Wellington to clear up the position in Catalonia and eastern Spain. All these considerations kept him busy enough at headquarters, where his life was diversified by the chimney catching on fire. He was quickly out in the rain, with a silk handkerchief over his head, giving directions for putting it out. On another evening an officer came to present him with King Joseph's sword, a weapon covered with diamonds. Wellington gave it a glance as he sat down to dinner, ordered it to be put in some safe place and began to eat his soup. During these hot summer days his companions noticed that Wellington found it more difficult than of old to get up in the morning. He

was less watchful, less anxious, more confident in the future. Yet the priests and nuns who prayed all over Spain for Wellington, believing that everything depended upon him personally, were right enough; nothing in Spain could be left to those subordinates who, as Wellington said, were lions when under his eye, children when they were not.

Wellington was now in high good humour. He had an attack of lumbago, which kept him in bed, but he wrote cheerfully to Bathurst that he would miss no opportunity of giving the democratic party in Spain "a shake." He wrote also to the War Office saying that he hoped he deserved the good opinion entertained of him by the Duke of Richmond and others, "but I am afraid I shall fall at last," he added, which he would not have said if he had really thought so. Discussing an officer in the same letter he said: "He always appeared to me to want what is better than abilities, sound sense." He himself had no lack of the latter. "It is a very common error," he wrote to Bathurst, "among those unacquainted with military affairs, to believe that there are no limits to military success." He knew that people in England expected him to invade France immediately and be in Paris within a month. He made every endeavour to explain that the invasion of France depended upon the co-operation of the northern Allies, and that in any case it would be impossible to go forward to the Adour leaving the fortresses of San Sebastian and Pamplona untaken behind him. Nor was his army equipped for such a move; and even his operations at San Sebastian were held up until guns and ammunition arrived from England. He was not to be led away into so dangerous an operation, and he always had a

suspicion that his noble Allies on the Rhine might make peace and leave him in the lurch. His mind had begun to struggle with the complicated political problems that would arise with the close of the war. The claims of the House of Bourbon could, of course, only be realised by the dethronement of Napoleon. How far were the former to be encouraged? In Wellington's view Napoleon, whose system was based on military power and foreign financial contributions, would fall if he were once confined within the boundaries of France. But he wanted the British Government and the Allies to make up their minds upon the Bourbon question; nothing existed in writing about the conditions of peace, "or anywhere, excepting in loose conversations among Princes. For my part, I would not march even a corporal's guard upon such a system." He was anxious for the adoption of some definite scheme which would diminish the power and influence of France, "the grand disturber."

On August 13th Wellington gave a dinner of thirty-six to keep the Regent's birthday. Eight mules brought up the provisions from Bilbao and two bands played at dinner. But it was very hot, Wellington was in great pain from lumbago, and Larpent thought the party very dull. The next day he was still rather stiff, but in high spirits, finding himself able to get on his horse. On the 18th the expected battering train arrived from England, and by the end of the month the great fortress of San Sebastian had fallen. Wellington was angry enough at the horrors of the sack, but his annoyance at the criticisms of the Spaniards led him afterwards to minimize the crime. His temper gave way in face of what he called "the infamous libels" circulated round

Spain with regard to the sack, but his attempt to refute these libels was necessarily confined to a denial of setting fire to the city; the rest of the libels being unfortunately true. Abuse of the plaintiffs' attorney was useful in so dubious a cause. "The libels," he wrote to his brother Henry, were "written by the most insignificant of the human race." To Wellington the origin of such nuisances was quite clear. "If we do not beat down the democracy at Cadiz, the cause is lost: how that is to be done, God knows!"

For a month after the fall of the city the two armies sat and looked at each other on the frontier of France, while the question of invasion was discussed and argued. Wellington was still opposed to invasion. He was contemptuous of the "amateurs" who had long expected him at Bordeaux, of the "extravagant expectations excited by that excessively wise and useful class of people, the editors of newspapers." He considered that the newspapers were "absolutely incapable of understanding, much less of stating the truth on any subject."

It was not until October 31st that Pamplona fell. Wellington waited calmly for this event in his headquarters at Vera. His house here was more comfortable than any he had occupied since Madrid. He had, of course, to provide his own furniture, but the place was clean, and large enough to hold some thirty people at dinner. His officers spent their days hunting and fishing, and their evenings in drinking grog and smoking cigars in front of the fire. Wellington resumed his hunting and was in the best of spirits. His companions found him genial and easy to deal with. On Sundays he went to church and talked politics after dinner,

giving his views about the poor-laws, about the Catholic question, or the state of Ireland, showing alarm at the spirit of separation among the Irish, or at the spirit of revolution among the English lower classes. He was now forty-four years old and, although his hair was slightly grey, extremely young in appearance. His expression and the keen glance of his eyes gave a look of intelligence to his face. He usually wore a light grey frock-coat; a low cocked-hat without a feather; black leather leggings, fastened at the sides, and a light sword without a sash. The French said that it was time for him to die, for he had had a lucky year and was at the height of his fortune. He laughed at this, but did not agree.

After the line of the Nivelle had been forced Soult established himself at Bayonne and held the line of the Nive, while Wellington made his headquarters at St. Jean de Luz. Here he was very comfortable in spite of continuous rain. He had three cooks, and his food was excellent, so good that want of exercise had bad effects upon his staff. His grand dinners were very tiresome and had to be supported by songs and speeches; but the ordinary mess, where there was less drinking and more talk, was good fun. Headquarters was singularly free from humbug and sham dignity. In dress and most other respects, Wellington was no stickler for form. As long as everybody worked hard, concentrated on his own business, and did not make difficulties, Wellington was content that everyone should do as they pleased. The weather had destroyed the roads and, unable to move, Wellington turned his mind to the political situation. He had determined from the first to reconcile the French to the invasion, and when he

found that the Spaniards were animated by feelings of revenge, he at once sent them back to Spain. His policy was justified by its results. The French received him well, provided him with supplies and information, and adopted an anti-Napoleonic attitude useful to his plans. Wellington was admirably moderate in his behaviour to the French. He could find little enthusiasm for the Bourbons, and wrote to the Government strongly pressing that peace should be made with Napoleon. "If Buonaparte becomes moderate," he wrote, "he is probably as good a Sovereign as we can desire in France." He was convinced that the "*tyrannie la plus atroce et degoûtante qui ait jamais affligée le monde*" was approaching its close, while, on the other hand, another campaign might easily produce revolutions republican or democratic, far worse in his eyes than a "moderate" Napoleon.

Napoleon's offer to restore Ferdinand VII to the throne of Spain, however, convinced Wellington that a pro-Bourbon policy was necessary for the Allies, and early in January, 1814, he wrote to Lord Burghersh that probably the Allies would be obliged to replace them on the throne. On February 1st the Duc d'Angoulême arrived at St. Jean de Luz to represent the Royalist party in that part of France, and Wellington wrote that if Napoleon *ne fait pas la paix bien vite* the Bourbons would be re-established in France.

During the last weeks of the year and all of January, 1814, bad weather closed in upon the army. It rained nearly every day and the simple life of winter-quarters was resumed. Wellington put in as much hunting as possible. It was when he was about to start out that his subordinates feared most to interfere with him. Dressed

in his sky-blue Salisbury hunt-coat, with a black cape, he fanatically enjoyed the indifferent runs and bad sport the country provided. Coming home he would change into a plain blue coat and round hat and join the gay throng which from four to six lounged on the sea-wall of St. Jean de Luz. Here he would walk up and down, gossiping with his officers. At the long function of dinner he was generally in a good humour, joking freely with his staff. He rather prided himself on these dinners, contrasting them with General Hill's, who gave "the worst dinners going." On Sunday there was church parade, and Wellington, standing near the clergyman, paid devout attention to the service. Life was diversified by a ball at the Mayoralty, but the thirty women who attended it, among the vast crowd of men, were plain and middle-class, and Wellington did not stay very long. In the early days of February it was still raining, and the impatient staff hung their hopes upon the full moon. In Wellington's view the idea that the moon could influence the weather was "nonsense."

Meanwhile, his official life continued. He gave his advice freely upon the European situation, warning the Government that battles of Leipsic could not be expected every day, and that the loss of a great battle would be fatal to the Allied cause. He had little confidence in the operations on the Rhine, and still less in the prospect of revolutions in Italy. "I am afraid," he wrote to Lord William Bentinck, "that the licentiousness of the Press will prevent the establishment of a free constitution in every country in which the attempt is made." He was convinced that he held the key of the problem. "If *you* cannot make peace with Buonaparte in the

winter," he wrote to Bathurst, "*we* must run at him in the spring; and it would be advisable to put one of the Bourbons forward in that case."

He had become impatient at the negotiations with Napoleon, more and more convinced that the time had come for a declaration in favour of the Bourbons. "I cannot discover," he wrote to Liverpool, "the policy of not hitting one's enemy as hard as one can, and in the most vulnerable place." He was making every effort to conciliate the country with a view to such a declaration, "mitigating the evils which are inseparable from war," and avoiding in France the mistakes the French had made in Spain.

It was not till February 14th, 1814, that a move was possible and that Wellington could put into operation his bold scheme for crossing the Adour below Bayonne, and so turning the French position. Everything depended upon wind and tide, and Larpent saw him out on the wall at half-past seven in the morning looking at the sea. Soult, who had forgotten Oporto, was completely surprised by the appearance of British troops on the north bank of the Adour. He was obliged at once to evacuate his position. Leaving Bayonne to its fate, and avoiding the desolate region of the Landes which lay to the north, Soult retreated east and took up a position behind the Gave de Pau at Orthes. During the pursuit Wellington was once again nearly captured, escaping only thanks to the swiftness of his horse. On February 26th he reached the Gave de Pau, whence he wrote a note to Soult suggesting, in view of the coming battle, that if Soult would abstain from blowing up the bridge he, Wellington, would promise that no British soldier should cross it; a small incident which illustrates

the difference in spirit between past and modern warfare. Soult trusted his word and the bridge was saved. Next day the battle was fought. Wellington stood with Alava watching its progress when, for the only time in his life, he was wounded. He was laughing at an active Portuguese soldier screaming as he ran that he was "*ofendido*" (wounded) when a shot struck the hilt of his sword and drove it against his hip. He was knocked down by the blow, but got up immediately, saying, "By God, I am *ofendido* this time." The bruise was very painful and Wellington was afraid he would not be able to ride after the enemy. The next morning, hobbling on two sticks, he crossed the street to visit the bedside of Lord March, who was badly wounded and thought to be dying. Wellington leant against the mantelpiece, the tears trickling down his cheeks as he looked down at the boy upon the bed. Somehow or other he then managed to get on his horse, and resumed the pursuit of Soult. In the evening he stopped at an inn and demanded food. The hostess asserted that she had no food. "On the contrary," said Wellington, "you have truffles! Smell for yourself!" And sure enough a mass of truffles, and with them a cooked turkey, was found in the house. The hostess observed that nothing could be hidden from such a nose.

For some time afterwards he was still limping from his wound, and the return of snow gave him a bad cold. It was not till March 18th that the advance could be resumed, and an engagement took place at Tarbes which Wellington described as the sharpest fight he had ever been in. But in spite of resistance Soult's retreat was now continuous. Blowing up all the bridges as he went, he reached Toulouse on March 24th. Wellington was

close behind him, stopping every night at small towns, where he and his staff would dress punctiliously for dinner. The mayor of the town was usually asked to the mess, much to the astonishment of that functionary, who had never received such a compliment from his compatriots. The Mayor of Boulognes, however, was too strong a Bonapartist to fall to such flattery, and Wellington, getting annoyed with him, said that the people must choose another. The Mayor protested that he would be ruined. "He should have thought of that sooner," said Wellington, "and he must go." During this time Wellington was on horseback all day, doing his writing after dinner; a strenuous open-air life in the wet spring weather.

On March 27th the army reached Toulouse and here on April 10th the last battle of the war was fought. Probably it was the worst effort of Wellington's military career. He took unpardonable military liberties, and not only the plan but the execution of the battle were unsound. Wellington's first effort was to cross the Garonne and, disguising his general's hat with an oilskin, he went down to the water to inspect the position. The pontoon bridge had hardly been made and Beresford's crossing effected, when the bridge was swept away by a flood and the army was thus divided in two. "I used to cross over every morning to the other side," said Wellington afterwards, "and return at night. I thought the troops might be out of spirits at seeing themselves in a position so exposed; but not a bit—they didn't mind it at all." One night he did not return till seven o'clock, but his anxieties did not prevent him holding a big dinner on April 6th in honour of Badajoz. The re-establishment of the bridge was a prolonged affair, and Wellington

was in "a great state of anger" at the delay. By the 10th, however, all was ready and the attack took place at three points. Two of these certainly failed, and Wellington was heard to say, "Well, damn me, if ever I saw ten thousand men run a race before." The French position was very strong, so strong that the French afterwards claimed it as a victory and drew up a plan of it showing where the British had been defeated. In spite of the fact that the British losses were double those of the French, Wellington told Lady Salisbury that Soult's claim to victory was ridiculous, and that Soult was aware of this is proved by the fact that on April 12th he evacuated Toulouse and resumed his retreat in the direction of Carcassonne.

On the same day Wellington entered the town, where he found the royalist white flag flying and most of the inhabitants already decorated with the white cockade. He went to the mayoralty, was formally introduced to the Mayor, and showed himself to a cheering crowd at the window. He was then conducted in procession to his quarters. About an hour later the news was brought by Sir Henry Cooke that the battle need not have been fought and that some 600 men had been killed in vain. For on March 31st the Allies had entered Paris and Napoleon had abdicated. Sir Henry Cooke and the Marquis de St. Simon had been delayed at Orleans on their way to inform Wellington and Soult. Soult heard the news with great emotion, and muttered "*Vous méritez d'être pendu*" so ferociously that St. Simon ran hurriedly out of the room. Colonel Ponsonby found Wellington in his shirt engaged in pulling on his boots. "I have extraordinary news for you," he said. "Aye, I thought so. I knew we should have peace; I've

long expected it." "No, Napoleon has abdicated." "How abdicated? Ay, 'tis time indeed. You don't say so! Upon my honour! Hurrah!" said Wellington, and he spun round on his heels snapping his fingers. A dinner party of forty sat down that evening, champagne flowed and Wellington proposed the toast of "Louis XVIII." Alava then proposed Wellington's health as "*Liberador de España*," amid ten minutes of continuous cheering. "Wellington bowed, confused, and immediately called for coffee." Putting on white cockades they then proceeded to the theatre. The cockade in Wellington's hat produced a tremendous scene of enthusiasm. The new French constitution was read aloud. The evening concluded with a ball at Wellington's quarters.

There followed long days of feast and jubilation. On April 14th Wellington gave a great ball at the Prefecture, and during the subsequent days his hunting was resumed. Sir Charles Stewart, who arrived at Toulouse to see him, found that since five in the morning he had been hunting in the forest eighteen miles away. Another great ball was given by the town at the Capitole, and Wellington was led into the Throne Room where, over the empty throne of Napoleon, was a picture of Louis XVIII supported by two pictures of the Duc d'Angoulême and Wellington himself. He was then obliged to listen to a concert, which consisted mainly of "God Save the King." The orgy of festivity continued until the 24th, when Wellington "handed over" to the Duc d'Angoulême. On that day Wellington, dressed in green, with the Cordon Bleu of France over his shoulder, rode out on a grey horse with three hundred officers to meet the Duke. Six miles from the town they met, and after the interview, d'Angoulême

rode ahead and entered the town amid the shouts of the crowd, who appeared to be mad with joy. Under triumphal arches the procession made its way to the Cathedral, and Wellington stood behind the canopy held over the head of the Duc d'Angoulême. A *Te Deum* was sung and d'Angoulême left the Cathedral with an Archbishop on one side and Wellington on the other. At six o'clock the Duke dined with Wellington and went to the theatre.

Amid the blaze of so much splendour cynical eyes were watching the great man. They saw him move to the Hotel de France, and suggested that the fact that Madame C———, a Spanish beauty, was living there, accounted for his move. They watched with curiosity his playing second fiddle to the Duc d'Angoulême. "It will serve," they thought, "to break him in by degrees for England and peace." But he did not stay long to play the part. By the end of the month he had left for Paris and a new world.

WELLINGTON
by W. Grimaldi

From the miniature in the possession of Lord Gerald Wellesley

CHAPTER IX

WATERLOO

During the Spanish campaign Wellington had been accumulating not only the prestige of a great man but the insignia of importance. For the capture of Cuidad Rodrigo he received an Earldom, and an annuity of £2,000 a year. The Spanish Government also created him a Grandee of Spain and Duke of Cuidad Rodrigo. After Salamanca he was made a Marquis, and was granted £100,000 to support the title, which he laid out in the purchase of land in Somerset. The Prime Minister busied himself about the purchase of a manor and estate near Wellington; the War Secretary discussed with him the courtesy title of his eldest son. Lord Wellesley made the appropriate suggestion that the French eagle should be added to his coat-of-arms, and Wellington, whose taste within its limits was, unlike his brother's, unerring, wrote: "It is the last thing which would have occurred to me. It carries with it an appearance of ostentation, of which I hope I am not guilty; and it will scarcely be credited that I did not apply for it." The Spanish Government conferred upon him the dukedom of Vittoria and the Order of the Golden Fleece. With the latter he was delighted, and he took a great interest in the ancient formalities of his investiture. He was willing to wait until some Sovereign should have an opportunity of investing him. Like all soldiers he took the question of decorations very seriously, and wrote to Beresford that if he found the

Order of the Tower and Sword had been prostituted, he would refuse to wear it. Meanwhile, he was in financial difficulties. Presents were showered upon him; Spanish nobles presented him with engraved pistols and useless gifts of that sort. But the expenses of his life in Madrid were enormous, and he was supposed to pay his way upon his allowances as Commander-in-Chief of £10 a day less income-tax. He had been obliged to write to Lord Bathurst for additional pay, "under the head of table money, or any other they please, . . . or I shall be ruined."

Honours had continued to shower upon him. He succeeded the Duke of Northumberland as Colonel of the Blues, which severed his long connection with the 33rd Regiment. He was very pleased with this, writing to the War Office that there "never was so fortunate or so favoured a man." At the same time he wrote to the officer who succeeded him as Colonel of the 33rd how anxious he was that no change should be made in the uniform of the regiment. "Everything is now, I believe, as I found it twenty years ago; and if once we begin to alter, we shall have nothing fixed, as there are no bounds to fancy." He also succeeded to Lord Buckingham's Garter, resigning, according to custom, from the Order of the Bath. His brother-officers were anxious he should retain the Bath, and he wrote to Lord Liverpool suggesting that he should do so, although with some reluctance, as he considered he had been already handsomely treated by the Regent and the Government. "God knows," he wrote, "I have plenty of Orders." The Prince Regent tried to start a correspondence with him about the question over which shoulder the Garter ribbon is properly worn, but was rather coldly received.

"What had I to do with him?" he said. During the winter of 1812 Wellington was much exercised over his estates in England. Greenwood & Cox managed his affairs in England, much to his satisfaction. He considered himself likely to spend his life on foreign service, and he was naturally anxious that the interests of his children should not suffer by his absence abroad. As he already possessed the estate near Wellington in Somerset, the country from which his family had originally derived, he was anxious to increase his holding of land in that county.

Wellington, who prided himself on never having solicited an honour, was after his victory at Vittoria overwhelmed with them. In addition to his English rank of Field-Marshal, the Spanish Government presented him with an estate and a house in the Vega near Granada. He was very pleased with this possession, which he heard brought in a good income, with fine woods, and good hunting and fishing. Financially, however, it turned out to be a disappointment, as also the Portuguese gift of a *commanderie* to the annual value of £2,000. The money never materialised. In January, 1814, the Emperor of Austria gave him the Order of Maria Theresa, and the King of Sweden the Order of the Sword.

Wellington's position and personal prestige were entirely changed after Salamanca and Madrid. He afterwards described himself in Spain as a *conquérant sans ambition*. He certainly used sovereign power with moderation and with no desire, as Napoleon had, to make his power felt. Jealousy was thus avoided, but in Spain he nevertheless was now supreme. Throughout Europe the despised "Hindoo general" was recognised

as a great man, and his personality began to undergo the enlargement of fame and he himself to move in that atmosphere of histrionic exaggeration which surrounds notorieties.

The young general who had landed with such meagre prospects in Portugal in 1808 left Toulouse in 1814 the most conspicuous figure save one—and he had fallen—in Europe. From the military point of view good fortune had almost invariably been his. He never had lost a gun and hardly ever had he lost a battle, and the chances of battle, which he never shirked, had spared him. But his good fortune had been the reward of his hard work. "The French planned their campaigns just as you might make a splendid set of harness," he said afterwards. "It looks very well; and answers very well until it gets broken; and then you are done for. Now I made my campaigns of ropes. If anything went wrong I tied a knot and went on." He had never had Napoleon's desire to fight a great battle; his constant numerical inferiority, indeed, had made such a desire impracticable. He only fought a battle when he had to, endeavouring always to be "a quarter-of-an-hour earlier than he was expected." But he was just as ready to retreat as to fight. The war of attrition, demanding infinite patience in officers and men, had been a constant test of the morale of his army; the test of his own morale had been aggravated by the political difficulties that converged upon him from England, Portugal and Spain. His temper was not always proof against these things. His code was a simple one: duty, discipline and hard work. He had been resolute against the oppression of non-combatants, against loot, robbery, seduction, drunkenness and devastation. It is not surprising that

his determined attitude against the common crimes of war made him popular with the people of Spain and France, but unpopular with his own officers and men. He was no doubt difficult to deal with in business. His quick and positive mind, unhesitating in its judgments, found expression in peremptory and often hasty speech. To inspire a wholesome fear and to keep subordinates at a distance is part of the military technique. Wellington in his relations with his officers seldom went further than curt approval, and he was not at much pains to reprimand considerately. Every word, for instance, of his famous circular to his officers after the Retreat from Burgos was true. But he omitted to draw the distinction between those who had done well and those who had not, and so produced in the former an indelible sense of injustice. He seemed a thankless master to serve, since he blamed so often and praised so rarely. He could not see why men should be praised for doing their duty, and indeed there is no reason except the vital one that they like it.

The two occasions during the long war on which he can fairly be accused of injustice are symptoms of a peremptory, pitiless temper which he usually kept in check. In 1811 Colonel Bevan had been ordered to hold the bridge of Barba del Puerco. Sir William Erskine delayed in passing the order to Colonel Bevan, who arrived too late to prevent the escape over the bridge of the garrison of Almeida. Erskine, to shield himself, reported that Bevan had lost his way, and Wellington's anger with the latter was so extreme that Colonel Bevan committed suicide. After Vittoria in 1813 Captain Ramsay was ordered to lead his artillery in pursuit of the enemy. Wellington ran across him and told him to

go to a village close by and to await further orders. Next morning a staff officer stumbled across Ramsay and told him to join his brigade, which Ramsay did, under the impression that these were the orders he was awaiting. Unfortunately, it was the staff officer and not Wellington who had given the orders, and the latter was so angry that he placed Ramsay under arrest. Although full explanations were given to Wellington, Ramsay lost his chance of honour and promotion—he never lost the sense that he had been unjustly treated. The careers of all commanders who are strict disciplinarians contain such incidents. Wellington's military life was and has been subjected to close examination, but even those who have considered him a hard man have, on the whole, admitted him to have been a just one. Contemporary criticism of the Ramsay case took the line that it was another example of Wellington's dislike for the artillery arm, but it is clear that the suspicion of this dislike was founded upon professional jealousy of Colonel Dickson. This officer was of low rank and great ability. Wellington trusted him implicitly and gave him the direction of all his artillery work in the Peninsula. His trust was well justified, as a thousand instances could prove. "Now, Dickson," he said after Vittoria, "if we had but some artillery up." "They are close by, my Lord." Wellington, no doubt, was a frank critic. Talking of some officer one day, he said, "I took care to let him feel that I thought him very stupid." "That must have been," said General Murray to a friend, "by telling him so in plain terms." The artillery came in for its share of this criticism, especially after Waterloo; but the cavalry did not escape. "Our cavalry never gained a battle yet," he said. "When the infantry have

beaten the French, then the cavalry, if they can act, make the whole complete, and do wonders." He was not an easy man to please; no man whose standard of behaviour was so rigid as his could be so. On one occasion Colonel Waters, whose exploits in disguise among the enemy were one of the romances of the war, was captured and imprisoned. He made a miraculous escape and suddenly appeared at Wellington's dinner table. Wellington imagined that he had broken his parole, and onlookers said that the expression of anger on his face was terrible to behold. As a matter of fact, Waters had refused to give his parole; Wellington's code of honour had not been infringed.

A man of great mental capacity, he was fully conscious of his superiority, and perpetually engrossed as he was in the number and intricacy of the matters which required attention, his impatience readily expressed itself in the form of contempt. He found it difficult to listen with patience to advice and criticism, and he was too preoccupied to give adequate consideration to the sentimental and personal side of a situation. The result of his aloofness was that men credited him with an entire lack of sympathy; he excited admiration but not affection. He never tried to stimulate devotion; he could not feign regret for the absent or dead when he did not feel it. Display of emotion was antipathetic to him and theatricality loathsome. "The advantage which Bonaparte possessed," he said characteristically, "was his full latitude of lying; *that* I could not do." But he was not wholly lacking in heart. His affections were not ardent but absolutely stable and genuine. He grew to be very fond of some of his staff. He was friendly towards some of his relations, as can be seen in his letters to

Lady Burghersh. He had a warm liking for Alava, who was a gay and amusing man. He once described his own wife to Wellington as "*excellente femme! mais fort ennuyeuse.*" Doubtless it was this easy candour in Alava which pleased Wellington, who was himself so reticent. If he lacked personal charm, he had the far rarer gift —personality. He was always in all circumstances, in every word he spoke, in every step he took—himself; one of those men in whom everything they do and say at once strikes onlookers as characteristic. Frankness, honesty and integrity were combined with the large dignity of unquestioned greatness. He could throw off his seriousness in his leisure hours and be cordial in hospitality, and open in comment; he delighted in jokes and a rude sense of fun. His bare frugal life was combined with an amusing vanity in dress. There was no nonsense or mystery about him; he looked straight at things as they were. He stands as the complete opposite of his great opponent; he was as English as the latter was Latin. Wellington's qualities were indeed so essentially English that he could hardly appreciate the greatness of Napoleon. "The fellow wasn't a gentleman," was his comment at the end of the great war. It implied that he could not respect Bonaparte enough to be much interested in him. He had beaten him and could not be bothered to determine what exactly he had been up against.

On the 4th of May, 1814, Wellington arrived in Paris. He had been selected for the post of Ambassador in Paris, a tactless appointment. His stay in Paris was short enough. He found time to call upon Castlereagh and upon the various monarchs who had crowded into Paris, and by the 10th he was off again to Madrid, while

at home a grateful country was making him a duke and Parliament was voting him half a million of money. During the fortnight spent in Madrid he succeeded in shoring up temporarily the tottering monarchy of Spain; it was obvious that only the continuance of those liberal institutions so detested by the Bourbon family would prevent the outbreak of civil war. On June 8th he departed for Toulouse and Bordeaux and bade farewell to the army he had so long commanded. Then, after a few days in Paris, he took the road to London. At Dover and in London he met with an immense reception. Cheering crowds surrounded him and his carriage was dragged to his house in Hamilton Place. When the hall door closed behind him, he found himself alone with his wife and children, of whom he had seen so little and who had played so small a part in his life.

Wellington's six weeks in England were one continual triumph. A degree was given him by Oxford; a dinner by the Lord Mayor. The House of Commons conveyed their thanks; the House of Lords, for the only time in its history, received a new peer through all the grades of the peerage in one day; adulation surrounded him on every side.

On July 18th his sister-in-law took him to Lady Shelley's house, a lady who was destined to be one of his few close friends. He struck Lady Shelley at first as formal and imposing, but as a sentimental lion-hunter she was not to be deterred. She ventured to converse with him, and, determined to be intimate, she met him again at a vast house-party of ninety people at Wanstead, his nephew's house in Essex. The Regent and two of his brothers were there, and the royal table, laid for thirty people and covered with gold plate, was elevated

on to a platform at the end of the room. After dinner there was a ball, and the hero danced a Polonaise. On the 21st he dined with Lady Shelley, and went on with her to the ball at Carlton House, where he walked about with her for several hours. Another night he escorted her from the Opera and her vanity was flattered by the crowd outside making a path for them with the greatest respect. "It is a fine thing to be a great man, is not it?" he said to her gaily. He was enjoying himself thoroughly. He gave away his two nieces, Georgina Fitzroy and Emily Pole, on their marriage; he dined with his regiment at Windsor. Wherever he went crowds collected, mobbing his carriage and trying to shake hands with him. His Duchess bored him with her timid yet proprietory adoration. The lovely Lady Shelley adored him no less, but she did not bore him.

On August 22nd he was back again in Paris and for five months settled down to his diplomatic work. A great change had taken place in his existence; up till now he had worked but he had not lived. The hard, simple life of the soldier was replaced by the spectacular and almost fabulous career of the "Iron Duke," and these middle years of his long life were confused by the effort to adjust his interior simplicity to his exterior greatness. Fifteen years of muddle and discomfort were to follow before that adjustment was complete.

Wellington was a trained soldier; he was also a man of astonishing honesty and sound common-sense. Henceforth he was to try as a diplomatist, as a politician and as a lover to deal with the more subtle aspects of a man's life. All the qualities which had led him to the summit of his profession would here be of no use to him. His habits as a military autocrat, his entourage

of inferiors, the experience of his primitive masculinity had provided no apprenticeship for politics or soft living in a feminine world. He was destined to attempt diplomacy with no capacity for finesse or any understanding of intrigue; to find his way through the mists of party politics with no experience of that distorting atmosphere; to engage in the lists of love without the armour of sentiment or polite frivolity. His incapacity to fill the parts for which he cast himself produced discomfort in his proud, unbending nature.

Sumptuous entertainments succeeded each other in the Hotel de Borghese. The social world crowded to the Ambassador's palace in the Faubourg St. Honoré, where his wife, who was almost a stranger to him, joined him. She, too, was part of his new life, but a less important part than the new friends he was making. The Arbuthnots now came into his life, who for many years were to create for him the atmosphere of a home at Apsley House. But the reign of Mrs. Arbuthnot was not yet; he was surrounded by the fascinations of the frail. Lady Bessborough wrote that he was behaving very badly to "that poor little woman" the Duchess by the publicity of his attentions to the opera-singer, Grassini. Lady Shelley was planning in England a descent upon Paris. Every eye was watching him, flattering English eyes and spiteful French ones. The great man was unpopular in Paris. As their conquerer he could not be pleasing to the French, and Lord Broughton observed that his curt nod of recognition had become unsupportable to them. In November a Frenchman tried to assassinate him; and the British Government sought for a method of getting the Duke out of Paris without showing him that they were afraid on his

behalf. Fortunately Lord Castlereagh, who had been discussing peace terms in Vienna, was obliged to go home to attend the House of Commons, and Lord Harrowby had the brilliant idea that the Duke should replace him in Vienna. The new post was no more suited to him than the old, but it never occurred to Wellington to refuse it. Once again his good luck saved him; had he remained in Paris he would have been seized on Napoleon's escape from Elba. On the other hand, it is possible to speculate whether, if there had been a Wellington in Paris, Napoleon would ever have reached it.

In Vienna the Allies were quarrelling over the spoils when on March 7th the news arrived that Napoleon had on March 1st escaped from Elba and landed at Cannes. It is said that the Congress received the news with laughter. Wellington left Vienna at once, and on April 8th reached Brussels. But the world was far from laughing at the prospect of a new war, and the social coteries buzzed with alarming prophecies. Creevey, who had always disliked Wellington and who had shared the Whig hope that Napoleon would win the war, met Wellington at Lady Charlotte Greville's in Brussels and they discussed the prospects of the campaign. Considering that they were supposed to be on bad terms, Creevey found him civil and even amicable, but he was surprised to discover he had not the air of being a clever man. The next day he joined Creevey and the two Miss Ords who were walking in the park. "Will you let me ask you what you think you will make of it?" said the inquisitive Creevey. "By God, I think Blücher and myself can do the thing." "Do you calculate upon any desertion in Buonaparte's army?" "Not upon a man.

We may pick up a Marshal or two; but not worth a damn." "Do you reckon on any support from the French King's troops at Alost?" "Oh, don't mention such fellows. There," he went on, pointing to a passing private, "it all depends upon that article whether we do the business or not."* Wellington was not clever; at no period in his life could the quick discursive faculty which is meant by such an adjective be applied to him. He had the far rarer and much more important gift of seeing facts, and acting instantly in accordance with them. It was a happy moment for him; he was again master of events. His spirits were high. He attended innumerable balls, right up to the famous one at the Duchess of Richmond's on the 15th June. Next morning at 8 a.m. he rode out of the Namur gate to meet his redoubtable enemy.

Active service in the field restored in him the hard, gay temper of Peninsular days. He put up at the inn in Waterloo where he found the landlady in a great state of alarm at the impending danger. He put heart into her at once: "*C'est moi qui répond de tout. Personne ne souffrira aujourd'hui excepté les soldats.*" At Quatre Bras he called out to his friend Alava: "Well, how did you like the ball last night?" Later in the day he was nearly taken prisoner and was obliged to ride for his life; reaching a ditch occupied by Gordon Highlanders, he called out to them to duck their heads and, putting his horse at the ditch, cleared it, men and all. At Waterloo he spoke of Napoleon: "That fellow little thinks what a confounded licking he'll get before the day is over." When Anglesey was wounded in the leg and cried out: "By God, my lord, I've lost my leg,"

*The Creevey Papers, i, 228.

Wellington is said to have replied, "By God, you have." During the momentous battle he felt neither exultation nor grief. "I had little time to feel either," he said afterwards, "I who saw the battle four times lost that day." Afterwards exultation came to him, and he risked his life freely in the pursuit. "Let them fire away," he said, "the battle is won, and my life is of no value now." Exultation was followed by grief. On his return to Brussels he went to the rooms of his niece, Lady Fitzroy Somerset, and burst into tears. As he said afterwards to Raikes: "Nothing is more tragical than a victory, except a defeat."

He returned after the battle to the little inn at Waterloo, had some dinner and went to bed. He was called next morning at three and began to write his despatch. Before it was finished he rode back to Brussels and Creevey, walking round to Wellington's house on the park, saw him finishing his despatch alone at an open window. "What news?" he shouted up. "Why, I think we've done for 'em this time," and he beckoned Creevey to come up. Wellington talked to him in his natural, laconic habit of speech, grave in manner, and with no sign of triumph or joy. "It has been a damned serious business. It has been a damned nice thing—the nearest run thing you ever saw in your life. Blücher got so damnably licked on Friday night, I could not find him on Saturday morning." He walked about the room, praising the courage of the Guards, adding without trace of vanity. "By God, I don't think it would have been done, if I had not been there." Creevey, who was later to despise the politician Wellington heartily, never quite forgot the impression he received that day that the victorious general was a great and serious man.

In after years Wellington told Lady Salisbury that he could not remember any feeling of delight or even satisfaction. It was not till long afterwards that he "felt secure of the victory." To his adorers and flatterers he used to refer to the battle in a dry off-hand tone, equally characteristic of him: "We pummelled them," he once said to a lady, "they pummelled us, and I suppose we pummelled the hardest, since we gained the day."

On June 20th, dressed in plain clothes, Wellington drove out to see the battlefield. He was well aware that the battle had done more than most battles towards achieving the true object of all war—the peace of the world. He was ready enough to do justice to the military qualities of his great opponent, but never could he abide Napoleon as a man. In after years he would tell stories illustrating the pettiness of Napoleon's character; how he had left a legacy "to the fellow who was accused of attempting to assassinate me"; how he had ordered a watch to be made in Paris for his brother, the King of Spain, but after Vittoria, busy as he was, remembered to counter-order it. "A gentlemen would not have taken the moment when the poor devil had lost his château d'Espagne, to take away his watch also. He was a shabby fellow. I was never a believer in him, and I always thought that in the long run we should overturn him. He never seemed at his ease, and even in the boldest things he did there was always a mixture of apprehension and meanness. I used to call him Jonathan Wild the Great, and at each new *coup* he made I used to cry out, 'Well done, Jonathan.' Like Jonathan Wild he did not care about what was right or wrong, just or unjust, honourable or dishonourable. His whole

life, civil, political and military, was a fraud."* The aristocrat in Wellington could not stomach the cad and the mountebank in Napoleon and neither the genius, nor the demonic energy, nor the imagination of his enemy could blind him to the obvious fact that "the fellow wasn't a gentleman."

*The Croker Papers: i, 339, 340.

CHAPTER X

PARIS AND VIENNA

THE advance on Paris was practically unopposed. In July Wellington found himself engulfed in that unfamiliar post-war world which was to test his character. The thankless task of commanding the army of occupation fell to him; in Paris and at Cambrai he lived surrounded by an atmosphere of private adulation and public execration dangerous to his poise of mind. The excitement and interest he created were intense; "Emperors and Kings," recorded Lord Broughton, "stretched forward to get a sight of him. I felt, for my part, an insatiable desire to see him, and ran many chances of being kicked and trampled down to get near our great man. Two Englishmen near me showed as much eagerness as myself. 'Oh, for God's sake let me see him! . . . I know you will excuse me, Sir, for this; but I must see him!' " Vast entertainments were given in his honour and the women would not let him alone. His power in Paris was supreme, and it was not surprising that it should have aroused in others an inordinate desire to flatter him. Lady Shelley followed him about from place to place, eager to be fallen in love with. One fascinating creature went so far as to arrange that the Duke should be shown up by mistake as the doctor while she was ill in bed. There was no limit to which the frail were not prepared to go to gain the public envy that rewarded his private attentions.

At the same time in other directions his unpopularity

was increasing. Wellington made no ignoble use of his power in France; his instinct for moderation and his dispassionate outlook prevented him from being vindictive, but he made mistakes. The greatest of them was his failure to prevent the execution of Ney. Excuses have been made on his behalf, such as are always made for the great, but it is clear that he had the power to intervene and that he did not use it. That his enemies made much of this affair is hardly surprising, or that the Whig rhymesters should have seized their opportunity:

"To all the Duke could say
You should have answered, Ney."

But as might also have been expected, his aristocratic dislike of exuberance and of triumphing over a beaten foe acted like a cold douche upon the red-hot victors. He was disgusted with the behaviour of the Prussians and when he heard that they proposed to blow up the Pont d'Iena, he observed that they had overlooked the fact that there was a British army in Paris, and sent two English privates to guard it. On the other hand his sense of justice prompted him to force the reluctant French to restore all the works of art they had taken during the Napoleonic wars; and when Louis XVIII refused to give up the horses of St. Mark, Wellington simply took them. The King was furious and withdrew his promised gift of the estate of Grosbois, substituting for it the Saint Esprit in diamonds. He was hissed in the theatre when he accidentally sat in the King's box; the renegade French Marshals ostentatiously turned their backs upon him at court, but he only remarked that he had often seen their backs before. He was far too busy, let alone too proud to notice pin-pricks. As

sole arbitrator for all the Powers on private war claims, he devoted five months of intense application to judicial business and settled the whole account.

His indifference to personal dislike was only equalled by his scorn for public opinion. His policy was security and not revenge, and he was determined to prevent the destruction of France by the victorious allies. Disarmament in England and moderation in France were his objectives, and under the cover of his authority both were achieved. He was, as Mr. Trevelyan says, a "typical Tory who wished England to be governed by gentlemen and not by generals." He held instinctively the old English doctrine that no Power must achieve the hegemony of Europe, which implied that no Power must be permanently destroyed. He never ceased to work for the restoration of France. "From the year 1814," he wrote long afterwards, "I have done more than anyone else to place France in the situation in which she ought to be in the councils of Europe, from a firm conviction that, if France be not so placed, then there is no security for the preservation of the peace of Europe."

Wellington's enjoyment of his position as the most important personage in France was not disturbed by the fact that he was making many enemies. Frenchmen believed that he was conspiring against the liberties of their country, and he was hated both by Royalists and Republicans; the former were rude, the latter tried in 1816 to set his house on fire by putting oil and gunpowder into a cellar when he was giving a ball. All the sorrows of France were laid at his door. Early in 1818 he was actually shot at in the Champs Elysées, and it was at once said that he had arranged to be fired

at, much as Signor Mussolini is accused of staging periodical attempts at assassination. Wellington showed no displeasure at this. No doubt he considered both the attempt on his life and the explanation equally idiotic. He remained cold and courteous under abuse, and never permitted it to rob him of the pleasures of his position.

He liked the society of women. He dined often with Madame de Stael, and Miss Berry, to whom he held forth against militarism, found him delightfully simple and frank. The pretty ones flocked round him, and the chatter of the salons connected his name not only with Lady Frances Webster and Lady Shelley, but with the Caton sisters and Lady Caroline Lamb. It is, however, of little importance to delve into the scandal of the period. Lady Granville is probably near the mark in saying "*il se laisse aimer* as a great hero, with very simple, unaffected manners." At any rate we do know that after Waterloo the intimacy of women became a large factor in his life. He liked Lady Granville because she did not kneel to him and Lady Shelley because she did. "Pray forgive my virtuous exultation," wrote the former, "for an ugly, good sort of woman to be attended to by a man into whose good graces beauties force themselves by dint of *bassesse*." Naturally she thought the worst of the others. Yet there is no hint of anything but friendship in the sentimental pages of Lady Shelley's journal: they dine together, ride together and go to the opera; she arrives early before dinner and he walks her round the garden; they go to the theatre and he pretends not to understand the references on the stage to "*le tyran de Cambrai*." Before his ball she finds him alone, arranging the chairs and full of fun. He is off to Cheltenham, but "you must dine with me every day

before I go." He goes to Cheltenham and leads a quiet life with his family, writing gossip to her about the tyranny of Lady Jersey and his helping Lady Caroline Lamb to get into Almaks. At the same time he warns her not to show or quote his letters. He has seen a lot of Lady Caroline Lamb. He asks Lady Shelley to visit him in his Château in France; there will be encampments and reviews, hunting and shooting, whist, and "gambols for you and the girls." The austerity of the soldier was beguiled but not beglamoured by the intimate life he was leading with these conspicuous young women. Baron Stockmar, who met him in 1817, gives us a sound matter-of-fact impression of the Duke in private life. *"Middle height, neither stout nor thin; erect figure, not stiff; not very lively, though more than I expected. Black hair, simply cut, strongly mixed with grey; not a very high forehead, immense hawk's nose, tightly compressed lips, strong, massive under jaw. After he had talked for some time in the ante-room he came straight to the Royal Family, with whom he spoke in a very friendly manner, and then, going round the circle, shook hands with all his acquaintances. He was dressed entirely in black with the star of the Order of the Garter and the Maria Theresa cross. He spoke to all the officers present in an open, friendly way, though but briefly. At table he sat next to the Princess. He ate and drank moderately, and laughed at times most heartily, and whispered many things in the Princess's ear which made her blush and laugh."

In short he remained through all the flare of his fame a simple, outspoken man; presenting a curious contrast of extreme patience in action with abrupt

*Memoirs of Baron Stockmar: i, 52.

impatience in speech. Creevey, who knew everybody, had never seen anybody like him. One day he found the Duke writing letters in the wretched little parlour of the inn at Vitry. Wellington came out without his hat to meet him, "Come in here Creevey; dinner is quite ready." It was served by two dirty maids and was very bad. Wellington did not seem to care. Bad food and inferior champagne made no difference to him, and he talked for two hours on French politics. Next morning breakfast was at five, with tea made in a coffee-pot and cups without saucers. Creevey observed that the tea was not so bad considering it was made at Vitry. "No," said Wellington, with his curious simplicity, "it is not. I brought it with me from Paris." A month later Creevey dined with him at Valenciennes; it was an excellent dinner for sixty people; he thought Wellington perfect in appearance and manner. He was completely at ease in the great world, having for it that contempt which is necessary for social success. But his indifference made him incautious. He spoke with imprudent frankness, unaware of the malice and gossip that surrounded him. When the conversation turned to the Royal Dukes, their Highnesses of Clarence, Kent and Cumberland, he would exclaim, "By God! there is a great deal to be said about that! They are the damnedest millstone about the necks of any Government that can be imagined. They have insulted, personally insulted, two-thirds of the gentlemen of England." He enjoyed making fun of the Duke of Kent. "What has passed between you and the Corporal? God damme, do you know what his sisters call him! They call him Joseph Surface." He accused the Royal family of underfeeding their guests, and advised people who went

out with them in the morning to breakfast first. Even the Regent did not escape. "By God, you never saw such a figure in your life as he is. He speaks and swears so like old Falstaff, that damme, if I was not ashamed to walk into a room with him."

The ubiquitous Creevey, with his bitter Whig prejudices, in spite of succumbing to Wellington's sterling character, must have made fine play with this unwise talk; he earned his living by retailing gossip and good stories. In the world of pre-Reform politics outspokenness was not the way to power. Wellington was too natural and accessible for the official world, and his friend Alava maintained that he should have remained a soldier and had nothing to do with politics. Yet it was inevitable that he should turn to them. He had few resources in himself, no home life and no hobbies. A man in his position was obliged to take a part, and he enjoyed the prospect. For some years he had exerted complete moral authority over the French Government. He was accustomed to adopt a paternal attitude towards French Ministers, to make all important decisions himself, and to be the leader of those who wished to restore France to her position as a Great Power. Napoleon was safely at St. Helena under the guardianship of Lowe. "Buonaparte is so damned intractable a fellow there is no knowing how to deal with him. As to the means employed to keep him there, never was anything so damned absurd. As for Lowe, he is a damned fool. The damned fellow would instruct me in the equipment of the army, always producing the Prussians to me as models."

Napoleon was out of the way, but France remained. As early as June, 1816, the French were proposing the

reduction of the army of occupation. Wellington was at first opposed to this; he considered the army necessary to protect the restored dynasty and to preserve the peace of Europe. In January, 1817, however, after much hesitation he gave way. It was in Paris that he grew accustomed to political autocracy, content with the knowledge that he always acted from high motives of public duty. No doubt he was not always tactful and had too high an estimate of his own ability to deal with any situation. But his judgment was always sound within the limits of his vision, and he was courageous enough to use his great position in Europe to give back to France her place among nations. He was quite indifferent to the anger excited in England by his magnanimity. His vigorous personality, so strongly marked and so English, gave him an independence that he never hesitated to use. He had friends among the statesmen and royalties of every country, and his wide experience of European diplomacy gave him great influence in international affairs. He knew that he occupied a unique position in Europe, and proceeded to take advantage of it, using his own peculiar and unconstitutional methods. He showed no reluctance to give his personal opinion to foreigners, even when his ideas clashed with British policy. He wrote to Louis XVIII and criticised his Government. He expressed to foreign Powers without Government authority his views of the military situation in Europe. He might use an Ambassador's Conference to delay unwelcome issues or to play for safety, but never hesitated to disregard its decisions, on the are occasions when any were reached. He had no idea of bureaucratic diplomacy or of party politics. He ignored the rules of the game. In fact, he thought

it a rotten game. "I keep them together," he wrote in 1818, "but if I were to withdraw from Paris altogether, you would no longer see that union which has prevailed here since the Peace."

There is no doubt that as an autocrat in Paris between 1815 and 1818 Wellington showed the highest capacity. As an administrator and as a financier his actions were firm and original, while the general basis of his policy was an admirable moderation. Given the chance to govern without interference he was at his best, though that opportunity had fatal effects upon his subsequent career. The acquired habit of autocracy, the belief that he had only to decide and everybody would give way, never afterwards left his mind. Neither an English Cabinet nor the English people could be treated in this way. Castlereagh had always believed in Wellington and had supported him, as we have seen, at critical moments in his career. He had been convinced that Wellington was the man for the war, and he was equally convinced that Wellington was the man for the peace. The reconstructed post-war Europe of the Congress of Vienna needed, in Castlereagh's opinion, these unconventional, unmilitaristic yet martinet methods, and Castlereagh needed Wellington to support his foreign policy. Nobody else in Lord Liverpool's Cabinet had sufficient standing in Europe to share Castlereagh's responsibilities or could understand his policy. Wellington on his side had a great admiration for Castlereagh and agreed with him. Castlereagh, too, desired to save France from her conquerors, and it was natural that the two men should work together. Wellington was anxious to get away from Paris, and he needed no urging to join Castlereagh at the Conference at Aix-la-

Chapelle. They met at Cambrai in September, 1818, and went on together to Aix. Wellington was most useful to Castlereagh. He dealt on equal terms with the Emperor Alexander, and put a stop to the Prussian plan for keeping a European army under his own command permanently at Brussels. His loyalty to Castlereagh, his commonsense upon the issues of foreign policy, and his distrust of militarism contributed largely to the success of the Conference. His relations with Castlereagh remained completely harmonious, without trace of jealousy. It was his authority which enabled Castlereagh to take important decisions without reference to the Cabinet and to bring to an abrupt close the Allied occupation of France. In November, 1818, the troops left France. Lord Mulgrave resigned in favour of Wellington, who entered Lord Liverpool's Cabinet as Master-General of Ordnance.

CHAPTER XI

ENGLAND

THE Foreign Policy of England after the war was based upon Pitt's principle of the Balance of Power. This principle was established by the peace of 1815, and the Quadruple Alliance between England, Russia, Austria and Prussia created a system by which Conferences could be held to uphold the territorial settlement. The Holy Alliance was merely the touch of morality added by Alexander to this arrangement. The development of events can only be understood if the character of the Czar and the attitude of England are borne in mind. Alexander created the Holy Alliance in 1815 in an altruistic frame of mind; revolutions and disturbance all over the world had by 1820 so altered his point of view that he was prepared to use it as the instrument of reaction; thus the Holy Alliance which started its life as a possible League of Nations ended its career as the organ of despotism. The attitude of England stood always midway between the despotism of the ancient monarchies and the anarchy of revolution; it was their own constitutional system that the English admired and wished to see extended through the world. Thus, however great the divergence in method might be, there was always a fundamental agreement in policy between Castlereagh and Canning.

Castlereagh's main objective was peace, and his method of preserving it was to conserve the Quadruple Alliance. Immediately after 1815 he endeavoured to

reduce the tension between Russia and Austria, and if possible to reconcile Spain with her revolted colonies. Castlereagh was not responsible for the system of diplomacy by Conference, which was implicit in the arrangements of 1815. His duty was to make it work, and his fate was to prove its futility. The first of them met at Aix-la-Chapelle in September, 1818, and arranged without difficulty for the military evacuation of France. There immediately arose the problem of the future relations of evacuated France to the Allies. France desired to join the Alliance, but the feeling against her was still so strong and her government was so obviously insecure that none of the Powers had the courage to agree. Castlereagh and Wellington also were not prepared to face on their return the accusation of foreign entanglements always so readily made in England, and they would not support the Czar, who wished to erect, side by side with the Quadruple Alliance against France, a Universal Alliance to which France would be admitted. Nevertheless on November 15th, 1818, when the Conference at Aix closed the Czar was still idealistic and the Alliance did not threaten to be reactionary.

Early in 1819 the clouds began to cover the international sky. The intention of France to resurrect her army produced from Metternich the suggestion that the Alliance should intervene. Castlereagh refused, laying down once for all that policy of non-intervention in the internal affairs of other countries which he was always to uphold. Metternich's next step was to apply to the States of the German Confederation similar principles of interference and supervision. Castlereagh vigorously protested against this attack on the liberties of independent countries. In 1820 democratic revolutions broke

out in Piedmont, Naples, Portugal and Spain, each country demanding the democratic Spanish Constitution of 1812. In the same year the heir to the French throne was assassinated in Paris. These explosions accelerated the nascent cleavage in the Alliance. The Czar's intellectual Liberalism died of fright and he was brought shivering to the side of Metternich. He proposed at once that the five Great Powers should intervene to restore the power of the monarchy in Spain. Castlereagh refused. Austria simultaneously proposed to intervene in Naples. Here Castlereagh was bound by an agreement with Metternich to allow him a free hand, but he insisted that Austria alone and no other Power should intervene. He was resolute against concerted intervention, just at the moment when Aleander had made up his mind that the Holy Alliance must be converted into an effective instrument of reaction.

It was to deal with these difficulties that the Second Conference met at Troppau on October 29th, 1820. Castlereagh, wiser than President Wilson, seeing that he would stand alone, neither went himself nor allowed Wellington to go. England was represented by an Ambassador, and the Conference proceeded to produce a Protocol which sanctified the principle of intervention. Castlereagh strongly protested, maintaining that the French Revolution was unique, and attitudes adopted towards it should not be universally applied. The Conference wilted under his criticism, pretended that their Protocol was merely a draft, and hastily dissolved. Early in 1821 a Third Conference assembled at Laibach in the hope that England would agree upon a united front. Castlereagh still stood aloof and Austria was granted permission to intervene in Naples. It was now

clear that the Alliance had become the instrument of reaction, and the cleavage between the Liberal Western Powers and the Eastern Despotisms, which was to mark so many years of the century, appeared complete. It was arrested, however, by the rising in Greece in March, 1821, which divided the interests of Russia and Austria, and by the determination of the French King to support the Bourbons in Spain, which divided England and France. Castlereagh refused to allow France to intervene in Spain, or Russia to intervene in Greece. France demanded from the Alliance a mandate on Neapolitan lines; Castlereagh and Metternich, united over the Eastern Question, met at Hanover on October 22nd, 1821, and pointed out to the Czar that on his own Holy Alliance principles he could not deal with Turkey alone. Their attitude created the necessity for a Fourth Conference, and it met at Vienna in September, 1822, afterwards adjourning to Verona. By that time Castlereagh was dead, and the tangled skein of diplomacy had fallen into the hands of Canning.

Castlereagh had appointed Wellington to represent England at Vienna and had left him his instructions, laying down once again his persistent policy—no intervention between Turkey and Greece, no intervention between Spain and her Colonies; also, in the latter case there were strong indications that the dead Minister had begun to envisage the recognition of the revolted Colonies. The Duke reported from Paris the immediate prospect of a French invasion of Spain, and Canning added a supplementary instruction by which England refused to adhere to any concerted action with France on the Spanish question. In Canning's eyes diplomacy by Conference had been proved a failure; it had become

merely a method of collective reactionary discipline. England at these Conferences always stood alone against intervention, and he, like Castlereagh, had no intention of intervening either to save the democratic Constitution of Spain or to support the monarchical ideas of the French Bourbons. He wished to treat the Spanish question as a conflict between Spain and France, and he did not regret that the effect of such a policy would be the break-up of the Alliance. Wellington at Verona stood out successfully against the project of a "European army" for the coercion of Spain, but he could not prevent the construction of a collective threat against Spain. The breach between England and the Alliance was complete, and England offered to mediate between France and Spain. Nothing could, however, prevent the Bourbon attack upon Spain.

It was at this juncture that Canning displayed a more Liberal spirit than Castlereagh in his handling of Foreign Affairs. Having discarded the Conference system and having decided to treat each problem on its merits, he possessed more freedom of action than his predecessor. He did not interfere with the French invasion of Spain, but in the autumn of 1823 he took steps to recognise the South American Republics and at a meeting with Polignac forced France to abandon the idea of regaining for Spain her colonial possessions, refusing to listen to the suggestion that yet another Conference should be held upon the subject. He next turned his hand to Portugal, where a series of democratic and reactionary revolutions had taken place, and negotiated with great skill an agreement with the French not to intervene. He announced that though England would not interfere in Portugal, neither

should anybody else; the ring was to be kept clear. In July, 1826, King Pedro, the Emperor of Brazil, granted a constitution to Portugal and abdicated his throne. The reactionaries gathered in Spain on behalf of his brother Dom Miguel, and Canning, forced at long last to choose between despotism and liberty, sent British troops to Portugal and scattered the adherents of Dom Miguel to the winds. The Holy Alliance, the Conference, and all the machinery of despotism had failed; the English theory of Government was making headway in America and Western Europe.

The scene changes to Greece, where between 1821 and the end of 1823 the struggle against Turkey had continued. In January, 1824, Alexander endeavoured to organise a Conference upon the question, and at once met the opposition of Canning, who made stipulations that the Powers could not accept, enunciated general principles that antagonised Austria, his natural ally on this question, and generally delayed matters in the hope of being able to act on his own inititative. He ran the risk of Alexander also acting on his own, but the Czar died on December 1st, 1825, and Canning decided to suggest to Nicholas the "single intervention" of England. Wellington, in February, 1826, was instructed in this sense, failing which he was to press for joint action between England and Russia. At all costs he was to oppose either a Russian war against Turkey or united action by the Powers. Wellington on his arrival in Russia found that Nicholas was, if anything, inclined to be anti-Greek, but he was determined to obtain from the Turks the settlement of various disputes that Russia had had with Turkey. Later on, in October, 1826, Nicholas realised his object. Meanwhile, on April 4th,

Wellington signed a Protocol about Greece which arranged for the joint intervention of England and Russia, but the resentment of the Powers at his signature was so great that Canning was obliged to convert the Protocol into a Treaty, which was signed in London, on July 6th, 1827, by England, France and Russia. Austria and Prussia refused to sign, and on August 8th Canning died.

The weak Government of Goderich was faced on October 20th with Codrington's destruction of the Turkish fleet at Navarino, and Wellington's Government, opposed both to the July Treaty and to Navarino, proceeded to adopt a pro-Turkish attitude. The immediate effect of so abrupt a change in policy was loss of control over the situation; Russia acted alone and went to war with Turkey; France acted alone and landed in Greece; on September 14th, 1829, Russia dictated a victorious peace at Adrianople. France and not England obtained the credit for the freedom of Greece; Russia and not England obtained the credit for the freedom of Moldavia, Wallachia and Serbia. The pro-Turkish policy of Wellington had failed in all the directions of its effort, the policy that he had inherited from Castlereagh. The pro-Greek policy of the dead Canning had with it the spirit of the age.

The war between Russia and Turkey broke the peace of 1815; it was a signal that the ambition of the Great Powers was once again to be greater than their fear of war. Immediately France began to dream of Belgium and the Rhine, and Polignac evolved schemes for the territorial re-arrangement of Europe. Fortunately the Revolution of July, 1830, blew him and his plans into the air, but the rising that he had arranged took place

nevertheless, and in August Belgium asserted her independence. The sympathies of revolutionary France were strongly on the side of Belgium; the Central Powers supported the Dutch. The settlement made at the Congress of Vienna was clearly at an end. Wellington was determined to preserve the peace and on November 4th he assembled in London a Conference of the Five Powers. On November 15th his Government fell and the long rule of Palmerston began. For eleven years under Whig governments he directed Foreign Affairs in the tradition of Canning. Under his administration the policy of England was established upon definite lines, to oppose the reactionary monarchies of the East, to support the Liberal nations of the West, and to create between them a Balance of Power. In addition he preserved intact the constant interests of England, the independence of Belgium, the severance of France and Spain, the neutrality of the Straits of Constantinople, and the warding off of the advance of Russia upon India.

Between 1830 and 1839 Palmerston prevented France from absorbing Belgium and established it as a self-governing country. In 1834 he constructed the Quadruple Alliance of England, France, Spain and Portugal against Russia, Austria and Prussia, who were supporting the Carlists in Spain and the Miguelists in Portugal. In 1840 he prevented the advance of Egypt into Syria under Mehemet Ali, and secured the neutrality of the Straits of Constantinople. The defect of his policy was that he could not prevent the ultimate alienation of France from British policy. The French had backed Mehemet Ali in Egypt, forcing Palmerston to an unnatural agreement with the Central Powers.

When, in September, 1841, Lord Melbourne went out of office, Lord Aberdeen, who replaced Palmerston at the Foreign Office, endeavoured to restore relations with France. He even went so far as to agree to a Bourbon husband for the Spanish Queen. So startling a success for French policy merely widened the breach with England, and, when Palmerston returned to the Foreign Office in July, 1846, it was clear that the Alliance of the Western Powers could not be said to exist. The Central Powers were not slow to take advantage of this state of affairs, and in November they destroyed the Republic of Cracow. In 1847 a religious quarrel among the Cantons of Switzerland, placing France on the side of the Central Pawers, had isolated England. Palmerston was successful, however, in defeating the combination and securing the unity of the Swiss Federation. The resentment of the French was so great that, just as Polignac had planned to seize Belgium in 1830 and did not hear the approaching wind of revolution, so Guizot planned an Alliance between France, Austria, Prussia and Russia for the invasion of Great Britain before the catastrophe of 1848.

The time was ripe for revolution: France was bored with Louis Philippe, Italy was ready to rise against Austrian rule, Germany was eager for democracy, the subject peoples of the Austrian Empire were panting for liberty, Spain and Portugal were engulfed in civil war. A new phase, outside the span of the Duke of Wellington's life, was about to begin. It is possible, therefore, to sum up the policy of England abroad from 1815 to 1848, to state its objective and to note its accomplishment. The later years of the eighteenth century down to 1815 had been disastrous to England. She had

lost her American Colonies; the comfortable supremacy of the aristocracy had been disturbed by the French Revolution; she had expended immense treasure in the effort to destroy Napoleon's attempt to achieve the hegemony of Europe. After 1815 her objective was peace, time to restore her finances and her trade, and to reconstruct her empire. Thus she constituted herself as the central balancing point between reaction and revolution, leading the West towards orderly constitutional government, and obstructing the efforts of the East to use force on behalf of reaction. Meanwhile she could endure without upheaval the miseries of internal reconstruction, gradually accumulating new stores of capital and new avenues of trade, and in Canada and India replacing with vast new territory her losses in America. It is against the background of this policy and the stormy atmosphere of foreign countries that the internal condition of England must be examined.

The England, then, to which the Duke of Wellington returned in 1818 and in which he proposed to take a leading political part was in a complex stage of transition. The slow process of industrial revolution had profoundly altered its economic life, and the influence of these changes was beginning to affect the political supremacy enjoyed by the aristocracy since the revolution of 1688. England had been an agricultural community, and, after Utrecht, the medieval village with its common land and high wages lingered on during the long and prosperous peace of Sir Robert Walpole's successful corruption. In the middle of the century a new series of wars disturbed the rural economy; prices rose, and the landlord found it profitable to enclose the common land. No doubt the primeval economy of the peasant

village was unprogressive, and the capitalist system of landlord and tenant bringing with it technical improvement and increased production, could claim on paper to be superior to the old. The landlord could find an ethical basis for his profitable spoliation, and his political power enabled him to use the law for the destruction not only of the medieval village but of the ancient peasantry of England. The wealth of the country was statistically increased, and the agricultural labourer, impoverished and landless, was created.

Simultaneously a revolution in transport and machinery transformed the industrial situation. The Turnpike Trusts of 1750 made possible the use of roads; the Bridgewater Canal between Manchester and Liverpool was the first of a network of waterways which facilitated the transport of merchandise; and in 1825 the opening of the Stockton and Darlington Railway completed the progressive improvement of transport essential to industrial life. The invention of machinery was equally startling. In 1770 Hargreaves invented the spinning-wheel; in 1775 Arkwright invented the spinning-frame; in 1776 Watt invented the steam engine. The effect of all this was prodigious. In 1788, 68,000 tons of iron were produced; in 1806, 250,000 tons. In 1813 there were 2,400 power-looms in the country, by 1833 they had been increased to 100,000. The organisation of industry on a large scale was immensely profitable to the employer, and a new class of rich middle-class Nonconformists was created, who were strongly opposed to the landed interest on one side and their own operatives on the other.

As in the case of agriculture, the working-class was the victim of progress. The laws that protected them

either fell into disuse or, like the Minimum Wage, were repealed. In the Luddite Riots of 1811 the workers endeavoured to get the laws and customs that had hitherto protected their interests enforced. They made continual war against invention; they smashed the machines they believed to be impoverishing them. They could not, however, prevent the complete victory of capital over labour. The forces against which they were struggling, unassisted either by political power or professional combination, were too great. A large migration of population took place from south to north between 1750 and 1850, and in addition the population itself enormously increased. The system known as Speenhamland, by which the wages of the impoverished agricultural labourers were supplemented out of the rates, was an incentive to increased population only equalled by child-labour in the factory. The poor could not resist any more than the rich the profit brought by children thrown into the industrial furnace.

The misery brought to the poor by the industrial revolution has often been described. Slums came into existence to house in the filthiest conditions the necessary operatives. Unprotected by any vestige of factory legislation, women and children worked from twelve to fifteen hours in appalling surroundings. We are told of women working in coal mines as beasts of burden, of children working fourteen hours in the dark. The poor had no pleasures, no holidays and no education. Only drink and religion lightened the gloom or hid the shame of their lives. The passage of the blind forces of revolution across the life of the community is clear enough in the light of history. The value of that revolution, the benefits that it brought, the heightened civilization that

it entailed, are obvious to those who had not to endure its cruelty. But those who found themselves engulfed in such a storm of progress had not observed its origin and could not foretell its conclusion. It had for them no neat historical pattern; only the egotism of suffering condemned it with hatred and without hope, or the egotism of success applauded it with delight and without explanation.

Between 1815 and 1850, the years of the Duke of Wellington's political career, the problem set for the statesman was the delicate pouring of all this new wine into the old bottles of English life. Yet the wisest man then alive could not state the problem as a schoolboy could state it now. The simple outlines of it, the need for careful and systematic adjustment, were clear to no observer. Philosophers, statesmen and demagogues alike were blinded by prejudices of class, of selfishness and suffering. In each class of the community the reaction to the disturbing phenomena was different and uncomprehensive. The suffering of the poor produced its tribunes: Cobbett, the tribune of the agricultural labourer, urging the impossible return to the felicity of the past; Owen, the tribune of the industrial proletariat, advocating a Socialism too advanced to be practical. The prosperity and yet uneasy conscience of the new rich produced its philosopher; Bentham sanctified for them the pleasant and profitable doctrine of *laissez-faire*, proving conclusively, as only philosophers can, that poverty was inevitable and that everything was satisfactory as long as an effort was made to secure the greatest happiness of the greatest number. As for the aristocracy, they put it all down to the war, to the French Revolution, and to the natural turbulence of the lower orders. It was clear

to them that the country was going to the dogs, but that the creation of a police force, the stern use of the military, and a long course of resolute government might postpone that inevitable canine conclusion.

It might seem that solutions so obviously prompted by partiality and selfishness would lead inevitably to negation. But the forces of history are greater than the individuals who imagine that they control them. The only chance for the poor was a split in the classes above them, and that split was about to appear. In the cleavage between a landed aristocracy which held all political power in its hands and a rich middle-class living in urban communities and dependent upon foreign trade, the working classes with shrewd instinct supported the latter. Their assumption of the cause of the middle-class brought them many disappointments and disillusions; it was not till the latter half of the century that they were to reap their reward. Their fierce support of the Whigs during the Reform agitation was cooled by the cynical moderation of Lord Melbourne's administration. The Whig aristocrats only differed from their Tory compeers in the slight acceleration of their retreat before the inevitable. Their support of Cobden and Bright during the Repeal Agitation gave cheap bread to the urban proletariat at the expense of the agricultural labourer, but the middle-class manufacturers had no more genuine interest in the poor than the Whig aristocrats. Free Trade was an urban and commercial objective; Cobden and Bright believed that Free Trade was good for business and factory acts were not, and they did not hesitate to oppose the latter. Orator Hunt, the voice of the workers in the days of Reform, and closer than Cobbett or Owen to the practical needs of his class, could

not force from a Reformed Parliament the five points of his Charter, manhood suffrage, vote by ballot, payment of members, annual Parliaments and no property qualifications for Parliamentary candidates. Time, which would expose the failure and selfishness of the middle-class, would bring to the workers four of the points of Chartism. Within the period of the Duke of Wellington's life the poor had to be content with the urgent beginnings of reform in their condition that could be obtained for them by the religious and philanthropic zeal of Lord Shaftesbury, an aristocrat and a Tory. The Truck Act of 1831, the Mines Act of 1842, the Ten Hours Bill of 1847, the Public Health Act of 1848, were the achievements of their unexpected supporter. But their support of the middle-class, accepted and unrequited, loosened the foundations of aristocratic society, and weakened the prestige of aristocracy by watering it with a middle-class element, more unpopular, more unstable, and equally selfish.

The transfer of power from the upper to the middle-class between 1815 and 1850 appears in retrospect as a continuous process. In our eyes the transfer is deprived of its glamour of democracy and its atmosphere of liberalism. We cannot look upon it as the downfall of a class that had abused its power and the setting-up of a class dedicated to the service of humanity, since we know that the middle-class abused the power that it obtained no less selfishly than the aristocracy that it replaced. Indeed, we have learnt by experience that the essence of power is its inevitable abuse. But in 1815 the post-war disturbance of economic life created the enthusiastic anticipation of a new world. The Tory Government in England were struggling to recover the pleasant

security of the eighteenth century. In the interests of the landed aristocracy the Corn Law of 1815, by which foreign wheat was not admitted until the price reached 80/- a quarter, combated the collapse of prices caused by the peace. In the interests of the same class the Conference of Castlereagh combated abroad the unrest caused by the war.

The tide of change could not be damned by such methods. Revolutions, as we have seen, broke out in Spain, Portugal, Naples, Piedmont and Greece. A wave of distress passed over England; the harvest failed; coal and iron were depressed by the ruin of foreign customers; unemployment, intensified by ex-soldiers and sailors, was widespread. In 1816 riots and arson broke out all over the country; machines were broken and secret societies were formed in the distressed areas. In 1817 the alarmed aristocracy repealed the Habeas Corpus Act, and, assisted by a good harvest, there came a lull in political agitation. The Tory Government, in 1819, took advantage of what they imagined to be a revival in trade to put the currency back upon a gold basis. The effect was immediate; a prolonged depression in trade combined with a renewal of political agitation that culminated in the Peterloo massacre in Manchester. The Tory Government in its alarm passed the Six Acts, by which public meetings were prohibited and a high tax put upon newspapers. But the Cato Street conspiracy in 1820 clearly showed that the revolutionary spirit had not diminished, and the bad harvest of 1821 was so discouraging that people began to talk about repudiating the debt and debasing the currency.

In 1822 the death of Castlereagh destroyed in the Tory party the political tradition of the younger Pitt.

Only a residue of die-hards survived him. He left no successor of sufficient ability or determination of opinion to preserve the old Tory faith against the encroachments of the Liberal spirit. The Corn Law of 1815, drafted for the landed interest, had split the upper and middle class. The urban and industrial middle-class began to reach out for political power, using the revolutionary spirit of the lower orders beneath them as a weapon in the fight. Between 1822 and 1829 their representatives in the Cabinet, Canning, Peel, Vansittart and Huskisson, new middle-class men, Liberal Tories in their political faith, encouraged far more openly revolution abroad, and supported at home changes that were certain to loosen the hold of the aristocracy upon the government of the country. Thus in 1822 Vansittart consolidated the debt, reduced taxation and admitted wheat over 70/- a quarter; in 1823 Wallace replaced protection by reciprocity in navigation; in 1824 Place and Hume succeeded in obtaining the repeal of the Combination Act; in 1827 Huskisson moved towards Free Trade by the establishment of a sliding-scale on imported wheat, varying with the price; and in 1829 the support of Peel enabled the Catholics to be emancipated and the Test Act to be repealed.

By 1830 the middle-class were ready for a further advance. Revolution abroad in France and Belgium was again accompanied by distress in England. The wild speculation and financial crash of 1825 had prevented any revival in trade and the bad harvest of 1829 produced riots both in the manufacturing and the agricultural districts. The political arena was also ready for the return of the Whigs. Liverpool, who had been run by Castlereagh for ten years and by Canning for four,

but who had the useful capacity of keeping together the jarring sections of the Tory party, had died in 1827, and a few months later Canning, the leader of the progressive Tories, had also died. Wellington and Peel had not inherited Liverpool's binding qualities, and their surrender over Catholic Emancipation had antagonised the right wing of their party. Abroad and at home everything was ripe for the Reform Bill, and by 1832 Lord Grey had established the middle-class in their long reign of power.

The Reformed Parliament between 1832 and 1841 soon proved that it was a middle-class institution. The Whig peer who led it was old, and his successor was cynical and lazy. The mild measures that it produced were modified in the House of Lords. Leisurely it reformed municipal Government, introducing everywhere the system of election and completing the edifice of middle-class power. As for the poor whose agitation had so much assisted the cause of Reform, they were thrown from the frying-pan of Speenhamland into the fire of the Poor Law. A new cleavage between the classes began to appear. The middle-class were satisfied; they had achieved political power. The working-class were profoundly disappointed by the fruits of Reform and the selfishness of their middle-class allies. Largely they fell into apathy, accepting what Lord Shaftesbury could wring from the violent opposition of the middle-class. A minority led by Hunt fell away into Chartism, a definite split with the middle-class.

The distress of the "hungry 'forties" brought with it strikes in the North and deep depression in agriculture. The ruling middle-class did not hesitate in their remedy for the problem that faced them. They cared nothing

for the depression in agriculture; a great deal for the strikes in the North. The wind of Revolution was beginning to blow again, and at the expense of the landed interest they had so lately displaced, the industrial middle-class threw Free Trade as a sop to the urban communities. From 1842-1846 Peel brought in a series of Budgets intended to make things cheap. The urban poor reaped the benefit of the scheme; trade recovered; and England passd unscathed through the Revolutionary cyclone of 1848. Two sections of the community, those it may be noted who had no political power, were left unconsoled in the general prosperity. The landed interest was left to undergo its long decay; the poor and their Charter were suppressed. The victory of the middle-class was complete, and in 1851 the Great Exhibition provided the apotheosis of its success.

The Duke of Wellington, like most of his contemporaries, could not see the pattern of his time. He was deceived by the turbulence of the lower classes and by the constant recollection of the French Revolution into believing that danger of mob rule was imminent in England. He felt an instinctive aristocratic contempt for the middle-class, prompting him to hate Canning, to dislike Peel and to turn Huskisson out of his Cabinet. But he was only dimly aware of the forces they represented in political life. His eyes was fixed upon the menace of the mob. His very concentration upon the disturbed areas of Foreign Affairs led him to exaggerate the dangers of revolution in England. He had seen the mob in Lisbon and Madrid; he had watched Alexander and Metternich endeavouring to preserve the tottering monarchies of Europe. So little did he understand the long patience of the English poor that he continued to

make his false analogy, and his fear of the mob throughout his political career adulterated his contempt for the middle-class.

Thus Wellington, an old Tory, an eighteenth century aristocrat, the disciple of Castlereagh, was nevertheless an unconscious agent in the destruction of his tradition and in the elevation of the middle-class to power. It was in its effect on such a mind that the value of the mob as an ally to the rich manufacturers was most conspicuously shown. He was always prepared to surrender to the middle-class rather than run the risk of being defeated by the mob. From 1815 to 1827 Liverpool stood fast upon tradition and crushed down every appearance of change. From 1827 to 1848 Wellington accepted Catholic Emancipation, accepted Reform, accepted Free Trade, and supported the floundering footsteps of Lord Melbourne. No man is more responsible for the dreary supremacy of the middle-class over English life, a phase, necessary perhaps but unpleasant, in the political education of the English people, since every class in its turn must learn by experience that the exercise of power is invariably selfish.

WELLINGTON
Sketched from the Life

From a print in the possession of Lord Gerald Wellesley

CHAPTER XII

CASTLEREAGH

WELLINGTON's entrance into the Government greatly strengthened the Ministry. Not only Wellington's ability and knowledge, but his prestige, which made his word law on the military aspects of Foreign Affairs, and his alacrity in shouldering responsibilities, were invaluable in a cabinet of mediocrities. True, he had no pretensions to eloquence, but he wrote well, and since the object of speech is to persuade he must even be reckoned an effective speaker, halting and bleak as his diction was. He always knew his own mind and saw the main point, while the entire absence of art in his method of address amounted in the House of Lords almost to artistic merit. Unfortunately, he knew little of English politics and less about social questions. It was some years before his Tory sentiments began to crystallize into positive judgments upon the vexed questions that divided political parties. He believed profoundly in the English aristocracy. Had not that system weathered the Revolution and destroyed Napoleon? He returned to England to find that admirable yet limited body in a truculent mood. The results of prolonged wars were manifest. Financially and economically, as we have seen, the people were passing through the post-war misery that follows victory as well as defeat. The life of the aristocracy was naturally unaffected and it was only that aspect of the state of things which struck Wellington.

His private life was admirably ordered; splendour without waste, method without dullness. The Arbuthnots (his faithful secretary and his fascinating wife) became part of Apsley House. The gay and stimulating friendship with Lady Shelley was resumed. Wyatt was engaged to rebuild Stratfield Saye, but there was some anxiety lest £200,000 might not be enough to finish it. Indeed, the project had to be abandoned. But he did not "fret about trifles." Dinner parties with magnificent plate were given on suitable occasions at Apsley House, and between the duties of his office and the House of Lords he enjoyed a gallop in Hyde Park, where Lady Shelley was always to be found. His social life was diversified by hunting, by country visits to stately homes and by journeys to his estate in Somerset which, until the final return to England, he had never seen. But one of the events of his first year in office was a visit to the romantic Lady Shelley. She who had treasured the cup out of which he had drunk his coffee before Waterloo, and stuffed a pheasant that he had shot,was to receive the culminating thrill of entertaining him at Maresfield. She could not sleep and only his arrival removed her headache; joy and anxiety contended within her; she feared that in spite of all her efforts to please him he would be bored. Forty farmers collected in Ashdown Forest and escorted him past a ribbon of spectators for three miles, for the last of which his carriage was dragged by the crowd, who jumped the railings, flooded the park, and cheered again and again. The great man turned out to be smiling and amiable. He protested he was glad there were no guests; he admired the library; he caressed the children; he was affable to the neighbours, and he sat up till midnight

talking animatedly about his battles and drawing plans in pencil on a piece of paper. Two days of shooting followed. Major Synge acted as loader to the Duke, who plunged through the coverts recklessly discharging his gun and enjoying himself thoroughly. Those in close proximity to him did not, perhaps, enjoy the day so much. He wounded a retriever, peppered a keeper's legs and the bare arms of an old woman washing clothes at a cottage window. A gold coin was pressed into her hand and it was pointed out how proud she ought to be to have been shot by the great Duke of Wellington.

Nevertheless it was only five years after Waterloo that the popular hero was to find himself hissed in the streets of London. The politicians were unpopular; upon them fell the resentment of the poor, who were without the remotest political power. The Duke shared with the rest of the Cabinet the dangers of the Cato Street Conspiracy. A ruffian called Thistlewood collected a gang of revolutionaries and prepared a plan to assassinate the Cabinet, to seize London and form a provisional Government. The Cabinet dinner at Lord Harrowby's house in Grosvenor Square was to be the scene of the affair, but informers gave away the secret of the plot. Wellington urged that the dinner should not be postponed, but that the Ministers should each have pistols in their despatch boxes, and shoot the conspirators as they came into the dining-room. He was naturally overruled. The statesmen could not face so blood-thirsty a project. Two dinners were prepared, one eaten by the Ministers in Downing Street, one to deceive the conspirators in Grosvenor Square. The police rounded up Thistlewood and his gang in their den in Cato Street.

Wellington's escape caused Lady Shelley to break into

dithyrambic congratulations. Their playful correspondence is full of chaff and insinuation about the tyranny of Mrs. Arbuthnot. Suddenly the death of George III, the dissolution, and the trouble caused by Queen Caroline interrupted these pleasant visits in Suffolk and Norfolk, and brought Wellington hurrying to London. The Duchess of Bedford might not believe in these important Cabinets as an excuse for leaving Woburn. "Dear Duke," she wrote, " for Cabinet read boudoir. Yours, G. B." But she was wrong. Wellington and Castlereagh represented the King in the negotiations with the Queen. The Duke disliked George IV, but he hated the mob still more, and it was contempt for the popular clamour on behalf of the Queen that placed him on the King's side. His unpopularity increased and was intensified by an unwise speech in the House of Lords on the subject of a petition which as Lord Lieutenant of Hampshire he was supposed to have discountenanced. In this speech he took no pains to disguise the fact that he considered such petitions useless and their reception a farce. He was hissed and booed as he rode to the House of Lords, and whenever he rode in the Park. The windows of his carriage were broken, and once an attempt was made to pull him off his horse.

We get glimpses of him at this time in the pages of diaries and memoirs. Crabb Robinson saw him at a picture gallery with a lady looking at a portrait of Marlborough. "His face is not flexible or subtle," he comments, "but it is martial, that is, sturdy and firm." Lady Granville wrote, "I quite love the Duke of Wellington. He is neither an agreeable man, nor in my eyes a *héros de roman*, but he is the most unpretending, perfectly natural and amiable person I ever met with. We had

an old admiral from Ipswich to dinner yesterday, whom he had known very early in his military career, and you never saw anything like his kind and cordial manner to him." His boyish high spirits were exceedingly attractive. He could throw himself into charades and enjoy the fun of country-house life. Moving about from Belvoir to Apethorpe for shooting and hunting, entertaining at Stratfield Saye, with Lady Shelley and Mrs. Arbuthnot to enliven more private hours, he was surrounded by the best that English life can give. If the call of duty, to which through all his career he instantly responded, had not summoned him to public life, he would have filled the rôle of retired hero with great popularity and satisfaction. But his belief in himself forbade him such a choice, and the trust of others forced responsibility upon him; moreover, he was entirely active by nature.

It was inevitable that he should abandon private life, where his "bonhomie and adorable qualities" were, as Lady Granville wrote to Lady Harrowby, so appreciated, for party politics. The temperature of the party politics may be judged by the journal of Henry Fox: "Went to Lady Charlotte Greville; found the Butcher (*i.e.*, Wellington) there. He has behaved with great kindness to Lady Worcester, and I shall like him for it. My mind I shall then believe to be unprejudiced and candid, when I can allow myself to admire for any virtue, public or private, the bloody instrument which has overthrown the child of liberty, the glory of France, and the hero of our own times, to restore the vile dullness of legitimate fools and bigotted priests." Wellington's own prejudices henceforth were often quite as violent and one-sided. So far he had hardly begun to

concentrate upon the political questions of the day, Catholic Emancipation, Parliamentary Reform and Free Trade. He merely held unexamined the Tory view that such changes would bring "irretrievable ruin". In the Cabinet of Lord Liverpool he had occupied a minor office and avoided internal politics. He had declined to go to Ireland to put down sedition there, and he had agreed with Castlereagh that no one of such consequence as they were should attend the Congress of Troppau, which met to consider means of putting down the revolutionary spirit in Europe. He had been disgusted by the revolutions that broke out simultaneously in Spain, Portugal and Naples, but on general principles he was opposed to intervention in the internal affairs of other countries. He was convinced that nothing could be done in Spain; Spain would probably absorb Portugal; and if he allowed himself to believe that Naples was another matter, and that there an Army of 80,000 Austrians would do the job, it may well have been because he was aware that in the case of Naples Castlereagh's policy of non-intervention was compromised by a secret treaty that gave a free hand to Metternich. At this moment the long administration of Lord Liverpool was going through a crisis. The death of George III and the controversy about Queen Caroline had shaken the Cabinet. Canning had resigned, and Castlereagh's burden as leader of the House of Commons and as Foreign Secretary was almost more than he could support. George IV was on bad terms with his ministers; indeed, with the exception of Wellington and Lord Bathurst, he refused to meet them. He blamed Liverpool for the humiliations of the Royal Divorce. Castlereagh, too, was in hot water because his wife had quar-

relled with Lady Conyngham. Canning, who had supported the Queen, he could never forgive. A reconstruction of the Ministry was inevitable, and a coalition with the Whigs was discussed. Wellington was strongly opposed to it. In his view it was better to endure the King than to let in the Whigs. Eventually a compromise was arranged, and Castlereagh and Wellington negotiated a coalition with the Grenvilles which strengthened the Cabinet and consolidated Castlereagh's position.

At a private meeting between Castlereagh, Liverpool and Wellington it was decided that no one should go to the Congress at Troppau, and the field was left open for the triumph of Metternich. Wellington took little part in unravelling the tangled skein of diplomacy created by the five revolutions in Spain, Portugal, Naples, Piedmont and Greece, a task so intricate that it no doubt contributed to Castlereagh's mental breakdown. In George IV's view Wellington was not adroit enough to go to Troppau, and it is possible that Castlereagh agreed with that estimate. Wellington and Liverpool understood foreign politics, which no one else in the Cabinet did, except Castlereagh. Liverpool was, as Wellington said, "a lazy fellow; spends his time reading the *Quarterly Review*." Wellington was not lazy, and his experience and knowledge were unquestioned. But his tact as a diplomatist was certainly not above criticism and it was natural that Castlereagh should not desire him to act as Plenipotentiary at Troppau. So the Duke went on tour instead. He visited the fortresses in the Netherlands, went on to Paris and discussed the Spanish question with Louis XVIII, and returned to Brussels to show George IV over the field of Waterloo, who afterwards forgot that he had not been present at the battle. The Whigs

were shocked at the adulation and respect shown to Wellington in Paris and thought it bad taste that he should go there. But Wellington had forgotten the war, and was absorbed in diplomacy. His influence, too, over George IV, that of an intensely masculine mind over an emotional temperament, was rapidly increasing, and the time was approaching when everything would unfortunately conspire to force him into a still more prominent place in the political life of the country.

In August, 1822, it was obvious that Castlereagh's health was giving way. Wellington told him the truth. "I am bound to warn you," he said simply, "that you cannot be in your right mind." Castlereagh covered his face with his hands and said, "Since you say so, I fear it must be so." On August 12th the Foreign Secretary cut his throat.

CHAPTER XIII

RUSSIA

Although Castlereagh had been more subtle in his methods than the Duke could approve, on the whole they had agreed. Wellington, no doubt, had far from fathomed the refined intricacies of Castlereagh's character or understood the real drift of his policy. In his eyes Castlereagh, forced by his intimate relations with Kings and statesmen to act with infinite delicacy, and Compelled in an era of peace conferences to compromise continually at the cost of his convictions, appeared more Tory than he really was. But what the Duke saw in Castlereagh, his reticence, his hatred of bombast and popularity, his inability to talk, he liked. He had a profound respect for him, and he never pretended to compete with a man who had long been the first figure in the Tory world. But now that Castlereagh was gone, the Duke felt himself called upon to take a leading part in the weakened Liverpool administration. The Cabinet was divided as to what to do, and it was Wellington who decided that Canning must be invited to the vacant place at the Foreign Office. He convinced the Cabinet, and the King, who had vowed by his honour never to see Canning again, was forced to give way. "You hear, Arthur. It was on my honour as a gentleman." Wellington, however, pointed out to him that he was not a gentleman, but a King; and George IV with a plaintive "Well, if I must, I must," consented. Wellington's advocacy of Canning showed his lack of political judg-

ment. Canning's ability and his fitness for the office were obvious enough. In principles and ideas he was little more advanced than Castlereagh, but in character and method he was a Liberal, a new man, looking at the world with very different eyes from those of Castlereagh; and being such he was certain to come into conflict with the ancient Tory prejudices of his colleagues, and with none more certainly than with the Duke.

A month after Castlereagh's death Wellington left for Vienna to take the former's place at the Congress. He was getting deaf and his aurist had nearly killed him. "High fever and violent inflammation," so ran the bulletin. "He had a blister on his breast and was twice cupped in one day, and is very much lowered by it." He went armed with Castlereagh's instructions, but he found on his way through Paris that France was ready to invade Spain. His instructions, endorsed by Canning, were to prevent the Holy Alliance from taking concerted action in Spain, and on arrival at the Conference he at once asserted the English opposition to intervention. Metternich was on his side, but with the reservation that he would not go so far as to endanger the Holy Alliance. Canning had no such reservation; just as Castlereagh in 1820 had broken with the Alliance over intervention, so Canning was ready to do so now. In their view it was the Powers who were endangering the Alliance by extending its obligations. Every form of pressure was brought to bear upon the Duke. The Emperor Alexander invited him to dine alone with him as if he were a royalty. Princess Lieven subjected him to one of her ardent political flirtations. The Duke retained his cold integrity, and the other Powers were obliged to engage in secret conferences to which he was

not invited. On November 30th he left Verona, to which town the Conference had been transferred, discontented with everybody, but strangely confident that peace was certain. He had not enjoyed himself. "The Duke," wrote Princess Lieven, "is in a better state of health, but not in a good humour; he is bored, they vex him. . . . He sighs for the moment of his departure, and I love him so much that I would sigh also if that would give him pleasure, but it would not in any way." He had not enjoyed himself, but he believed that he had carried out his mission. He considered that the weight and authority of his words would be as great in Verona in 1822 as it had been in Paris from 1815-1818. Here he was mistaken; he had an exaggerated opinion of his own influence. Stopping in Paris to offer the French Government the mediation of England on the Spanish question, which was refused, and to buy a dress for Lady Shelley, he arrived in England still confident that peace was assured. Canning did not share his optimism, and antagonism sprang up between them which increased as the months went by.

Wellington has been accused of betraying Canning at Verona. He is said to have indicated clearly that he personally disapproved of the policy of non-intervention and to have even gone so far as to provide the French with a military scheme for the conquest of Spain. No doubt he was not very discreet, he was a "*guerrier peu redoutable sur les champs de l'intrigue*", but the accusation of betrayal is clearly untrue. He did not want to break up the Congress, and was not careful enough in hiding the fact that he was reluctant to carry out his instructions, but he never left the Congress in any doubt with regard to the policy of England. Indeed, Metter-

nich was so annoyed by his firmness that for some months he refused to correspond with him. It was only later in 1823, when Canning began to appeal to public opinion in England against the French invasion of Spain, that Wellington's mind was turned to political intrigue.

The atmosphere of politics was thick and sultry at the moment. The Cabinet of Lord Liverpool was divided into three sections; Mr. Canning and his friends who believed in Catholic Emancipation and Free Trade; the Grenvillites who believed in Catholic Emancipation, but who were indifferent to Free Trade and disliked the Foreign policy of Canning; and the old Tories, who hated all three. By temperament Wellington gravitated naturally to them. He, too, distrusted the policy of Canning. He had accepted Castlereagh's policy of non-intervention although, if obliged to intervene, he would have been on the side of the Holy Alliance. He was completely unaware that Castlereagh towards the end of his life was moving towards the recognition of the revolted South American colonies. In his eyes Canning had reversed the policy of Castlereagh and was contemplating giving up the policy of non-intervention in order to intervene on the wrong side. Wellington thought this would lead to war, and, although he owed everything to war himself, he had an invincible hatred to any policy that might lead to it. His acceptance of the policy of non-intervention, as also his belief in the Holy Alliance, was his desire to preserve the *status quo*, to uphold the settlement of 1815, and to prevent upheaval anywhere in the world. In his eyes Castlereagh also had stood for this; indeed the depth of his loyalty to Castlereagh increased his dislike for Canning, who seemed to be in all respects the opposite of his prede-

cessor. He did not like the tone of a fellow who "called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old." Such a phrase was bombastic; it also had an unpleasantly democratic ring about it, amounting to an appeal to that mob which Wellington so heartily despised. Castlereagh, too, more autocratic than Canning in his conduct of his Department, but also more silent and discreet, had never offended Wellington. Canning, on the other hand, consulted the Duke more often and failed to take his advice. Canning's whole attitude to Wellington was unfriendly. He seemed to go out of his way to do a bad turn to the Duke's brother, Lord Maryborough. He showed no appreciation of the fact that Wellington had got him his place. The combination of all these things was intensely irritating to so inexperienced a politician.

People began to notice the estrangement. They put it down to envy, disappointment and selfishness. They believed that the Duke's "views and objects began, centred and ended in himself," and that he had wanted the Foreign Office himself, only Liverpool had thought him unfit. But though the motives of the quarrel were unimportant, the political effects of it were not. A net of intrigue began to be woven around the ex-hero. The great ladies began to get excited. Lady Cowper endeavoured to draw him away from Mrs. Arbuthnot towards the enchantments of Princess Lieven. "People say he is more in love than ever with Mrs. Arbuthnot. I wish Lady Jersey would make a diversion, for she is an odious little woman." Lady Jersey did her best. "All Lady Jersey's thoughts are how to catch the Duke of Wellington—all ambition, and yet as eager as if it was love. He gave her a fine diamond ring, which she wears

constantly on her finger or neck. He is delighted, and laughs at it, and at her always saying 'not at home' to others when he calls—*pardi cette femme elle m'affiche.*" Lady Shelley was left out of all this; she was obliged to listen to the prolonged chaff which only emphasized his intimacy with Mrs. Arbuthnot. She could not compete with the Princess Lievens and she was not in the King's set.

The Duke was now often at Brighton. Creevey met him at the Pavilion, looking older and thinner, and heard him telling stories of the Congress. The King, who still brooded over Canning's support of his wife, used every artifice to widen the breech by drawing Wellington into his dubious intrigues. By slow degrees the clear-headed soldier who understood so well the simple brutality of war and so little the subtle enmities of peace, was led to join a mischievous group of which the King and Princess Lieven were the leading spirits. It was called the "Cottage Coterie," after the house where George IV lived while Windsor Castle was being repaired. It consisted of the King, Lady Conyngham his mistress, Sir William Knighton, his doctor and secretary, and foreigners. The Lievens, Count Münster, Prince Esterhazy and Prince Polignac were generally there. Princess Lieven, who shared Lady Jersey's capacity for political coquetry, was the leading spirit of the group. A plot "*pour faire sauter M. Canning*" was the objective of the Cottage Coterie. Wellington was not a constant attendant, but he caught the spirit of the group. He began to criticise Canning behind his back, to let out Cabinet secrets in front of these foreign ambassadors. They congratulated themselves on such a useful source of information, and correspondence passed

between Wellington, the King and Metternich which Canning never saw. Wellington, indeed, went so far as to write private letters to Metternich, and, congratulating the French on the discipline of their army, encouraged their military activities in Spain.

During 1824 Wellington continued to oppose Canning's policy in Spain and America; he also did his best to prevent Canning from going to Paris. Day by day their quarrel became more embittered. He protested against Canning laying papers before Parliament; he disclosed to Austria Canning's secret proposal that Cuba should be guaranteed to Spain if she agreed to let her South American colonies go free. He opposed strenuously Canning's attempt to get the Cabinet to recognise New South America; he tried to delay the despatch sanctioning the commercial treaty with the Argentine, and he threatened to resign if the recognition was made. Canning complained to Liverpool of Wellington's opposition, accusing him of conspiring against him with the King, and engaged in an angry correspondence with the Duke himself.

In the midst of these uncomfortable, unprofitable and unseemly rows the Duke fell ill. While shooting with Lord Hertford he had a sudden attack of giddiness. The usual copious bleeding was resorted to, but he remained unwell for most of the year. He tried hard to keep it a secret, pretending he was quite well, but the change in him was noticed by everybody. It was rumoured that he had had a violent bowel attack, that he had a liver complaint, that he had cancer. The Duke of Buckingham thought he looked wretched and broken and twenty years older; even the faithful Croker thought he was withering and drying up; the Duke

himself complained to Lady Shelley that he could not sleep.

Absorption in politics, however, helped him to recover. He was an important wheel in the Tory coach and it was well-known that he was in the closest confidence of the King. It was thought that he would in effect nominate Lord Liverpool's successor. Totally deaf in one ear, sleepless and feverish, he brought his iron will to bear upon his body. He kept up his intimacy with Mrs. Arbuthnot; he went down to the country to amuse Lady Jersey. But he could not defeat the policy of Canning. In December, 1824, Wellington and the Die-hards were forced to give way. It was clear that Canning must be allowed to go his way or leave the Cabinet. It was obviously impossible to dismiss him, and Wellington was obliged to tell the King that if he did not surrender there would be a *coup d'état*. However sore he might feel at defeat, the Duke had the sense to know when he was beaten; however much he might regret that he had brought Canning into office in 1822, he had the sense to know in 1825 that the game of the "Cottage Coterie" was lost.

During 1825 he lay low and waited upon events. The "Cottage Coterie" gradually dissolved, and the volatile King turned away from the control of Wellington and moved toward the triumphant Canning. Metternich wrote acidly that the Duke was "*dépourvu de tout talent politique.*" This hateful new man, so bombastic and unaristocratic, who poured out high-flown phrases to tickle the ears of the groundlings, who published secret documents to confound his enemies as if England was indeed a democracy, had beaten the Iron Duke. The King and Princess Lieven, who had plotted with Wel-

lington against this upstart, had turned round and were plotting with Canning against Wellington. The political syren was particularly vindictive. She now considered it a scandal that the Duke should interfere in Foreign Affairs or even be allowed the illusion that he was interfering; that he should dare to correct Canning's despatches, "scratching Canning's work" as he called it himself. It was true that Canning as a rule put it all back again in his private letters to the Ambassadors, and succeeded always in getting his own way, but it was a scandal none the less. She knew that Canning only overlooked it because "pleasures and vanities" had to be granted to the great man; but Canning did not seem to realise that the Duke was his rival both with the King and with the Cabinet, and that he was jealous of Canning. She now found his airs of superiority and his habit of command intolerable. Above all, he was whole-heartedly on the side of the Turks in the little quarrel in the Near East, which was absorbing her Russian mind, and was quite sufficient to make her forget that love for Wellington she had so often protested.

Wellington was now in better health. He returned to what he was pleased to call his domestic life, the romantic silliness of Lady Shelley and the clever persiflage of Mrs. Arbuthnot. The former wanted him to sit again for his portrait. "I should not mind attending a good artist," he wrote, "but really to sit as a 'study' to a young one who will never paint a picture as long as he breathes, to pass three hours with him, and to have even one's own reflections interrupted by his impertinence is more than human patience, even mine, can bear. And I know that, after all, it will not be worth a pin." The letter was signed "my dearest lady ever yours most

affectionately", but a postscript in Mrs. Arbuthnot's handwriting saying that she would not allow a letter to be finished in such a style again, showed that her rival had read the letter. But he was still very much at her service, even when there was plenty to do. Lady Shelley wanted parcels expedited to her from abroad, or her daughter and the governess, "provided it is a pretty one," to be taken to the theatre.

But the desire for political power was still strong within him. Princess Lieven described him in her diary (1826) thus: *"The Duke of Wellington was an original man, proud, simple and great. Priding himself that he knew how to obey as well as to command; with the cult of passive obedience, and of military discipline before everything;—Vanity of knowing how to do everything, and to do it better than anyone else; loving activity and secrets, in the smallest as in the greatest things; easily abandoning without hesitating a principle for a fancy; a mixture of what was great and what was almost childish, a mixture of stiffness and feebleness; but above all, recoiling before nothing, and not knowing what was impossible for him to do." Such he seemed to the political schemers, and in truth he had yet to discover his limitations, and to learn the hopelessness of his rivalry with the quick and supple brain of Canning.

Canning's policy in the Turco-Greek crisis was bold and far-reaching. From the first he had broken away from Castlereagh's interpretation of the Greek rising, treating it on its own merits and disconnecting it from the general revolutionary movement in Europe. For many months he had obstructed the efforts of Alexander and Metternich to hold a Conference upon the question,

*Harold Temperley's *Unpublished Diary of Princess Lieven:* 111.

risking thereby the support of Austria, whose interests were opposed to Russian penetration in the Balkans and who should have been upon Canning's side. Lord Strangford, the British Ambassador in Petersburg, was endeavouring to concentrate the Powers against Russia, while Canning was seeking for an opportunity to act alone, and Alexander, already disappointed at the results of his collaboration with Austria, was determined also to act alone and to declare war upon Turkey. Fortunately the Czar's intention was frustrated by his death, and Canning determined to extinguish Strangford's collective ideas by sending Wellington to congratulate Nicholas on his accession. Princess Lieven considered it was "*une idée boufonne et grande*" so to use his defeated enemy to further his policy. Canning knew that Wellington was always opposed to war; he knew that Wellington was pro-Turkish in his sympathies and he surmised that in his anxiety to secure from Russia the integrity of Turkey the Duke might not notice that he was preparing the independence of rebellious Greece. He knew that Wellington would not "dream in his own head" of reconstituting the Holy Alliance, but would simply carry out his instructions. Wellington, in spite of illness, jumped at the proposal. His friends attempted in vain to prevent him from going, while the mocking world was convinced that Canning was trying to kill his ancient enemy. Princess Lieven thought she saw all the delightful implications of the scheme. She thought that Wellington would be both compromised and deceived in Russia, while Canning would remain at home, supreme over King and Cabinet. But Wellington was not going to lose this opportunity of "activity and secrets." He was deeply moved on his departure. His

friend, Alava, had never seen him so affected, and when he said good-bye to Lady Burghersh the tears ran down his cheeks. It took him three weeks to get to Petersburg, sleeping at inns on his own mattress of light silk, which could not be penetrated by vermin and on which vermin could be seen. At the frontier he was met by a guard of forty Cossacks, and every town he passed through turned out to receive him. At Petersburg the Emperor and his family treated him as an intimate friend and as a Russian Field-Marshal he had special privileges at Court. Wrapped up in his great coat he surprised the Russians by taking walks in winter. He found the place boring and the society dull, but he consoled himself by writing long letters to Mrs. Arbuthnot. He was well in health and never had a cold.

Wellington was surprised to find that Nicholas did not care much about the Greeks, and was inclined to look upon them as rebels, and had concentrated his mind upon obtaining from Turkey satisfaction for a list of purely Russian grievances. He was thoroughly alarmed by the presentation of the Czar's demands upon Turkey, but, adhering to his instructions, he pressed forward his proposals for Greece. On April 4th he obtained the signature of a Protocol which arranged for the joint intervention of England and Russia in the Greek question, for a self-denying ordinance against their respective ambitions, and for the subsequent adherence of the other Powers to the arrangement. He left Russia loaded with costly vases from Nicholas, and as commander of the Smolensk Regiment, but totally unaware of the importance of his own actions. He arrived in London on May 1st, glad to get home to his feminine admirers. They found him ruddy and plump and in

excellent spirits. They assured him that he would be torn in pieces by his admirers in their joy at his return. The fortunate Mrs. Hope was "*très glorieuse*" that hers would be the first party which he would attend. He dined with Mrs. Arbuthnot. He called upon Princess Lieven and praised the Emperor Nicholas. He talked too openly of his mission, and the facts got into the newspapers. But he was still obtuse on the subject of Greece, only observing that Nicholas "cared little about it."

Gradually what he had done dawned upon him. He found his true political friends were anti-Russian. He began to understand that he had separated Russia from Austria, brought England and Russia into close collaboration, and made possible the ultimate liberation of Greece. He was "astonished at his own liberalism", but his astonishment did not increase his trust in Canning, and when, early in 1827, Liverpool died, his accumulated resentment led him to embark afresh on the perilous seas of political activity.

CHAPTER XIV

CANNING

UNFORTUNATELY, the Duke of York's death had preceded that of Lord Liverpool by a month and Wellington had succeeded to the post of Commander-in-Chief. It would, as Peel said, have been monstrous if any other appointment had been made. His own feelings were mixed. "I know," wrote Arbuthnot, "that for personal reasons the Duke had rather he had not had the appointment; but I am also sure, by an expression he used to me, that he will be very much surprised, and, I would add, not a little offended, if he does not." But the appointment made it very difficult for him to succeed Liverpool as Prime Minister. The last illness of a man who had been Prime Minister for so long created a stir in the political world, and it was at once suggested to Wellington that he should rush off to Brighton to interview the King, but he refused to go. It was not his business and he never liked to do what wasn't his business. His chief anxiety was to preserve the Government intact; "After them," he said, "comes chaos." He told Croker it was obvious that Canning must be Prime Minister, although he was afraid of his restless activity and his lack of prudence. "I am in my proper place, in the place to which I was destined by my trade. I am a soldier, and am in my place at the head of the army." Croker thought these views sensible, moderate and generous, and the Duke would have been wise to adhere to them. He knew in his heart that he was not qualified to be Prime Minister; a soldier was unsuited to be the

head of the Government, and he himself lacked the debating power so essential in a leader: "The Duke," wrote Arbuthnot, "has but the one thought of being useful. It has never crossed his mind to wish to be a Minister." But these sound first reflections were soon clouded by the fogs of ancient antipathy. His relations with Canning were as strained as ever, and the situation quickly developed into a contest between the two men. Wellington, who was aware that since the end of 1825 Canning had had complete influence over George IV, was convinced that Canning was telling lies about him to the King; Canning that Wellington was manœuvring to oblige him to stand aside. It was not long before Wellington's good resolutions were overcome by animosity and ambition. After March 10th it is clear that he would be Prime Minister readily enough if anybody could be found to offer it to him. He was still reluctant to initiate the suggestion. It was in such circumstances that on March 28th the two candidates went down to "the Cottage", where George IV would have to decide the vexed question of succession.

Princess Lieven has described for us this stormy day. Wellington was sent for after breakfast, and at lunch the watchful Russian was sure that Wellington was winning: the Duke was smiling and the King was familiar with him and not with Canning. The King then suggested that the Duke and the Princess should go out together—he was sure they would like to go out together, though in reality they had no desire to do so. They had years ago said everything they had to say to one another; they had not retained even the slightest sensation of pleasure in each other's society and their boredom was intense.

"Ah, well, M. le Duc, you have talked for two hours with your master. What news? Has he taken his stand?"

"Devil take me if I know."

"But you have explained to him the situation and your decision?"

"He talks all the time himself."

"Ah, well, has he named you First Minister?"

"Listen. Let us be frank. You know the difficulties. Well, I will be wholly frank. The difficulty lies with one man."

"Canning? But you must have taken your part: to remain with him, or to have him against you."

"The Cabinet would not remain for a week if he left it."

"In that case are you resigned to having him as head?"

"Never."

"Then it really is very difficult, for he wants to be it."

"My word, we shall see."*

They returned to hear that Canning was with the King, and Wellington "pulled a long face." In reality the King had suggested that the Cabinet should elect its own Prime Minister. Canning consulted Peel and on the 29th the suggestion was rejected. It was clear to all observers that only union between Wellington, Canning and Peel could prevent the break up of the Tory party. Could it be effected? Even the influence of foreign Powers was working towards separation; Russia was for Canning, Austria for Wellington. On April 3rd the two men met at the Foreign Office and a short-lived peace was patched up between them. On April 9th, after consulting with the King and Eldon, Peel pro-

* Harold Temperley's *Unpublished Diary of Princess Lieven:* 121.

posed to Canning that Wellington should be Prime Minister. Canning refused to agree and the next day he was himself asked by the King to form a Government. Wellington immediately asked Canning who he was going to appoint as head of the Government. He received the obvious reply that Canning proposed to appoint himself. Thereupon Wellington, as well as all the members of the Cabinet who were opposed to Catholic Emancipation, resigned not only his seat in the Cabinet but his command of the army as well.

He felt entirely justified in taking this step. In his view Canning's appointment as Prime Minister meant the final abandonment of the principles of Liverpool and Castlereagh. It entailed the emancipation of the Catholics, a reform which within two years he was himself to carry out. He denied that he had acted hastily or in anger, and maintained that he could not have remained in confidential relations with a man who had written to him such letters as Canning had written. Canning denied that his accession to power entailed the emancipation of the Catholics. He failed to see why the old arrangement, by which it was not considered a Cabinet question, should not continue. Nor would he admit that he had been rude in his letters, and insisted that Wellington had always intended to resign. In point of fact there was nothing to choose between the two men. Both were intemperate in language; each harboured a furious hatred against the other. The Duke told Lady Jersey that "nothing would induce him to connect himself with that man," and his friends rallied round him in what Lady Shelley was pleased to call his "fallen fortunes." In their view he should, of course, have been Prime Minister; he at least was firm in his

principles and could master any subject to which he applied his mind. The Duke of Rutland thought that he was right to resign, since the intrigues of others had set the King against him. Such newspapers as at length plucked up their courage to mention the controversy appeared to the politicians to be indulging in "shameless abuse," and Peel advised Wellington to state his case publicly. The Duke did not agree. "I never had any concern with newspapers. I hate the whole tribe of news-writers, and I prefer suffering from their falsehoods to dirtying my fingers with communications with them." It was his habit to leave such affairs in the hands of Arbuthnot. When, eventually, he endeavoured to justify his action in the House of Lords, Lady Shelley thought his explanation "noble." At different times and to different people his explanations varied. It was sometimes Canning's rudeness, sometimes his ambition, sometimes his views on the Catholic question that made him impossible as a colleague. Sometimes he told the truth, as when he admitted that apart from his manners, he would not in any case serve under Canning. Sometimes he did not, as when he denied that he had tried to exclude Canning from the Premiership or that he had aspired to it himself. His actions were as diverse as his explanations. He could not possibly resign the Army; he could not possibly retain it; he would return to it if it was offered to him, and when it was offered, he refused it. He was angry; he had a bad case and was aware of it. Perhaps George IV summed up the matter most correctly. "I shall keep the command of the army in my own hands till my friend Arthur recovers his temper."

Throughout Canning's short administration which

followed the controversy continued, the Duke maintaining his attitude of bitter hostility. Creevey met him in Parliament Street on the way to the House of Lords, and he turned the Whig gossip round and putting his arm through his, started showering abuse upon Canning: "It was impossible to act with him, 'his temper was quite sure to blow him up'; he belaboured Canning *con amore*, every now and then stopping and nearly pulling the button off his coat from his animation." His enemies accused Wellington of factious opposition and he wrote in an aggrieved tone to Lady Shelley. "People are very fond of picking a hole in my coat. . . . I am tired of all these jealous suspicions; as if a man who had always acted openly and fairly was to commence cheating and truckling." Arbuthnot said that the Duke "perfectly loathes their shabby baseness," and he showed no sign of a desire to compromise. The quarrel was becoming a public nuisance. Canning approached Lord Wellesley and tried to remove the "misunderstanding," saying it was a pity that the Duke's military services should be lost; Lady Conyngham arranged that he should see the King with a view to his being persuaded to resume the command of the army. George IV found him as obstinate and immovable as a post. He harped upon the tone and temper of Canning's letters and demanded a public apology from the Prime Minister.

In August, 1827, the struggle came to a conclusion in the death of Canning, and the sub-competent Goderich tried to carry on. One of the many problems of a confused situation was what was to be done with the Duke of Wellington. Croker was convinced that Goderich could not get on without the Duke, and was ready to resign to make room for him. With Peel and Wel-

lington, Goderich could form a strong Government. The new Prime Minister, however, saw little hope of persuading the Duke to join a Canningite rump, and confined himself to inducing him to resume his command of the army. The King also was anxious that this should be done. Much as at the moment he disliked Wellington, he knew well the value of his great name. Lord Anglesey was sent, therefore, to Apsley House with letters from Goderich and the King. In the early morning he entered the Duke's room and woke him up. He had a cold reception. Wellington told him to ring the bell for his servant, read the letters without a word, and when Lord Anglesey suggested that he might like to hear the proposed arrangement for the new Government, said that he had no desire to hear them. Nevertheless, Goderich's appeal was successful. In spite of his long quarrel with the liberal-minded Canning, in spite of his close association with Eldon and Peel, the Duke had a firm belief that he was utterly untarnished by party spirit or ambition. He was convinced that his acceptance of the post of Commander-in-Chief did not in any way connect him with Goderich's Government; and, therefore, "on the grounds of public interest requiring it," he consented.

His Tory contemporaries could not see that he had been led into tortuous paths by political ambition; in the eyes of his friend, "the good Lord Shaftesbury," he remained the ideal man. His bravery and gentleness, his honesty and consistency, filled Lord Shaftesbury with admiration. "He is open, manly, and noble in simplicity." Sir Walter Scott's devotion was also exalted and uncritical. During Goderich's Government Wellington made a political progress in the North;

bells, cannon, drums, trumpets, banners, dinners, balls and addresses marked this earlier example of a Midlothian campaign. Scott set off to visit him and found him tired of shaking hands. Scott observed great enthusiasm among the gentry, but that the common people were lukewarm. The Duke's political activity had obviously cost him his popularity, though "he will not care a curse." They talked together about Spain. "As to the Duke of Wellington my faith is constant, and there is no other man living who can work out the salvation of this country. I take some credit to myself for having foreseen his greatness, before many would believe him to be anything out of the ordinary line of clever officers. He is such a man as Europe has not seen since Julius Cæsar."*

The men of the world were not so sentimental. The astute Creevey was aware that Wellington was in close alliance with the old Tories; he saw clearly enough the ulterior purpose of that progress through the North and of those "receptions" which Lady Shelley thought so wonderful. The Duke was preparing for the inevitable fall of Goderich's weak administration. Meanwhile he could go to the Blandford Races, stay with the Duke of Rutland at Longshawe and entertain at Stratfield Saye. Lady Shelley stayed there, watching everything with adoring affection. When he went out hunting she records that all the countryside assembled to see him issue from the house; when he was out she discussed him with Mrs. Arbuthnot and they wondered together if the ladies made love to him. The Duchess was ill in her room and Lady Shelley was obliged occasionally to "bore with her" for an hour. "She is as foolish as ever,

* Lockhart's *Life of Sir Walter Scott:* VII, 156.

if not more so, and provokes me to a degree! I am sorry for her too; and still more so for him, for every year he must suffer more and more from it." In December, 1827, the Goderich ministry resigned without ever having faced the House of Commons, and that "transient and embarrassed phantom" vanished.

Ever since Waterloo the desire for power had played a greater part in his life than he knew: the first place in the country was now within his reach. Stockmar wrote of him in 1828, "The natural sobriety of his temperament, founded upon an inborn want of sensibility, was unable to withstand the intoxicating influence of the flattery by which he was surrounded. His knowledge of himself became more and more obscured. The restlessness of his activity, and his natural lust for power, became daily more ungovernable. Blinded by the language of his admirers, and too much elated to estimate correctly his own powers, he understood the management of the affairs of a great nation with insufficient mental gifts and inadequate knowledge."* This is cold, unkindly criticism. His aptitude for politics and his knowledge of the tendencies in English life may have been deficient, but he knew quite well that he was in for a hard time. He even wrote to Lady Carlisle, "There is an end of health and happiness for me." Nevertheless, he would have been exceedingly angry and disappointed had that prospect closed to him.

*. Stockmar's *Memoirs:* i, 129.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON
by James Hall

From the picture in the possession of Viscount Esher

CHAPTER XV

PRIME MINISTER

He certainly did not find the position of Prime Minister a bed of roses. The formation of a Government requires tact and subtlety if giving offence is to be avoided; these were not the Duke's prime qualities. He "took it for granted" that Lord Eldon would not take office. The old man was deeply offended and considered that he had not been treated with proper respect. It looked as if Wellington desired now to dispense with the ultra-Tories, and a beginning was made of that breach with his natural friends which was to bring about his ultimate fall. Lord Wellesley was not even consulted about the formation of the Government. Wellesley had even expected that his brother would recommend him for the Premiership, and afterwards he had taken it for granted that he would at any rate get high office in his brother's Administration. But the Duke disapproved of Wellesley's partiality towards Catholic Emancipation, and never dreaming that he himself would emancipate the Catholics, passed him over. The result was an estrangement between them that was never healed. Peel was, of course, the corner-stone of the Ministry. But Peel insisted that the Canningites, the remainder of Canning's political friends, should be included. The Duke did not like this, and complained bitterly. He told Croker that he was beset with importunities and remonstrances and that he felt like a dog with a can tied to his tail. "There," he said, pointing to a heap of red boxes, "is the business

of the country, which I have not time to look at—all my time is employed in assuaging what gentlemen call their feelings. In short, the folly and unreasonableness of people are inconceivable." Five Canningites had to be included, and to do so was obviously a wrong move. It was clear to the astute Brougham that Wellington's strength lay in the ultra-Tory camp, and that he lost prestige in the eyes of the world by his alliance with opponents he had recently castigated and abused. It was impossible to mix such incongruous elements, and troubles and difficulties within the Cabinet were inevitable. Wellington was well aware of this, but he thought it could not be helped and determined to make the best of it. "Oh," he said, when reproached by a Tory for Huskisson's presence in the Cabinet, "he is a very good bridge for rats to run over."

The Prime Minister, indeed, was at once beset with difficulties; among the immediate annoyances the list of his administration was prematurely published in the *Morning Chronicle*. There was no enthusiasm or even cordiality among the members of the new Government. Sadly and glumly they dined at Apsley House, showing to each other "the courtesy of men who have just fought a duel." Violent opposition arose to the Duke combining the offices of Prime Minister and Commander-in-Chief. It had never occurred to Wellington that they could not be combined, but, on the advice of Lyndhurst and Huskisson, he passed on the army to Lord Hill. Princess Lieven, too, was a nuisance. She was using all her fascination to win him back, but found him "as obstinate as a mule." She had no charm for him now; he was merely irritated by her pertinacity in intrigue; she was but one of the many annoyances which followed the

consummation of his ambition. Detached observers saw clearly that Wellington had surrendered a glorious position for one which entailed certain humiliations; and that he would live to regret it.

The Ministry kissed hands on January 26th, 1828, and employed themselves during the month of February in repealing the Test Act. Lord Eldon and the old Tories found this a bitter pill, but there was worse to come. In March a Corn Bill was introduced. It was very far from being a Free Trade measure, but it was a compromise between Free Trade and Protection sufficient to frighten the agricultural interest. The Duke did not like it himself, but was obliged to give way before the majority of his Cabinet. The measure was the favourite child of Huskisson, and his advocacy of it widened the inevitable breach between the Prime Minister and the Canningites.

Wellington, however, was beginning to feel at home in the routine of his office; being exceedingly practical he was a most efficient administrator, and his official work was carried out with vigour and extreme punctuality. The habit of autocracy, natural in a soldier but fatal in a politician, grew upon him; and rumours, spread by the Duke of Cumberland, that he was as weak a Premier as the unlamented Goderich, goaded him into an attitude of personal supremacy. He had never been accustomed to having his will thwarted, and his temperament prompted him to treat each political problem as it arose as if it were an administrative one for his own instant solution.

He set about eliminating all contrary opinions from the Government. The Grenvillites were ostracised; the Canningites were dismissed; the Duke of Clarence was

forced to resign. This dismissal of Huskisson, Palmerston and Dudley was a bold and decisive step. Huskisson had voted against the Government on the question of the disfranchisement of East Retford and had sent Wellington a letter of resignation which he did not expect would be accepted; Wellington made no effort to keep him. He had not the patience to put up with friction in the Cabinet, and eagerly seized the opportunity to rid himself of the Canningites, who were responsible for those internal dissensions under which he suffered. "I told Dudley and Palmerston," he said to Croker, "that I wished they and Huskisson could get out of the scrape, but that I begged on my own part to decline taking a roll in the mud with them." In vain the victims protested. Wellington refused to argue the point with the smaller fry. He wrote excellent, well-reasoned letters to Huskisson, but was not to be bullied by the others. "I do not choose," he said about Palmerston, "to fire great guns at sparrows." The Canningites were obliged to go, and the Duke was left with a pure Tory Government, homogeneous and amenable to control. Wellington, Peel and Lyndhurst made decisions and the Cabinet agreed to them. In August he proceeded to turn out the Duke of Clarence for exceeding his powers from the post of Lord High Admiral. His Government appeared to be growing in strength, and George IV was heard to remark: "The Duke of Wellington is King of England."

The Royal family displayed considerable jealousy of his power, and he took his course with his usual complete indifference to public opinion. Lord Grey wrote to Princess Lieven that the Duke "possessed a degree of power and influence which enabled him more than any

man to resist popular clamour." She was inclined to agree, but recorded in her diary that she had seen signs of a reversion to coquetry in the Duke's behaviour and that she did not intend again to be the dupe of his "sagacious demeanour, which is all he possesses." The Duke was determined on his side not to fall again into the meshes of the political siren, a resolution continually assisted by the influence of Mrs. Arbuthnot and Lady Jersey. But he had a firm belief in the importance of feminine approval. "All the women are with us," he wrote. "I sat between two at dinner yesterday, Lady Conyngham and Lady Cowper. I do not believe Lady Conyngham likes me, but I have never enquired into that. I have always disregarded Court intrigues. Well, I was good-humoured with them both, and sent them away both in good humour. I called Clanwilliam to me and said—'See what a little good humour does: look at these two women." Gossip said that Wellington obtained from a particular lady all the secrets of the Opposition, and that in addition to doing his own work, all Lord Aberdeen's work at the Foreign Office, and over-looking the business of all the other Departments, he found time to call upon women and attach them to his party. In the social world the awe he inspired had visibly increased; his presence created restraint and nervous silence. When he came into the room dressed in a blue coat with the Order of the Garter, all the men got up and often many of the women.

In spite of his great power of work, he found his task a heavy one. He was obliged to give three hours a day to his official papers, but the number of audiences was so great that often for ten days at a time he was unable to answer his private letters. Mrs. Arbuthnot,

dining with him, when the Duchess was out of town, "in the old comfortable way downstairs, only ourselves," records that "the poor fellow" sat down immediately after coffee to read and write until after twelve. She lamented the dull dinners he had to attend after being at the Treasury from noon till five and then at the House of Lords. She and Lady Shelley were worried about him. He had so few comforts; his sons were no help to him; it was unfortunate that he had no daughter; "he is not quite at his ease except with us." The strain was, in fact, telling upon him. In June he had a fall from his horse in Bruton Street, and a carriage passed close to his head as he lay on the ground. It was noticed that he looked pale and worn out, that he did not walk with his old firmness and elasticity, but seemed feeble, dragging one foot after the other. In August, after dealing with the Duke of Clarence, he went to Cheltenham for a fortnight, where he got brown and healthy. In September he was at shooting-parties; he took walks before breakfast and was in good spirits. He returned to town on October 18th.

It was fortunate for Wellington that he was physically fit to meet the crisis of Catholic Emancipation. O'Connell's victory in Clare had convinced him that the question could not be shirked, and although in June he had a passage of arms with his brother, Lord Wellesley, in the House of Lords on the subject, he gradually came to the conclusion during the summer months that the spirit of the age had made Catholic Emancipation inevitable. He could not see that in that case he was not the man to carry it. He had no sound comprehension of the English Constitution, or of the value of the party system. Political instinct should have told him

that he, a Tory, leader of the Tory party, Prime Minister by the support of the country gentlemen, could not propose so radical a change. But he could not see the matter in that light. His military instinct told him that it was a thing that had to be done and therefore as Commander he proposed to do it. He was no more afraid of the squires than he had been of the Canningites, and he was sure that Peel and he were strong enough to put the measure through. On December 26th, 1828, therefore, he wrote a letter to Dr. Curtis; its unintended publication, assenting in principle to Catholic Emancipation, created an immense sensation in the political world.

Wellington's resolution invariably increased in proportion to the difficulties he was obliged to encounter. The Catholic question destroyed his private life. He took little notice of any of his family; he hardly ever saw his mother, only visiting her once or twice a year; he had quarrelled with Lord Maryborough and Lord Wellesley, while his wife had long ceased to be more than the woman who bore his name and sat at the head of his table. The pressure of public business now occupied him from morning till night, and he had no time for the society that he enjoyed so much, not even for cosy dinners with Lady Shelley or the intimate conversations with Mrs. Arbuthnot. Difficulties surrounded him on every side. His intentions with regard to Catholic Emancipation had been rigidly secret, even from Lord Anglesey, who represented the Government in Ireland. Unfortunately between the disastrous publication of the letter to Dr. Curtis and the opening of Parliament the long-smouldering trouble between the Duke and Lord Anglesey burst into flames. Wellington considered his

brother-officer insurbordinate and had long desired to replace him. Anglesey was very imprudent and delivered himself into the Duke's hands by writing to the effect that though his letters were marked private he knew Wellington would make use of them. This was more than "a gentleman could put up with" and the Cabinet agreed that Anglesey must be recalled. Fortunately for Wellington, Lord Anglesey had given grounds for his dismissal which could be made public, by openly expressing his disapproval of the Duke's policy in Ireland. As he said to Croker, touching the little red Cossack cap which he wore in the house in cold weather, " 'Tis all my good luck, my Fortunatus' cap."

But George IV remained an obstacle to his plans. In January, 1829, Wellington obtained from him a modified consent to the proposals. But when, on February 5th, Parliament met and the secret burst upon the public, the King became frightened. A great agitation arose in the country; the old Tories were up in arms because Wellington had thrown them over; the Whigs were furious at being deprived of their strongest case as an Opposition. In Wellington's eyes they were one and all frivolous and factious: the Tories were always talking of consistency, although everything around them was changing; the Whigs would not let him settle a question, which they asserted to be of the first importance. He complained that everybody was unmanageable, and that nobody gave him any assistance or encouragement. He wrote to the Duke of Rutland that if he and his fellow peers failed to support him he would resign; he was not going to be "left at the mercy of the rump of the Whigs and the Canningites." The House of Lords were so "sour and sullen" that they were pre-

pared to vote against the Government on anything. Even members holding office in the Government had to be told that they must vote for his policy or resign. "If those in my rear slip away," he complained, "how can I meet the enemy in front?" Gradually, however, he got control over his supporters. "Well," he said to Croker, "here we are in another mess." But his own clear sense of the necessity of the measure at last brought the anti-Catholics reluctantly to heel.

Then the King remembered his coronation oath and took fright. On March 3rd he withdrew his consent to the Bill and Wellington was obliged to have a series of painful interviews with him which ended in the resignation of the Government. But George IV had met his master. The energy of Wellington's character, the natural self-confidence and resolution which his military triumphs had enormously intensified gave him ascendency over all who came in contact with him. It was felt by the King no less than by the Cabinet. It enabled him to treat the King as an equal and inspired in George IV a sinking sensation of awe. The last exhausting interview lasted three hours; George IV was in bed, and kissed Wellington when he went away. He had surrendered, and Wellington's resignation was withdrawn.

Politically this was the acme of Wellington's power. He was in complete command of King, aristocracy and Commons, and on March 5th, his Bill for the emancipation of the Catholics was introduced. Wellington said to Arbuthnot: "I am as in a field of battle, and I must fight it out my own way." He had felt the strain of the controversy and he was not well, but his speech in the House of Lords was a success. He spoke without notes, slowly, without gestures and also without hesita-

tion or embarrassment; sometimes he spoke for long stretches with his arms folded. The Bill passed through both Houses during March, though towards the end of its passage the violence of its opponents knew no bounds. The Duke of Cumberland was incessantly working against Wellington. He was both a personal and political enemy, talking everywhere against the Duke with irreconcilable hatred. It was whispered that Cumberland had prompted the backslidings of Anglesey; it is certain that he used every means to destroy the Bill in the House of Lords, and Wellington was goaded into saying that between the King and his brother it was "next to impossible to govern this country." Cumberland even endeavoured to widen the breach between Wellington and the King by referring to the Prime Minister as "King Arthur." So bitter were his attacks that even the Duke of Clarence, who had so lately been turned out of office, was prompted to defend Wellington against them. A violent correspondence took place between the two Royal Dukes, and they cut each other in public.

But the Duke of Cumberland was only one of many Tories who were yapping at the heels of the Prime Minister. Lord Winchelsea was worse. He wrote a letter, in which he accused the Duke of infringing English liberties, violating the Constitution of 1688 and introducing Popery into every department of the State. It also contained an impudent phrase to the effect that the Duke was "appearing in the new light as the protector of morality and religion." Wellington took the unexpected step of challenging him to a duel. His own letters to Winchelsea had been studiously moderate, but Winchelsea refused to apologise. Without a word to

anyone but his second, Sir Henry Hardinge, the Duke met his opponent in Battersea Fields at eight in the morning. He had carefully considered the question whether or not he should fire at Winchelsea and, concluding that if he killed his opponent he would probably be tried and imprisoned, decided to fire at his legs. Fifteen paces divided them, and Wellington, noticing that Winchelsea was placed on the edge of a ditch, found himself on the point of calling out, "Damn it, if you place him there he will fall into the ditch." Wellington fired first and missed, grazing his opponent's coat; Winchelsea fired in the air, and then produced a written apology out of his pocket. Wellington read it, insisted on its being altered to his satisfaction and, touching his hat, got on his horse and rode back to London. He went straight to Mrs. Arbuthnot who was at breakfast and said: "Well, what do you think of a gentleman who has been fighting a duel?" At twelve he went down to Windsor to tell the King. The incident naturally made a great stir and opinion differed widely upon it. Mrs. Arbuthnot and his entourage thought that such impudence could not be overlooked; Lady Jersey "affected nervousness and fine feeling"; the King was amused and rather pleased; the larger public was rather shocked. Duelling was out of fashion, and was beginning to be thought ridiculous.

His own defence ran as follows: "The truth is that the duel with Lord Winchelsea was part of the Roman Catholic question, and it was as necessary to undertake it, and to carry it out to the extremity to which I did carry it, as it was to do everything else which I did do to attain the object which I had in view. I was living for some time in an atmosphere of calumny. I could do

nothing that was not misrepresented as having some bad purpose in view. If my physician called upon me, it was for treasonable purposes. If I said a word, whether in Parliament or elsewhere, it was misrepresented for the purpose of fixing upon me some gross delusion or falsehood. Even my conversations with the King were repeated and misrepresented and commented upon. The courts of Justice were shut. In this state of things Lord Winchelsea published his furious letter. I immediately perceived the advantage it gave me; and I determined to act upon it in such a tone as would certainly put me in the right. I was successful in my project. The atmosphere of calumny cleared away. I am afraid that the event itself shocked many good men; but I am certain that the public interests at the moment required that I should do what I did."*

It is true that a short calm settled down upon the tumult of his political life. The Bill was passed; public interest died away; the old Tories were waiting in silence for their revenge. Peace was even patched up between Wellington and the Duke of Cumberland, through the good offices of the King. George IV wished Wellington to apologise to the Royal Duke, but this he refused to do; nevertheless, they exchanged calls and bowed to each other when they met. The King himself once more began to rely upon Wellington, who understood his idiosyncrasies and never interrupted him. As for Wellington, he had now leisure to return to Foreign Affairs, which were of absorbing interest to him. Whig enemies, like Lord Holland, said that he had the littleness of wishing to appear to do everything himself. The accusation was false in two respects; there was no

* *Wellington's Civil Despatches:* V, 585.

pretence about it, he really did do everything himself, and the explanation was not vanity but his inveterate habit of shouldering responsibility. In the art of diplomacy he cannot be compared to Canning. He lacked both sympathy and imagination; he could neither understand nor tolerate the revolutionary movements of his time. His Tory prejudices prompted him to back continually the wrong horses. He was on the side of the Turk against the Greek, in favour of an absolutist revolution in Portugal, and against democratic revolutions in France and Belgium. He could not see far ahead, and lacked the vision without which it is impossible to plan a national policy. He disliked speculation about the future; he preferred to face boldly the immediate problems as they rose. Thus on October 18th, 1827, he had been faced with the *fait accompli* of Navarino. All his pro-Turkish sympathies, all his hatred of small nations struggling to be free, were aroused by this event. He refused to join with Russia in the coercion of Turkey and was left to watch the Russian armies advance and dictate peace at Adrianople. He refused to join with France in landing troops in Greece and was left to watch Ibrahim turned out of the Morea. He lost control of the situation in the Near East, which Canning had for so long directed. It was not surprising that Metternich should maintain that he had none of the elements of the statesman: "He is a society hero, and nothing more." Such shallow judgments as this sprang out of gossip spread about by the indefatigable Princess Lieven, who reported that Wellington had said that Polignac was the cleverest Minister France had had since the Restoration. He was charged with having recommended Polignac to Charles X, but

this he hotly denied. The Whigs embraced the accusation joyfully as a proof of his incapacity and of his tendency to intrigue. As for Princess Lieven, she was convinced that the Duke was anxious to get rid of her, and complained bitterly that he believed all the gossip he heard about her and her husband. It was true that her ex-admirer was now disillusioned: "It is beneath my dignity," he said, "to make victims of such people as they are."

Vision and patience are the two qualities of statesmanship, and Wellington was not rich in either. Quite apart from his partiality for the Turks or for Polignac, he was nearly always disposed to frown upon new ideas, or change in whatever direction it might arise. He was hostile to Reform, to Free Trade, to the Income Tax, to railways and new rifles—to everything that made for change. He was even reluctant to diminish the number of crimes that could be punished by death. His lack of patience is made evident by his prosecution of the *Morning Journal* for libels so "vague and vulgar," as Greville said, that most men would have treated them with the contempt they deserved. He was fortunate enough to win and the paper was suppressed. But he gained no advantage and his contemporaries were right in considering it an act of impatient folly.

The interlude of calm was not destined to last long, and Wellington, now looking older and more careworn, had to face fresh difficulties. Parliament met on February 4th, 1830, and the Government, weakened by its diversion into Liberalism, was confronted by a formidable Opposition. The Whigs made no effort to turn Wellington out; they preferred to watch for his fall. Motions in favour of Reform were continually brought

forward and defeated by narrowing majorities. The Parliamentary struggle was intensified by distress in the country and riots in the manufacturing districts. Wellington adopted the attitude of the Bourbons. "There is no distress—there can be no distress—there shall be no distress." He was much criticised. He was abused for staying about in country-houses and amusing himself with hunting and shooting at such a time. He was accused of being unfeeling and contemptuous. Greville considered that his detractors were unjust. It was natural, if his home-life was taken into account, that he should prefer to visit other people rather than stay at home. Amusement and pleasure were necessary to him, and it was impossible to deny his capacity for work. He opened, read and answered all his own letters. He never received a letter that he did not answer. Although enjoying power and authority, and accustomed to be instantly obeyed, his simplicity, frankness and good humour made him popular in his own world. Prejudices he had in plenty, but he was never moved by personal considerations. Everybody agreed that his intentions were excellent; unfortunately his political insight was usually at fault. He was not indifferent to distress; he was merely wrong in thinking that the distress was immensely exaggerated.

On June 20th, 1830, George IV died, which gave the Government a welcome respite. Wellington found he was an executor; he had understood the King and, in spite of obstacles, had obtained a dominating influence over him. He had even been inspired to one of his rare jokes by the King's talk of his youthful exploits; George IV had maintained that he had made a body of troops charge down the Devil's Dyke near Brighton.

"Very steep, sir, very steep," said the Duke. Wellington went in alone to see the dead body of the King. George IV had directed that he should be buried in his night-clothes, and Wellington, standing in front of him and noticing that something hung round the dead man's neck, pulled up the dirty and faded ribbon: it was attached to a miniature of Mrs. Fitzherbert. It is said that the Duke blushed when telling this story; to yield to such an impulse was contrary to his code of honour.

The new King was at first considerably hampered by his old relations with Lord Grey, but he soon turned towards Wellington, whose influence over William IV and Queen Adelaide became as great as that he had exercised over George IV. Wellington found him malleable and absurd, and complained that William IV did not know how to behave. At his first Council he ignored the speech written for him by the Prime Minister and produced an impromptu of his own; at a dinner at Apsley House he made a speech referring to the happy married life of the Duke of Wurtemburg, which may have been deserved but was certainly inappropriate in his host's house; at the same dinner he told the band to play "See the Conquering Hero Comes", which was the sort of thing Wellington abhorred; he made a speech of inordinate length in proposing the Duke's health and received the shortest possible one in reply. Wellington acquired a habit of going away when he began to speak. William IV was, indeed, rather a silly man. But the Whigs and Princess Lieven lamented Wellington's amazing good fortune in finding himself once again backed by Royal favour.

In the General Election, however, the Government lost ground. Wellington's support of Polignac in

France, and his opposition to giving the franchise to the big towns in England had increased his political unpopularity. The air was charged with revolutionary sentiment. He had backed the wrong horse in Polignac and had no patience with Charles X. "Oh, oh, ay, damned fool—first resigned, then repented, then resigned again." He was disturbed about Foreign Affairs, and the observing world rightly doubted his ability to deal with the problems of the two revolutions in France and Belgium. He had consulted no one and there was no one with whom he was on terms of confidence and cordiality. He did not try to penetrate the cold reserve of Peel. Upper-class feeling that he was the pilot to weather the storm was not founded on his abilities but his firm and unflinching character. He shared this belief in himself which continual deference and prolonged success had hardened into conviction. He did not realise that he possessed neither the patience to gauge the tendency of events nor a knowledge of human nature sufficient to enable him to estimate the character and motives of the individuals concerned in them.

In September he went down to Liverpool for the opening of the new railway. He hated railways, and went on using post-horses until they had disappeared from the deserted roads. But he felt he was out of touch with the public and desired to hear again the cheers of the populace. Huskisson wrote from Liverpool of the great preparations for his reception, adding that the feeling was "not confidence in, or admiration for, his political character, but rather that of awe at the man that subdued Napoleon and forced the Catholic question." Huskisson had not met Wellington since

his resignation, and, when the great day arrived, he got hurriedly out of his carriage to shake hands with the Duke, and, crossing the line, was killed by the train. Wellington was deeply moved and could hardly be persuaded to go on to Manchester. The world said how strange it was that all his enemies should die.

Wellington had never forgiven Huskisson, but he had not the same feeling about Palmerston, and he made some effort to get the latter back into the Government. Nothing came of it, however, except a visit by Palmerston to Apsley House, which lasted six minutes. All through 1830 attempts were made at reconstruction. The obvious move was to re-unite with the old Tories, but the memory of Catholic Emancipation stood in the way. Rogers tried to bring him into relations with the Whigs by asking him to meet Lord Grey and Lord Holland at dinner. It was not a success; Lord Holland told his best stories and the Duke never moved a muscle. Wellington was, in truth, opposed to reconstruction and whenever an attempt was made he would, as Lord Grey said, "in his usual peremptory way at once silence the proposal."

But if he did not reconstruct he was bound to fall. The clouds were gathering ever thicker around him, and it seemed to many that it was essential to the country that he should remain in power. It did not seem possible that any other man could weather the coming storm, and a revolution seemed certain if he went out. He himself was feeling the physical strain of office, and Van de Weyer, the astute emissary of Belgium, who saw him at this moment, wrote: "I was surprised to see an infirm old man in an armchair, from which he raised himself with difficulty to receive

me. As the Duke had invited me I remained silent. So did the Duke for a long time, and then began to talk. He was extremely civil."

Parliament met on November 2nd and Wellington was hissed on his way to Westminster; a stone was thrown at him. In the debate on the address Wellington concluded his speech with the fatal pronouncement on Reform which destroyed his Government. "I will at once declare," he said, "that as far as I am concerned, as long as I hold any station in the Government of the country, I shall always feel it my duty to resist such measures when proposed by others." He genuinely admired the ancient constitution of England, and dreaded any alteration in its Conservative safeguards. He had been a little alarmed at his own Liberalism, and he was unable to see that Reform was as inevitable as Catholic Emancipation. On the contrary, he tried, as Brougham said, "by his speech on Reform to close the door he had opened by his actions on Catholic Emancipation." Unpractised in the politician's caution, he said more than he intended, put his thoughts too bluntly into words. The effect of his imprudence was immediate. It did not in the least placate his Tory enemies who were lying in wait to defeat him, while it drove the middle classes to fury, and completely destroyed his general popularity in the country. Even his life was in danger. He received letters threatening him with assassination on the way to the Guildhall on November 9th. Apsley House was surrounded with Grenadier Guards.

Wellington's combative spirit was roused by all this. He looked ill enough, but he talked in high and confident language. "Oh, I shall have pistols in the

carriage," he said. *"On l'essayera, mais on ne le fera pas. Ce n'est pas si facile de tuer un homme."* His friends told him that he had better resign, but he was determined to fight it out to the last. He had always despised the mob, and he was convinced that all "respectable people would rally to his support." Lord, I shall not go out," he said to Lady Jersey; "you will see we shall go on very well." It was necessary, nevertheless, to cancel the attendance of William IV and his Prime Minister at the Guildhall, a measure of caution so antipathetic to Wellington that he looked back upon the decision as one of the most difficult in his career. Six days later, on November 15th, 1830, the old Tories got their revenge by joining with the Whigs and defeating the Government on the Civil List.

CHAPTER XVI

REFORM

From the glorious days of Waterloo to this November day fifteen years later his ambition had trailed him through the muddle of irritation, disappointment and failure. It is a mistake, however, to think that he was merely a soldier pushed by love of power into positions he could not fill. He had many qualities invaluable in civilian life, and he was, and was yet to prove himself to be, a most useful public servant, honest, disinterested and capable. He was an excellent administrator, and by no means a bad speaker. Greville says of him: "He is not up to a great speech on a great occasion. He lacks information, preparation and discipline of mind, and so exposes himself. But he has a bold, manly and high tone, not like a practised debater, but a man with a vigorous mind and determined character. What he says is much to the point; no nonsense or verbiage: he says strongly and simply what he has to say." Disraeli confirms this: "The readiness with which he has adopted the air of a debater shows the man of genius. There is a gruff, husky sort of a downright Montaigneish naïvete about him, which is quaint, unusual, and tells."

But nature intended him to be a general and not a statesman. His greatest qualities were essentially unpolitical and he never understood either the party system or the indirect influence of public opinion upon Parliament and Cabinet. His clear insight into the present enabled him to grasp the urgent necessity of Catholic

Emancipation, but his wisdom in this respect was vitiated by the method he employed to bring it about. He had removed from his Cabinet all the Liberal elements, the Grenvillites and Canningites, and then proceeded to introduce a measure so Liberal that it permanently offended the remaining Tories. It is not surprising, therefore, that Gladstone should have called his Ministers a "parcel of mediocrities and drones" and Brougham more laconically "Wellington's parasites". Among the residue that he had not discarded he became a dictator; he commanded them as he had his officers in Spain. All the power and force of the Government centred in himself, and he undertook the impossible task of running all the Departments of the State. Having complete control of the machine, he used it without heeding party prejudices or departmental traditions, as if his only duty lay in administering as he himself thought best or as circumstances might dictate. In his eyes legislation was only a part of administrative business. Lord Holland puts neatly the impression he made upon unfriendly observers: "He continually cedes his opinions to expediency. According to his usual custom and straightforward character, when the obstacle occurs, he will turn sharp round on his crane neck and swear that he always meant to drive that way." It is clear that throughout his political career Wellington thought expediency a prime virtue. It is, indeed, the virtue of a general, an administrator, a public servant, but not of a statesman. In the same way public opinion remained a mystery to him, and his indifference to public criticism, which was a virtue in him as a soldier, was fatal to him as a politician. The fact that his qualities were ill-adapted to the position to which he

aspired led many to depreciate him. Stockmar thought him one of the least adroit and most mischievous Ministers that England had ever possessed; that his manner of conducting business shook the confidence of everyone and that the result of his measures was that everything that he did not intend was certain to happen. Greville thought him arrogant and dictatorial; he could not anticipate nor understand the changes passing in Europe; his guiding principles both at home and abroad were unsuited to his times; he had a tardy flexibility under pressure of circumstances and not a steady application of opinion and conduct to the necessity of the moment; he had alienated his friends by his failure to adhere either to principle or party. These are harsh judgments. The urge of unsatisfied vitality had led him in middle life to incur them. He had come out of a splendid and autocratic isolation to be knocked about in a dusty, unappreciative, critical world. Throughout the troubled years of Reform he was to experience to the full the fickleness of public favour.

Lord Grey succeeded him as Prime Minister. When William IV asked the Duke what sort of a man Grey was, he made the curious but honest answer that he really did not know. Wellington was to lead the Opposition in the House of Lords; it was considered that he could never again be Prime Minister; his unpopularity made it impossible. Rumours spread that he was about to retire from public life, but he had no such intention. He said that he was by position and duty a public man, and that he would remain as long as his life and intellect should last. He gave a great dinner to all those who had fallen from power; fifty guests in the great gallery. He busied himself

quelling riots in Hampshire. He was convinced that Reform could be beaten and he was prepared to face any extreme of unpopularity to attain that end. And most unpopular he already was. In December a man was arrested for intending to assassinate him, and as the Reform agitation progressed the feeling against him grew more and more violent. His speeches in the House of Lords on Reform were full of undiscriminating eulogy of unreformed Parliaments. Dining with Princess Lieven in March, 1831, he was still confident Reform would be rejected. "When I asked him," she wrote, "if this would not lead to serious commotions in the country, he answered me 'Bah! Bah!' It does not appear to me a very powerful argument." On April 22nd Parliament was dissolved, and three days later, in the midst of the political excitement, the forgotten Duchess of Wellington died at Apsley House. The mob broke the windows of the House and yelled in chorus around it, while she was lying dead inside. The Duke was not to be moved by intimidation. He considered that Reform was a cheat, a delusion and a snare. "I certainly will never enter the House of Lords from the time it passes." He did not understand his times and still imagined that public opinion could be obliterated by force, a delusion which rallied to his side the estranged Tories. In June the party was sufficiently united for Wellington to hold a meeting of Peers at Apsley House, at which he told them that they could "make a good fight yet". His speeches were full of sweeping repudiations of the necessity for change. He admitted that the election had been favourable for the Reformers, but the proposed Bill was a revolution. The nation was sound at heart, and, with the possible excep-

tion of the assassination of Peel and himself, he did not believe there would be violence; he had had a letter warning him that he would be shot in Palace Yard. While the strong feelings of the moment might die away, the ancient constitution could never be restored; revolution would have been lawfully accomplished. This he was determined if he could to prevent; on October 8th the second Reform Bill was defeated in the House of Lords.

Riots took place all over the country, and for the second time Apsley House was attacked by the mob. The windows were broken and stones thrown at the servants. Wellington had afterwards the iron shutters put up which remained there for the rest of his life. When, in later years, his popularity returned and a cheering crowd followed him to his house, he would make no response beyond pointing with his riding-whip to the shutters. No doubt his opposition to Reform was a political blunder. He refused to face the obvious fact that without Reform the country could not be governed.

In December the third Reform Bill was introduced. The strain of the fight was telling upon the Duke, and he looked worn and ill. He sought every opportunity of getting away to his hunting at Stratfield Saye, for he had taken a dislike to London. He could not walk or ride about the streets without being insulted; people hooted at him and shouted gross expressions. He was in low spirits and the outlook seemed black in every direction. He considered himself unfortunate to have lived in such times; his natural optimism had given way, and his mortification and alarm at the state of public affairs had deeply affected him. He told Lord Harrowby that it gave him no pleasure to be a great

man, and he was ready to step down to any position that circumstances might ordain. But his opinions remained obstinate: the Bill was certain ruin and he would never assist the passage of such a measure.

The Whigs feared Wellington's influence. It was true that he was becoming more and more unpopular in the couuntry, but at Westminster his disinterestedness and determination had won the deep devotion of the Tories; "Stick to the Duke of Wellington" became their cry. It was resolved that when the Bill reached the House of Lords, it should be "made safe" in Committee. This euphuism for mutilation provoked on May 8th, 1832, the resignation of Lord Grey, and the distracted King called upon Wellington to form an Administration. Lord Grey thought that Wellington's attempt to do so was a tactical mistake, but to attempt it was typical of his character. It was obviously impossible to create an anti-Reform Government, since the result would have been a rebellion. His only chance was to form a government of moderate Reform, which entailed the eating of countless oft-repeated words. Outwardly it seemed as if by some strange process he had argued himself into believing that, though the House of Lords would be degraded by allowing Grey's Bill to pass, they would not be degraded if the Bill was presented by him. In reality Wellington's action was based on his belief that it was his duty to assist the King to "shake off the trammels of a tyrannical Minister", even at the cost of his own consistency. Wellington said to Baring, "I should think myself unfit to crawl on the earth if I did not stand by the King." Peel did not see it in that light. In 1829 he had been greatly under the influence of Wellington; he had believed that Welling-

ton would govern the country for a generation, and he agreed to follow Wellington's divagation towards Liberalism in the matter of Catholic Emancipation. But he could not bring himself to accept the Liberalism of Reform. It was not till the 'forties that Peel could face another big dose of change. It is interesting to compare the words of the two men. Wellington said: "If I had refused to assist in the formation of a Government, I should have been ashamed to show my face in the streets." Peel said: "If I had accepted the task proposed to me, I could not have walked upright into this house." Wellington was determined to be loyal; Peel to be consistent.

Peel's refusal entailed the failure of Wellington's attempt. "We are in a fine scrape," he said, "and I really do not see how we are to get out of it." Everybody was refusing to take office, Goulburn, Herries, Croker and Wynn, and the Whigs were accusing him of bad faith in daring himself to deal with Reform. For a moment he dallied with the idea of making the Speaker, Manners Sutton, Prime Minister, but Manners Sutton was so blatant a stop-gap that he was obviously impossible. Wellington was obliged to give in and, on his advice, the King sent once more for Lord Grey. This time William IV was obliged to promise his Prime Minister to create Peers in sufficient numbers to pass the Bill if necessary, but Wellington was successful in securing sufficient abstentions, and the fatal measure became law. "The Government of England is destroyed," Wellington declared. "I don't believe that gentlemen will be prevailed upon to offer themselves as candidates."

On June 18th, 1832, less than a fortnight after the

passage of Reform and on the anniversary of Waterloo, a vast mob waylaid him on his way from the Tower. They pelted him with dirt and stones, and tried to pull him from his saddle. He was much assisted by a gentleman in a tilbury who kept close behind him and prevented the crowd from closing in. He never discovered the gentleman's name. At one moment he noticed a coal cart some distance ahead in the street, and the thought crossed his mind: "here comes the artillery." With the help of a few old soldiers and police he managed to reach the enclosure of Lincoln's Inn, whence a large body of police, assisted by the lawyers, succeeded in getting him home in safety. The mob followed, and that evening while the Waterloo dinner was in progress Apsley House was surrounded by police and regular troops. This was the culmination of his unpopularity.

CHAPTER XVII

HOUSE OF LORDS

WELLINGTON was now 63 years old. He was well-preserved. Raikes, who had lately come into his life, found him quick of apprehension, talking out of his great experience without verbiage or circumlocution. His health was good, except for his increasing deafness, which was accompanied by pains in the head. An unwise and badly-executed operation had lately made him deafer than ever. The fires of life were beginning to burn low, and there can be no question that in his case decreasing vitality brought increasing wisdom. The turmoil of his middle life, lived under the stimulus of his enormous fame, was over. The temptations brought by his sudden rise to so conspicuous a height, the flattering flutter of smart and silly women round him, the desire to govern and command, had lost their power over him. He had been overbearing in society. There was a story told of his having sat next to a lady at dinner who had a smelling-bottle containing musk. Wellington said to her: "In India ladies put musk rats into their smelling-bottles." "They must be very small rats then." "Not at all, about the size of English rats." "Then their smelling-bottles must be very large." "Not at all, no bigger than yours." His rudeness had been Johnsonian in its ruthlessness. In 1827 Lord Anglesey had called at Apsley House to offer to communicate the arrangements of the new Government. "I have no desire to be informed of them," was the curt reply.

The easy and delightful relation with Lady Shelley, with its cosy dinners and affectionate interchange of letters, full of gaiety and chaff; his deeper intimacy with Mrs. Arbuthnot were things of the past. The ladies, too, were getting old. Of the past also were such compromising descriptions of his hours of ease as had appeared in 1825 in the scurrilous Memoirs of Harriette Wilson. It was time for the sanctimonious Miss J. to appear upon the scene, and in 1834 began that desultory and curious correspondence which continued to the end of his life. Wellington had reached the serenity of his old age, and it changed his attitude towards politics and the attitude of the world towards him. It enabled him not only to recover his popularity but to become the revered Nestor of English public life.

It was not that his Toryism had diminished. He still refused to travel by train, and opposed the introduction of third-class carriages on the ground that they only encouraged the poor to move about. His persistent opposition to all new inventions was responsible for the fact that the British Army was little better equipped in the Crimea than it had been at Waterloo. He set no value on the overland mail to India and did not believe that it went any faster than in his day, although the difference was twenty-six days instead of five months. His judgments, too, were just as violent; the Irish were "a set of lawless ruffians"; he held it impossible to abolish capital punishment in the army because "you cannot trust the British soldier as a man of honour." He retained his life-long hatred of the Press and, when a newspaper applied for admission to note details of a royal visit to Stratfield Saye, he replied: "Field Marshal

the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. —— and begs to say that he does not see what his House at Stratfield Saye has to do with the public press." In fact, his character had not changed; men's characters do not change.

But the fire had gone out of his ambition; he had become a completely disinterested servant of the State, and his unselfish motives were soon appreciated by the world at large. The first evidence of the change is evident in his attempt to form a moderate Reform Administration in 1832. He did not coolly calculate like Peel; he stepped forward simply to help the King, accepted all the blame, and was ready to serve under anybody willing and fit to be Prime Minister. During the Reform Government of Lord Grey his disinterestedness was maintained. He believed that the alternatives were Lord Grey's Government and chaos, and he was determined to support Lord Grey. Much as he hated the new democracy and the transfer of power from the gentlemen of England to the manufacturers, convinced as he was that nothing could stop the progress of revolution, he believed that "whatever we think of Ministers, they must be kept on their legs." He did not anticipate they could hold on for long; indeed, he was astonished that England still continued to exist as a state. The great tradition of aristocracy might hold things together for a while, but the operation of Reform would slowly but surely bring in the inevitable Democracy, and "democracy must end in anarchy and be followed by despotism". Meanwhile he refused to sulk and did what he could to help Lord Grey.

His leadership of Opposition in the House of Lords was admirable. He came down day after day,

loaded with papers and carefully amended Whig measures, always refusing to throw them out. The Tories chafed at his tactics. They accused him of inactivity, of want of courage; but his control over them, based upon good sense, was strong. The attitude of the people at large also began to change; gradually, as the passions of the Reform period died away, they regained their admiration for the old hero. It was impossible not to respect the nobility of his character and the sincerity of his patriotism. People resumed the habit of taking off their hats to him, of standing up as he passed by in the Park, and when he succeeded Lord Grenville as Chancellor of Oxford University he was given a great reception. No man has ever cared less for popular applause than the Duke. He had been, indeed, reluctant to accept the office. "I answered that I had not received a University education; that I knew no more of Greek or Latin than an Eton boy in the Remove; that these facts were perfectly well known and that I must be considered incapable and unfit. It would occur to everybody that I was an example of success in life without academical education and an example to be avoided rather than an example for the University to hold forth to the youth of the country." Eventually his scruples were overcome. "I said that in all cases of this kind I considered myself as an instrument to be used by the public, when it was deemed necessary."

These words contain the essence of his new attitude. Not only did he refuse to oppose factiously the passage of Whig measures, but he was even ready to give private advice to his political enemies on questions of foreign policy. His sense of national duty had become stronger than party consideration or personal jealousy.

In July, 1834, Lord Spencer's death removed Lord Althorpe from the House of Commons and Lord Grey resigned. That evening at Lady Cork's reception Disraeli met the Duke, and Lord Ossulston whispered to him, "he always wears his blue ribbon when mischief is going on." It was, however, William IV who was doing the mischief. He proposed to Lord Melbourne that he should form a Coalition Government with Wellington and Peel. Melbourne naturally refused, and characteristically sent the correspondence to the Duke. In November the King plucked up his courage and turned out the Whigs. Wellington was at Stratfield Saye, and Melbourne delivered there a letter asking him to go to Brighton to see the King. The Duke was just going out hunting, but set off at once for Brighton, where his unexpected arrival created a sensation. William IV asked him to form a Government, but on this occasion he was wise enough to recommend that the Prime Minister should be in the House of Commons, and advised the King to send for Peel. Peel was travelling in Italy, and Wellington said that he was perfectly ready to hold all the offices until Peel reached home. To the horror of the Whigs, who called it an "offensive and wanton act of power", this strange arrangement was carried out. Wellington was sworn in as head of the Treasury Commission and Secretary of State for all the other Departments, and the political world was amazed to see one man discharging the business of six Ministers. Wellington went to all the offices and thoroughly enjoyed the sensation of despotism. He said to the Lord Chancellor, Lyndhurst: "All that we have got to do now is to get the Government of the country into our hands. I shall sit at the Treasury and

take all the Secretary's seals. You may take the Great Seal. You and I must be the Government of the country. Things are quiet, the people will not murmur."

The Duke of Newcastle wrote that in this affair he had set "an example of noble and disinterested magnanimity above all praise." He had not taken the obvious advantage to be derived from Peel's absence at a critical moment. He had filled up no places, taken no active steps of any kind, leaving perfect liberty of action to Peel on his return. Meanwhile he stood up alone against the fire of his opponents, who were fortified by the conviction that he was behaving unconstitutionally.

On December 9th Peel arrived and Wellington was appointed Foreign Secretary. He was glad to be in office again, for the year 1824 had dealt him a cruel blow. In August Mrs. Arbuthnot had died. The world had taken it lightly as the world will. "Only think of the Beau's flirt being dead," wrote Creevey in his diary. "The Duke of Wellington," wrote Lord Grey to Princess Lieven, "is said to feel it deeply through his triple case of iron, but it has not made him relax his attendance in the House of Lords." Greville, who had heard this comment, treated it with the contempt is deserved. He thought it showed the Duke's good sense that he should go on with his work. There can be no question that he felt her loss deeply. He wrote tenderly to Lady Shelley about his feelings and she, who knew him, did not doubt for a moment his sorrow. She wrote sympathising with him on "the loss of your home, for such to you was her house." The homeless, friendless man turned eagerly to his public work. From December,

until Peel's uneasy Government fell in April, 1835, he was in control of the Foreign Office. It was the last great office he was destined to hold and, as a member of a Government that held office without power, he had little scope for independent action. In Palmerston's opinion he behaved with great fairness during these months when the Government was continually being beaten in the House of Commons. He administered his office without embarking on any fundamental changes of policy. He found William IV very tiresome, and the position of the Government "as bad as could be". But he had become more hopeful about the general situation. "I consider," he said, "that the country is on its legs again." He had now become extremely popular. In private life most people were afraid of him, even his own family, for, in addition to his vast prestige and resplendent past, he was acquiring the aloofness and sanctity of age, which keeps affection at a distance. In public life he was adored by the Tory party in the country, and in the House of Lords his control was so great that when during an attack made upon him by Lord Brougham he pointed his finger at him and said, "Now take care what you say next," Brougham was so alarmed that he stopped speaking. Wherever he went the public gave him enthusiastic receptions, and at a party at Lady Antrobus' everybody rose as he entered the room and "Rule Britannia" was sung. Lord Dalhousie describes him to us at this time. "Wellington as upright as possible and no marks of time, except his white hair, upon him. His dress was remarkably neat. He wore black knee-breeches and black silk stockings with the Garter round his left knee, blue coat with the Star of the Garter, white waistcoat and white neckcloth,

with the Golden Fleece round his neck. His manner was animated, and his voice loudish and gay."*

After Peel's resignation he resumed his discreet leadership of the House of Lords, with its strong inclination to deal kindly with Whig measures. There was, naturally, a violent section among the Tories who disapproved of all this, and their leader, Lord Lyndhurst, made every effort to break down Wellington's control. Lyndhurst succeeded in tearing the Irish Municipal Corporations Bill to shreds in the House of Lords, but Wellington, much as he disliked the Bill, was successful eventually in arranging a compromise. A temporary coldness between the Duke and Peel increased the difficulties of the Opposition, but the friends of both made it their business to bring them together again.

The Duke at this time was in good health and spirits. He gave meticulous attention to business down to the smallest detail. He would even go to the length of writing to inform the bank that he had signed a cheque upon them. He was still capable of considerable physical exertion. In one week he hunted on Thursday, shot on Friday, and on Saturday travelled a hundred miles to Stratfield Saye to give a dinner party. In conversation he was always laconic, and never spoke from the love of hearing his own voice. Other people's remarks would often receive fom him no further recognition than "Ha!", which was apt to kill the conversation. He had reached the age of reminiscence, and enjoyed occasionally holding forth to attentive listeners on his exploits and experiences. He read a certain amount, but not enthusiastically. Indeed, he had refused to allow any book to be dedicated to him, since, if he

*Lee Warner's *Life of Lord Dalhousie*: i, 36.

did, he would have had to read it. He had at command that dry trenchant humour which produces what are commonly called epigrams. His criticism of the Tory party: "I have no small talk and Peel has no manners," is a well-known example. One night, again, when Croker had been laying down the law and contradicting Wellington about Waterloo, the conversation turned to percussion caps. "My dear Croker," said the Duke, "I can yield to your superior information on most points, and you may perhaps know a great deal more of what passed at Waterloo than I do, but, as a sportsman, I will maintain my point about percussion caps." For a man of 68 he slept well, and, apart from rheumatism in the neck, habitually felt well. Lord Londonderry put his finger upon the cause of his well-being: "His cup of ambition was full to the brim." At a dinner party at the Duchess of Cannizzaro's he was crowned with laurel, and the company stood up and sang a hymn in his honour. It was observed that every day he rose higher in public estimation.

The year 1837 was an interesting one in his life. His Despatches, edited by Colonel Gurwood, were published and produced a revived interest in his personality and career. Creevey thought that everyone who read them must grow fonder of him. "In every respect a perfect man." "When I read them," said Wellington, "I was myself astonished, and I can't think how the devil I could have written them." In that year, too, as William IV lay dying, the Duke of Cumberland asked Wellington to advise him what to do: "Go away as fast as you can," said the Duke, "and take care that you don't get pelted." He was present at Queen Victoria's first Council, and observed that "if she had been his own

daughter he could not have desired her to perform her part better." In the same year Mrs. Fitzherbert died, leaving Lord Albemarle in possession of her precious store of papers and documents. The Duke, as executor of George IV, met Lord Albemarle in Mrs. Fitzherbert's house in Tilney Street, and the most important of the documents, including the disputed certificate of marriage, were made into a packet and sent to Coutts's Bank. The two men sat over the fire in Tilney Street burning the rest of the vast mass of papers, and, after two hours of steady destruction, the Duke said to Lord Albemarle: "I think, my Lord, we had better hold our hand for a while, or we shall set the old woman's chimney on fire." In the following year he attended the Coronation of Queen Victoria, and the old man was much applauded as he performed the act of homage to the young Queen. He took much trouble to be pleasant to old Soult, who was representing France, and travelled down to Dover with Van de Weyer to meet the King of the Belgians. The festivities culminated in a ball at Apsley House for two thousand people. The activity of his social life continued. He went down to Burghley to shoot; he went to stay at Belvoir, where 145 retainers drank his health in the servants' hall, and 1,000 people collected to see him go out, and where in the evening everybody gathered round to hear him talk about Spain.

In spite of his deafness, which made his duties in the House of Lords a torture to him, he retained his interest in political life. His infirmities annoyed him. He told Croker that he would rather get rid of the rheumatism in his neck and shoulders than "of all the libels of all the Jacobins, Republicans, Bonapartists, Radicals, Re-

formers and Whigs in all Her Majesty's dominions, including her ancient Kingdom of France and her colonies in North America." Nevertheless, he persisted in attending Tory meetings at Peel's house, sitting with his hand to his ear and turning from one speaker to another round the circle. Of social problems he understood little and his interest in them was even less. His attitude was pessimistic. "I think that men must now open their eyes and see that if they don't act together and make an effort to preserve property and rights from further invasion, they must all and each of them in his turn become a sacrifice to the new principles. Possibly I am wrong. All this trouble and these efforts may be useless. It may be best to let the country go to the devil in its own way. With all my heart! Be it so! I have before stood, and I can now stand, alone; and, please God, as long as I have strength and voice they shall hear of the mischief they are doing." On foreign affairs his vision was more clear, his understanding more sound, and on the troubles in Canada his support was invaluable to Melbourne. He took great pains to give the Whigs the benefit of his advice, writing to Lady Shelley: "So I am the man to settle Canada! I should like to see the man able to settle anything." Needless to say, his efforts to place national policy before party tactics were not popular with the Tories. "The Duke of Wellington rose," wrote Disraeli, "and spoilt all with his generosity and all that." He was supposed by them to be completely *passé* and to have given himself up to earning golden opinions from the Whigs. Praise him they did. "That man's first object," said Brougham, "is to serve his country, with a sword if necessary—or with a pick-axe." And the more they

praised him, the more angry the Tories became, lamenting the decay of his faculties and wishing, yet not daring, to get rid of him.

Wellington, when their complaints of his support of the Whigs came to his ears, merely said: "Depend upon it, what I said was true." He was determined not to be factious, to retain his non-party attitude, and to consider every question from the point of view of public advantage. His moderation and forbearance were of the greatest assistance to Melbourne's Government. The two men were on friendly terms, and Wellington's niece, Lady Burghersh, carried on the political intercourse between them. Melbourne fully realised the pleasure the Duke derived from giving his advice, and he appreciated the frank and direct way in which the advice was given. He was far from thinking the advice was invariably good, but he was well aware of how important it was for his Administration to keep on the right side of the irascible old warrior who led the House of Lords.

Few people could at any period of his life be said to be intimate with Wellington, and of these few nearly all were women. Attractive women appealed to him up to the end of his life; they approached him easily and could often, like Lady Burghersh, influence him. His long friendship and correspondence with Lady Salisbury ceased only with her death in 1839. The Duke would stand from women what he could not tolerate in men. He submitted for many years to the fervid exhortations of Miss J.; Lady Blessington, too, was always angling for something, sending him presents and asking him to do jobs for her, to put her nephew in the army, to get some friend of hers a grant out of the Consolidated

Fund, to allow people to go over his house or see his pictures, to receive strange foreigners, yet though obviously often bored and always elusive, he was never other than ironically gracious to her. To the last the attention of women flattered him, and even when a young girl, Miss Mary Jervis, threw herself at his head and wanted to marry him, he could not resist making the most of the situation. She became "the Syren" of his correspondence with Lady de Ros. "I should like to see the Syren married to Lord Lowther or anybody excepting myself—God bless her! I cannot conceive how she came to think of me; I am old enough to be her great grandfather." Nevertheless, he continued his flirtation with the Syren for many years, until she married an Indian Nabob, and the Duke could affect to give a sigh of relief at the "lucky coincidence of the Black Prince appearing."

In 1839 Lord Douro was married to Lady Elizabeth Hay, and at the wedding breakfast at Lady Tweeddale's house in Belgrave Square the Duke somewhat eclipsed the bridegroom as an object of interest. In 1839, too, he was, after many years of bitterness, reconciled with Lord Wellesley. They had not met for a long time, and, although nothing really intimate took place between them, they managed to display towards each other a wintry and superficial cordiality. His vitality was ebbing; he could not feel about Miss Jervis in 1839 what he had felt about Lady Shelley in 1816; he could no longer be roused by political passion to that pitch of antipathy he felt towards his brother in 1828.

Even the opportunity that came to him on the fall of Lord Melbourne's Government over the Bedchamber Plot could not rouse his ambitions. Melbourne advised the Queen to send for the Duke, whom he

considered an essential member of any alternative Government. Victoria found Wellington "very kind." He told her of his personal regard for Melbourne and how he had always done all he could to help his Government. He said that he had no power in the House of Commons and that "if he was to say black was black they would say it was not." He advised her to send for Peel. He was even reluctant to enter the Cabinet, pleading that anxious as he was to be of use to her he was deaf and old and quite unfit for debate. It was only later on when she roused his spirit by asking if the Foreign Office was too much for him, that he replied gruffly: "I'm able to do anything." Victoria retained a pleasant impression of the interview; she decided she liked the Duke "far better than Peel".

Wellington had a partiality for Melbourne, and had fallen under his charm. He, too, liked him better than Peel. He thought it on the whole fortunate that the young Queen should have fallen under Melbourne's influence. The Prime Minister was no doubt cynical and frivolous, but he was wise in all worldly affairs. Wellington believed that Melbourne was a good adviser for the head-strong and sentimental girl upon the throne. He was glad to see Melbourne safely back again in power, and Croker was probably correct in believing that the Duke would gladly never see Downing Street again and that only his desire to serve the Queen and uphold the Monarchy could make him accept office. He had been pleased with the frankness and youth of the Queen, and he had disliked the job, put upon him by Peel, of persuading her to give up her ladies. He had tried, had told her the truth about the constitutional position, and he had failed. He found it difficult to be

harsh with her, and saw Melbourne return to power with complete equanimity. Again he refused to attack the Whigs, though his support of Melbourne caused the Die-Hards in the Tory clubs to say that he was in his dotage.

He himself envisaged the possible decay of his mind, and he knew others were always on the look-out for it. George Villiers during that summer of 1839 noticed that his speaking was more indistinct and hesitating, and that he repeated himself and was not always easy to understand. But Greville could find nothing serious —"not quite the same vigour of mind, not quite the old strong sense and acuteness"—that was all. Yet he thought the change had begun. In November Wellington fell ill. He had been starving a cold and had gone out hunting on an empty stomach. When he came home he fell from his chair and remained insensible for nearly an hour. At the Council for the Queen's marriage a few days later he looked "old, feeble and decrepit." Early in the following year he had another seizure, more serious, and accompanied by convulsions and loss of speech. His friends thought it would be impossible that he should ever again attend, much less lead the House of Lords. In their view his public life was over, and only by retiring could he expect a few more years of life. Lyndhurst thought it absurd that he should cling on in an enfeebled condition. They began to discuss Aberdeen as his successor.

But Wellington was not going to give in, and indeed he had nearly twelve more years to live. His recuperative powers were great. Foreign opinion might conclude that his day was over: "*Le duc de Wellington baisse; il n'est plus maitre de son partie,*" but it was not true;

his authority was undiminished. His party knew that he alone could hold them together and that his departure would unbind them. He could not be replaced, and he was determined not to be. Greville considered him to be a ruin: he was thin, "his clothes hanging about him"; his voice was hollow and his speech painfully slow. There were signs that for the first time his memory was failing. When he returned to the House of Lords everyone was alarmed at his looks.

Yet such was the tenacity of the old man that he took a leading part in the politics of the year. In perhaps a more than usually irritable fashion he took his customary independent line regarding the measures of the Whig Government. "If other people would do as I do," he said to Greville, "support the Government when they can and when they ought to be supported it would be much better." Greville warned him that his own supporters were not pleased. "I know that well enough and I don't care one damn." He knew how great his influence over the Tory party was and how much they would endure from him. He would whip them into violent opposition and then, because he had changed his mind, decide to give way, expecting them instantly to follow. During the session of 1840 Peel supported and Wellington opposed the Privilege Bill; Wellington supported and Graham opposed the Government's policy in China; Peel supported and Wellington opposed the union of Canada. No wonder that one of the periodical "coldnesses" in his relations with Peel ensued, and that all the tact of the faithful Arbuthnot was necessary to bring them once more together. The Whig Government realised full well the value of his assistance. They consulted him on the delicate question of

the Queen's marriage, on the allowance of the Prince Consort, the problem of the Regency; and Melbourne spent an hour at Apsley House trying to persuade him of the necessity of giving Albert precedence over the Royal Family. The Queen herself was so annoyed at his obstinacy that she was inclined not to ask "that old rebel" to her wedding. The Whigs were afraid even to give a peerage to a man he did not like, in case he might get angry and oppose their bills. And when the crisis in Egypt arose they consulted him again on what naval force was necessary in the Mediterranean. Wellington urged caution upon them. As usual, he was all for peace, and, although he approved Palmerston's policy, he warned Melbourne at Windsor—"but you must have no war."

There can be no doubt that his influence in political life was salutary. Lord Aberdeen admitted that he had done a great service in moderating party violence and keeping his own party together. Stockmar, a shrewd observer who had dismissed him as a failure in 1828, had changed his opinion in 1840. *"Though wanting in breadth of view and depth of insight, his quick good sense made him an excellent mediator and umpire. He had a sharp eye for practical and proximate affairs—an eye, in riper age, no longer blinded by passion and the intoxication of self-esteem. Ready to assist with decision and fearlessness, he never hesitated about drawing blame on himself. There was no one in England he needed to be afraid of, and he knew this. 'My back is broad enough to bear a good deal'." In Stockmar's view the indifferent statesman of 1828 had become an admirable counsellor by 1840.

**Memoirs of Baron Stockmar* : i, 134.

CHAPTER XVIII

LAST YEARS

WELLINGTON was too optimistic about his health and Croker considered that his complacency over his recovery was a sign of age. "You know I never have been well since that fellow poured liquid fire into my ear; . . . . but I have outlived it and worn it out. Now I am as well as ever I was. I eat as well, sleep as well, walk and ride as well as I have ever done these twenty years." A few days later he was attacked with giddiness in the House of Lords. His face was drawn and distorted as he staggered towards the door supported by Lord Redesdale and the Duke of Richmond. He could not speak and was placed in his carriage and driven home. For some hours he was in a serious condition, but a few days later he had completely recovered. He now considered himself as well as ever and plunged back into political life.

The young Tories were convinced that Wellington was keeping the Whigs in office, and Disraeli wrote an open letter to *The Times* which beneath its obsequious veil endeavoured to change his policy. The ironic flattery was characteristic. "In surveying your Grace's career of half a century, I cannot perceive any very obtrusive indications of moderation in your purposes, though abundant evidence of forbearance in your conduct. Celebrated for caution, I should rather select as your characteristic a happy audacity. No one has performed bolder deeds in a more scrupulous manner; and

WELLINGTON AND PEEL
by Winterhalter
(By gracious permission of His Majesty the King)

plans which, in their initial notion, have assumed even the features of rashness, have always succeeded from the wariness of your details. Your physical aspect is in complete harmony with your spiritual constitution. In the classic contour of your countenance, at the first glance, we recognise only deep thoughtfulness and serene repose; but the moment it lights up into active expression, command breathes in every feature; each glance, each tone, indicates the intuitive mind impervious to argument, and we trace without difficulty the aquiline supremacy of the Cæsars."* Disraeli and the young Tories were not far wrong; the Duke was "afraid the Whigs would go out." He believed that in a reformed House of Commons it was difficult enough even for the Whigs, with the assistance of the Tories, to govern the country. He did not believe that the Tories, opposed by the Whigs, could govern at all.

But the Whigs could not be kept in for ever, and the General Election of June, 1841, ushered in the second administration of Sir Robert Peel. Wellington paid a tribute to Melbourne in the House of Lords: "The noble Viscount has rendered the greatest possible service to Her Majesty." The Duke had, as leader of the Lords, a place in Peel's Cabinet, but without a Department. The world in which Greville moved was astonished that he should take office without a portfolio. In their view he should have retired, content to give the Government moral support. There can be little doubt that his attack of illness had diverted the course of his life. He had always loved to be consulted about everything, to be deep in all the scandals and intrigues of the moment, to be called in to arrange family quarrels, to

* Monypenny's *Life of Disraeli*: ii, 109.

deal with difficult and delicate situations. Everybody from the Queen downwards had applied to him, and Mr. Lytton Strachey has described him as the "moral physician" to the Royal Family. It was he who had prevailed upon Sir John Conroy to resign his position in the Duchess of Kent's household and endeavoured to keep the peace between the young Queen and her mother. But his illness had changed all that. He developed a dislike to seeing people and allowed no one to come near him, not even his own family. He peremptorily refused to grant any interviews, under the illusion that he was too busy to see anyone. A deputation that came from Scotland to lay before him the distress in the country was told that he had no time and no influence. It is not surprising that those who compared the work he had to do then with what he had done in the past, who compared the tone of his despatches with the tone of his correspondence with the Scotch deputation, should have considered him not fit to be in the Government. They knew he had plenty of time and plenty of influence, and they considered that his statement to the contrary was the delusion of infirmity. There were murmurs in the Clubs that it was unconstitutional that he should be in the Cabinet without office; the Government would be stronger without him. His speeches seemed imprudent; yet he was too old to be restrained, and he was too deaf to lead the House of Lords. Unfortunately, there was no one bold enough to tell him that he ought to go; no one who dared either to advise or to oppose him, a man who had become accustomed by long habit to trust completely to his own judgment.

Wellington naturally did not hear the gossip around

him and took a very different view of himself. He felt remarkably well, indeed he had never felt better. He had stated in a letter to Peel his reasons for not wishing to have a Department and among them he mentioned the probability of a European war, in which event he was quite prepared to command again an army in the field. He also told the Queen he thought he would be more useful without a Department; his great object was to be useful. Moreover, he was much busier than Greville and his friends imagined. From 1840 to 1846 he carried on a long political correspondence with Raikes on all the topics of the day, and in one of these letters he said: "I am so constantly employed that I have scarcely time for the common duties of society." From 1842 to 1844 he embarked on a vast and detailed correspondence with Lord Ellenborough during the latter's Indian Administration, and read all the papers on India at the Board of Control, where he was a more important figure than Lord Ripon. He attended every meeting of the Cabinet, where great respect was shown to him, each Minister taking the chair next him before speaking, so that the Duke could hear what was said. As leader of the House of Lords he attended every debate, listening as best he could to every speech and remaining till the House rose. "He usually sits," wrote a contemporary magazine, "in a state of abstraction; his arms folded, his head sunk on his breast, his legs stretched out: he seems to be asleep." But the appearance was deceptive; he was by no means inattentive to the course of debate. He generally rode on horseback down to the House of Lords; occasionally he drove in an open "chaise." He always wore a blue frock-coat, with a white neckcloth fastened at the back by a silver buckle; white trousers in summer and

dark cloth in winter; white waistcoat in summer, buff in winter. When Lord Hill died in 1842, he resumed the command of the army and retained it to the end of his life. He arrived invariably at the Horse Guards at one o'clock and remained there until it was time to go to the House of Lords, or, if Parliament was not sitting, until six or seven in the evening. The explanation of his restlessness and excitability was that in reality he was worn out with business. In 1842 he endeavoured to use the excuse that his position in the Cabinet was incompatible with the office of Commander-in-Chief as a means of extricating himself from the former. He also tried to give up the leadership of the Lords, but he was too valuable to be allowed to escape and he was persuaded to remain. So great a burden of work might have been borne, though even then not so easily as Greville assumes, by the young General in Spain, but it weighed heavily upon the temper of the old man of 72. This explained the intemperate and even savage expressions, which the gossip of London drawing-rooms repeated, and such replies as his letter to the man who left a Petition on Climbing Boys at Apsley House in the hope that the Duke would present it. "Mr. S. has seen fit to leave some petitions at Apsley House; they will be found with the porter."

In 1843 his health improved, and with it his spirits and his temper. His vain and brilliant friend Lord Ellenborough was getting himself into trouble in India over the tone of his Proclamations, and Wellington thought him very imprudent. When Greville told the Duke that Ellenborough was intending to hold a review in which the army would be arranged as a star with a throne for himself in the middle, he remarked, "And

he ought to sit upon it in a straight waistcoat." Nevertheless, he defended Ellenborough through thick and thin in the public controversies that the vagaries of the Governor-General created. He spoke extremely well in these debates, and even Greville was obliged to admit that his health was completely restored. The Duke was also anxious about Ireland, and his solution was naturally the mailed fist. "No pandering or truckling; bring the rascals on their knees; *pour le canaille, faut le mitraille*," were his opinions. He believed Ireland to be on the verge of civil war and that preparations ought to be made. "Conciliation without coercion in Ireland would be ridiculous." He wanted the gentry to fortify their houses and even wished to go over there himself. Peel and Graham were naturally opposed to this. "If there were a rebellion," wrote Graham, "his iron hand would crush it. I doubt very much whether his preventive measures would be of a soothing character."

At Walmer he entertained a good deal all manner of guests, from the Royal Family to the officers from the ships in the Downs. Raikes describes his life there: "He always rises at six o'clock and walks on the platform, then returns to his room to dress, which takes a very long time. He shaves himself, though his hand is unsteady, and never will allow a servant to assist him. He is remarkably neat in his appearance, always wearing a white waistcoat and trowsers, under which is a good guard of fleecy hosiery against the cold; and a blue riding coat in the morning. At ten o'clock he appears at breakfast; he seems to eat heartily, and makes messes of rusks and bread in his tea, never meat or eggs. He converses the whole time, then retires, saying, 'Well, we shall dine at seven.' He remains in his room,

writing letters and despatches. Arbuthnot is his second self, from whom he seems to have no secrets hid. He shows him almost all his letters. When worried or vexed by his multifarious business, he is subject to momentary fits of anger and excitement. These bursts never last long. About two o'clock he gets on his horse and gallops over the Downs or to Dover, where he is very active in attending to his business as Warden of the Cinque Ports. He is very charitable and always ready to do good to his neighbours. On his return he walks again on the platform, till he enters to dress for dinner, at which he also eats with appetite, mixing meat, rice and vegetables into a mess, which fills his plate; he drinks very little wine, and during the evening, two decanters of iced water are placed by his side, which are generally empty when he goes to bed. When we were only men he dressed in boots, but when there are ladies he always wears shoes, silk stockings, with his star and the garter. He is exceedingly polite to all and particularly attentive to women. He never will allow anybody to do anything for him. He will get up himself to ring the bell, and at night when we retire to bed, he will light your flat candlestick and give it to you. His hair is quite white, but not scanty; he is very deaf with the left ear, and when left to himself, or engaged in thought, he stoops very much, and his head seems to droop on his breast; but the instant any subject is started that interests him, his eye brightens, his head is raised, he puts his hand to his right ear to catch the sound, and enters into the argument."*

His conversation among his guests consisted largely of reminiscence, varied by aphorisms derived from the

*Raikes' *Journal*, iv, 317, 318.

unchanging basis of his political philosophy. "A popular assembly is no substitute for power and means of Government"; "All my life I have never regarded attacks in the Press"; "Finessing won't do in our diplomacy. Our strength is our moral strength, and we should rely upon that"; "The King's Government must be carried on." His distrust of democracy, and his hatred of a free Press had not decreased with age. His religious views were simple and unquestioning. He considered that the Lord's Prayer alone was sufficient evidence of the truth of Christianity,—"so admirably is it accommodated to all our wants." He would often be absorbed in theological books, such as *Habershon on the Prophecies*. Arbuthnot considered him to be deeply religious, and Rogers, who took the Sacrament with him at Stratfield Saye, was struck by his "unaffected devotion." His orthodox belief was part of the creed of the English gentleman. Once at a country house he came down to family prayers, and the host read out of Thornton's *Collection of Prayers*. "What!" said the Duke, "you use fancy prayers!" and he never appeared again.

Polite and cordial in his own house, he was difficult to deal with in general society. Lady Lyttelton wrote from Windsor, "Our only guest the Duke of Wellington with whom I had the pleasure, bellowing and being bellowed at, for more than an hour of being stuck in the middle of the room, I never was so thoroughly frightened." On another occasion she sat next to the Duke at dinner and just opposite the Czar Nicholas. Wellington shouted at her: "Very good-looking man—always was so—scarcely altered since I saw him—very handsome man now, don't you think so?" And she was obliged in

reply to scream back that the Czar was very handsome. Victoria and Albert paid a visit to Stratfield Saye in 1845 and stayed two days. They sat in the Library after dinner, and the Queen had to struggle with his deafness as they sat together on the sofa till eleven o'clock with the band of the Duke's Grenadier regiment playing throughout the evening. A large notice had been put up in the grounds informing people who wished to see the house that they might drive up and ring the bell, but that they must not walk on the flagstones or look in at the windows.

No man has ever been so popular as the Duke was at this period. He had become a legendary hero, and people thronged to places where they were likely to catch sight of him. When in the afternoon the groom brought down to the Horse Guards the dark bay horse with a white mane and tail which he used to ride, people would collect to see him come out of his office. The crowd would cheer and Wellington would raise his finger to his hat as he rode away. Yet no man has ever sought popularity less, and even at this time he was presenting an astounding and inexplicable opposition to the grant of medals to those who had fought in the Peninsular War. The reason he advanced was that such recognition should come from above and not have to be applied for, but it is clear that in part his opposition to the wishes of his old soldiers sprang from his ancient contempt for them. "In my opinion," he wrote at this time, "it is a great mistake to suppose that the conduct or character of the British Army is to be attributed to the non-commissioned officer. It is to the officer exclusively!—the man of education, manners, honour and other qualities acquired by the education which English

gentlemen receive. I know them well; their faults as well as their merits. But I declare there is no greater mistake than to suppose that the service performed by the British Army could be carried on by any other description of man excepting one educated as is an English gentleman." It is not surprising that no reform in the army was carried out until he died.

At the end of 1845 Wellington was faced with the crisis of the Corn Laws. He was far from being convinced that they ought to be repealed. "Rotten potatoes have done it," he said; "they put Peel in his damned fright." Yet he could not do otherwise than be loyal to Peel. Although he stood in Parliament as the representative of agriculture and the country gentlemen he did not hesitate to sacrifice the interests of his party and his class. He thought Peel more important than the Corn Laws; he would take no step that would destroy the Government. His position was a reasonable one. It was unfortunate that the Corn Laws could not be preserved, but it was obvious that neither he nor anyone else could form a Government to preserve them. If Peel fell, the only result would be that the Whigs would come in, and their proposals would be even less favourable to the landed interest than Peel's. After Peel's resignation and Russell's failure to form a Government, his case was stronger still, for then the only alternative to Peel was Cobden. A Government of some sort had to be maintained. All through the violent Tory opposition to Peel's proposals this remained the Duke's contention. When they asked him to grant a committee to enquire into the burden on land, he replied, "Well, my good fellow, you must have it. I will not oppose it; I am quite of your opinion on the

subject; it is a damned mess, but I must look to the peace of the country and the Queen." His friends were furious with Peel. Arbuthnot expressed loudly his anger that the Duke, though he did not agree with Peel, should be also dragged through the mud. Croker could not see that Peel's change of opinion was Wellington's affair. Why should he follow Peel? Why prefer Peel's character to his own? Why should he sacrifice his opinions to please Peel? Why should he defend a lost position instead of going into opposition? How could his attitude prevent Peel from destroying the landed gentry and the aristocracy?

Wellington had a good answer to these questions. He felt, indeed, much resentment against Peel; he felt that Peel had never trusted him. He dated the sentiment poured out by Peel on the subject of cheap bread and selfish monopolists. He knew that Peel had ruined himself politically and destroyed the Tory party. He also knew that at his age his own career was over. He was full of fears and doubts as to the results of Free Trade. But he could not see that there was anything else to be done except to support Peel. No doubt it was a difficult position, but he was convinced that he could not let in the Radicals; he was "the retained servant of the Sovereign of this empire." In 1828, 1832 and 1839, when the Sovereign had been in difficulties, he had acted in the same way. A Government pledged to the Corn Laws could not live, while to let Cobden in would be to repeat the mistake of 1832, when his own failure to create a Reform Government had let in the Whigs and enabled them to carry extreme Reform. The Corn Laws were not, after all, "the only interest of this great nation."

If Wellington's friends were disturbed, the anger of the Protectionists can be imagined; Lord Stanley said that his error was fatal to the country; Disraeli said that the Duke "with his curious habit of carrying ideas of military discipline into the sphere of constitutional government, thought it his duty to 'fall in'." Wellington, however, had chosen his course and was not to be moved. "His blood is up," wrote Arbuthnot to Peel, "he is most anxious that you should defeat the abominable combination against you." The Tory papers might rave; but then, as Greville said, "the old man would probably not see the papers and would not care a straw if he did." The Lords might shout out "treachery,,' but, as Disraeli said, "they had been drilled into a guard-room," and would be obliged to swallow the Bill. The Duke "pulled his hat over his eyes and sat silent and deaf" while the Bill was forced through the House of Lords. As he left the House early in the summer morning, some workmen clustered round the door cried out, "God bless you, Duke." "For Heaven's sake, people, let me get on my horse," was the curt reply. He was in a bad temper; he did not want any of Peel's popularity for giving the people cheap bread.

On the same day as the Repeal of the Corn Laws passed the House of Lords, Peel's Government fell, and the Duke of Wellington never again held office. Though he refused to have anything to do with the idea of a coalition between Whigs and Peelites, his relations with Russell were cordial, and he was consulted as to who should succeed Hardinge and Gough as Viceroy and Commander-in-Chief in India. Regarding India, he was asked to suggest three names, and he wrote Napier's name three times on a piece of paper and

sent it to the Cabinet. Napier hesitated to go, until Wellington said that if he didn't go, he would go himself.

The Duke, as Commander-in-Chief, sat on the cross-benches of the House of Lords. He could now hardly hear at all. He was troubled, too, about the statue of himself which was being erected over the arch of Constitution Hill and arousing a controversy that made him ridiculous. He did not ask to have it put up, but as it was there he thought it undignified to have it removed. But it was his habit never to say anything publicly about himself, and he did not break that habit on this occasion. It worried him none the less. He was still more troubled about the problem of defence, on which he wrote a long memorandum to the Government. The danger of war with France and the defencelessness of our coasts made him anxious and kept him awake at night. The War Office considered he was demanding too large an increase in the army, and Russell was sceptical about the danger of war. Even after the Revolution in France he thought our army too small. He wrote his views trenchantly and openly to Sir John Burgoyne, and to his intense irritation the letter was published in the Press. Poor Lady Shelley, older but no less innocent and frivolous, got the blame for this. "We are living in happy times! . . . A gentleman, married to your niece, thinks proper to repeat what he hears in the house of a relation; and I am set down as having betrayed my trust and engagements. . . . It is quite delightful to live in times with your Ladyship, with Sir John, Lady and Miss Burgoyne. . . . I have much to do besides defending myself from the consequences of the meddling gossip of the ladies of modern times.

. . . But what do Sir John Burgoyne and his family and your Ladyship and others—talking of old friendships—say to the share which each of you has had in this transaction, which, in my opinion, is disgraceful to the times in which we live."

Lady Shelley, who had adored him so uncritically for so many years, wilted under the storm; for two years their relations were broken. She felt she deserved it, but at the same time complained that he had "punished her severely by the cruel manner in which he reproached her in Society." After all, theirs had been a long friendship and it was her first indiscretion. Wellington remained "grim and formal." He gave her no opportunities for reconciliation, and it was not till 1850 that her husband succeeded in closing the breach. "Good evening, Duke," said Sir John. "Do you know it has been said that the cackling of geese saved Rome? I have been thinking that perhaps the cackling of my old Goose may yet save England." Wellington burst out laughing. "By God, Shelley, you are right: give me your honest hand," and he returned to Apsley House to write the penitent lady a "playful letter."

Wellington could be harsh enough when his suspicions were aroused. When Gurwood, the editor of his Despatches and for many years in a confidential position towards him, cut his throat in 1845, he sent no word of consolation to the horrified widow. Someone had told him that Gurwood had been in the habit of taking notes of his conversations, and, instead of a letter of condolence, he sent a peremptory note asking for information about the dead man's papers. It was true that Gurwood was a gloomy and pompous man with a perpetual series of grievances, who had hobnobbed for

years with Mrs. Fitzherbert, a woman with a grievance. Just as she thought that the Duke of Wellington ought to give her back her letters to George IV, so he thought that the Commander-in-Chief ought to be doing continual jobs for him and getting him on in the world. It was true that Mrs. Gurwood was unknown to the Duke and had never been allowed by Gurwood to go to the large houses at which he stayed or know the important people he knew. But this can hardly excuse the Duke's instant impulse to protect himself and his forgetfulness of the feelings of the suicide's widow. To record his conversations might be "anti-social," it might "put an end to all the charms of society, to all familiar and private communications of thought between man and man," but after all no such papers were found in Colonel Gurwood's boxes and she had good right to feel offended. The letter she wrote to Wellington is, unfortunately, lost, but it evidently stung him into many pages of turgid self-justification, in which he is reduced to the argument used by a schoolmaster engaged in beating a boy. "The Duke is convinced that the information that this course had been pursued by the lamented Colonel gave the Duke more pain than could have been felt by Mrs. Gurwood that the Duke had given belief to the truth of the statement." Yet it was hazardous of him to conclude that her affection for her husband was less strong than his love of himself.

The Revolutions of 1848 fell like blows upon Wellington. There was chaos in the world, and no man in it capable of dealing with it! In England the trouble was confined to Chartist riots, and the Duke worked himself into a great state of excitement over them. He

was called into consultation by the Cabinet on national defence; he expressed his views with great firmness and lucidity, and he was given charge of the military defences of London. "Only tell me where you wish to stop them," he said of the advancing Chartists, "and they shall be stopped." The fizzling out of the Chartist trouble gave him intense satisfaction, and it was observed that he was hardly less pleased than after the battle of Waterloo. "Well Duke, it has all turned out as you foretold." "Oh, yes, I was sure of it; and I never showed a soldier or a musket. But I was ready; I could have stopped them wherever you liked."

Although he had done nothing to create it, the popularity of Wellington in his old age was immense. Wherever he went, he was followed about by a crowd. He did not appear to notice it. His health was excellent, and he was apt to boast that he never wore a greatcoat and never caught a cold, but his temper was fitful and uncertain. Sometimes he was amiable and cheerful; at others irritable and morose. It was difficult to detect what mood he was in, and nearly everybody was afraid of him. His deafness cut him off from the world. In the House of Lords he would make mistakes and vote on the wrong side because he had not heard what had been said. In Society his deafness also led to awkward situations, and Lady Lyttelton wrote from Windsor: "Last evening was amusing enough, thanks to the Duke of Wellington, who made a great joke by beginning to talk as loud as thunder to the Queen about a matter of such serious and critical State importance that it ought only to have been alluded to in the Cabinet. He was evidently quite unaware how loud he talked. The Queen blushed over and over, and at last succeeded in

screaming out upon some other subject. But the Duke went straight on." He was nearly stone deaf, yet the gossips said that he went to every lighted candle. One wet day when he was 83 he went, as Master of the Elder Brethren of the Trinity House, to an anniversary meeting. They met on Tower Hill, went on to Deptford, where carriages were waiting. "I prefer walking," he said; and he did so for an hour in the rain. He returned for the banquet at Trinity House, which lasted till ten o'clock; then proceeded to Apsley House to change his clothes, and arrived at Windsor Castle for a party at midnight. Often he was worn out by such activities. He went down to Manchester with the Queen and was received with great enthusiasm, but his companion in the carriage had to nudge him continually to keep him awake, saying, "Duke, Duke, that's for you!" He then opened his eyes and automatically made his customary salutation.

Carlyle describes him for us in his old age: "truly a beautiful old man; I had never seen till now how beautiful and what an expression of graceful simplicity, veracity, and nobleness there is about the old hero when you see him close at hand. Hs is a shortish slightish figure, about five feet eight, of good breadth however, and all muscle or bone. His legs, I think, must be the short part of him, for certainly on horseback I have always taken him to be tall. Eyes beautiful light blue, full of mild valour, with infinitely more faculty and geniality than I had fancied before; the face wholly gentle, wise, valiant, and venerable. The voice, too, as I again heard, is 'aquiline' clear, perfectly equable—uncracked, that is—and perhaps almost musical, but essentially tenor or almost treble voice—eighty-two I

understand. He glided slowly along, slightly saluting this and that other, clear, clean, fresh as this June evening itself, till the silver buckle of his stock vanished into the door of the next room, and I saw him no more."* At the age of 83 he walked from the station to Croker's house at Folkestone. His mind was clear as ever. He repeated old gossip and discussed hunting and shooting. He signed his name in the albums of the children. He went very slowly down Croker's steps, counting them as he went, and, after handing the ladies into the carriage, insisted upon sitting back to the horses.

He took great pride in his excellent physical preservation; his thin white trousers, under which nevertheless were hidden many layers of warm underclothes; his eyes that never required spectacles for writing, though the result was illegible, and many words were omitted or only partly written. He was holding on to life with grim tenacity; sitting in his place in the House of Lords, though often making mistakes which caused some of their Lordships to titter and others to murmur, "poor old man."

In 1850 Sir Robert Peel died, and, chequered as their association had been, Wellington felt his death. Lord Broughton saw him at the Levée, sitting alone in a window-seat, looking sadly into the garden. "When I went up to speak to him, he held my hand for some time in his. He was evidently much affected." In the House of Lords he spoke on Peel's death in tears, with broken voice. A still greater loss was that of the gentle and faithful Arbuthnot in the same year. Arbuthnot had lived at Apsley House, never parted from the Duke, who discussed everything with him and gave him his

*Froude's *Thomas Carlyle*, 1834—1881 : II, 46.

complete confidence. He was now alone in his old age, without a real friend or companion.

When in 1851 Russell resigned, and Stanley and Aberdeen failed to form a Government, he was once again sent for by the Queen; he advised her to ask Russell to resume office, but in a few weeks Russell was out for good and Lord Derby had become Prime Minister. "Well, there you are! Now you can look about you!" said the Duke, and Lord Derby did look about him. He looked far and wide and was obliged to fill his Cabinet with unknown men. It was called the "Who-Who Ministry" because the Duke, sitting by Derby in the House of Lords and asking about the new Cabinet, kept shouting "Who? Who?" at the mention of each name. In that year he made one of his rare jokes. When he heard Disraeli charged with continually interrupting in the House of Commons, he remarked: "So the Jew boy's harp is out of tune."

His days were drawing to a close. He wrote long letters to a later Lady Salisbury; he went to the opening of the Great Exhibition, walking arm-in-arm with Lord Anglesey, and received a great reception. The Exhibition interested him, and he visited it often. On his birthday he visited his god-son, the Duke of Connaught, and gave him a gold cup and some toys. He carried the Sword of State at the opening of Parliament. On June 15th he went to Lord Newark's wedding in Tilney Street, and went on to the House of Lords with the wedding favour in his button-hole to make his last speech on the Militia Bill. On June 18th he entertained eighty-four people at Apsley House for his last Waterloo dinner, at which he gave a toast and could not remember the man's name. He went down to Walmer,

well and in excellent spirits. He had made his will in Paris in 1818 and his lawyer had often tried to make him draw up another. "Depend upon it, I'll attend to it," he always said, but he never did. On September 13th he walked in the garden, wrote to his niece, Lady Westmorland, that he would meet her the next day at Dover, dined with Lord and Lady Charles Wellesley and went to bed at ten. On September 14th his servant called him at six, but he did not get up. The man returned at seven and the Duke said, "I feel very ill; send for the apothecary." He did not speak again, and died without pain.

The body was brought from Walmer to lie in state at Chelsea Hospital. 16,000 people came to see it on the first day; all day long there was a string of carriages two miles long. Crowds flocked to Chelsea and several people were killed. At the great public funeral in November stands were erccted from Apsley House to St. Paul's and seats were selling at a guinea. A million people saw the procession, which took nearly two hours to pass Devonshire House. All the Great Powers were represented and a flood of eulogistic oratory was let loose upon the world.

CHAPTER XIX

THE IRON DUKE

THE greatness and fame of Wellington's public personality obscured his character from his contemporaries and even from himself. Those who surrounded him could not forget that he was a hero, nor could he himself forget it. His vast popularity, his enormous prestige, his life-long possession of authority surrounded him with a blaze of blinding glory. Every one with whom he came in contact tried to put him in a good humour, and in doing so failed to be natural. Even the cynical observers of the fashionable world, the Grevilles and Creeveys, failed to interpret him consistently. They contradict themselves, blinking in the light of his fame.

Yet it seemed easy to describe him. His tastes were simple. He was fond of hunting and shooting, and his love of music only succumbed to deafness. He did not care for comfort or for good food; he was no judge of wine. His general taste can be judged by his choice of Stratfield Saye as a home when he might have had Bramshill. He was extremely fond of society and seldom lost an opportunity of attending a social function. He was thoroughly at home in the social world, enjoying the deference with which he was treated, and interested by its gossip and scandal. He was also very fond of the society of women, especially when pretty, and was easily encouraged into intimacy. It amused him to delve into the trivial intrigues of the smart world, to be himself "up" in scandal, and to arrange successful

conclusions to such ephemeral dramas. With the Royal Family his position was exceptional; he was not only intimate and familiar, but perfectly frank. He could afford to dispense with flattery. To public men he was civil and easy of access, and he had a reputation with inferiors for good humour. Only occasional ill-health, which he could not endure patiently, deprived him of his conventional amiability. His conversation, chiefly anecdotal, never failed to be interesting; people sat round in attitudes of admiration and submission while he unpacked his memory. Though no fancy or imagination graced his mind, in his talk there occasionally arose a racy, just and laconic aphorism, and the punch of his retorts had the swiftness if not the polish of wit. He was not a bore, and he was incapable of talking nonsense. To the world at large he was friendly but indifferent; as long as people did not lie to him and were not afraid of him, he liked them well enough.

Such was the exterior man, and in addition he possessed in an extraordinary degree the qualities of a soldier; untiring industry, unfaltering courage, sagacity, quickness of apprehension and decision. He never trusted to chance, he had no Napoleonic belief in his star; on the contrary, he was convinced that careful preparation and attention to detail were the secrets of successful action. It was on the rock of his common sense that his reputation as a counsellor was built. The English people knew that he despised the "clever devil," a view they have shown that they share. They knew that he had no love of freedom, and that the range of his sympathies was narrow. They knew that he stood for the old order and was resolutely opposed to all change. But, except in their rare moods of political

excitement, they remembered that he had the qualities they adored. He was not one of those dashing, brilliant men, full of swagger and high principles; he was neither sentimental nor theatrical. He was a simple and unaffected soldier, an honest public-man with a strong sense of duty, ready at all times to serve his country, and as a last necessity to sacrifice even his most cherished prejudices for the sake of public safety. They recognised him as a self-reliant, truthful man, leading a strenuous and laborious life in the public service; as a man of the firmest character and intellect, contemptuous of popularity, one whose motives were above suspicion. It is not surprising that this display of antique virtue should have caught their imaginations.

The simple lines of such a portrait are sufficient to explain the position held by the Duke in public estimation between Waterloo and the Crimean War. The English people divined that he was the flower of their racial qualities, or rather of the practical side of their character; and the flower was all the more horticulturally perfect in owing nothing whatever to that other strain in the English character from which the greatest lyrical poetry in the world has sprung. Many stories attest his hatred of show or swagger. When the Prince de Joinville said that the only game he played was war, Wellington remarked: "such a strutt!" On Douro's marriage he was advised to entail his possessions, but, when he saw the list, he refused:—such display was "too flashy." Questioned in awed tones about the advantage of greatness: "Yes," he said, "I can afford to do without servants, and, if I were strong enough, I would black my own boots." He had exactly the same feeling towards all forms of gush. In his old age, when

returning on foot to Apsley House, a stranger stepped forward and helped him across Piccadilly. "I thank you, Sir," said the Duke, touching his hat. "My lord," replied the man, "I have passed a long and not uneventful life; but never did I hope to see the day when I might be of assistance to the greatest man who ever lived." "Don't be a damned fool," said Wellington, and he walked away. He combined hatred of gush and swagger with the grand manner in worldly affairs, which refuses to exploit an advantage. When congratulated by his steward on the bargain that had been made in the purchase of a farm at Stratfield Saye, he at once asked: "What do you mean by a bargain?" "It was valued at £1,100, Your Grace, and we have got it for £800!" "In that case you will please to carry the extra £300 to the late owner, and never talk to me of cheap land again."

Wellington knew instinctively how to live in great style without ostentation, and how to be dignified without being pompous. In this he was a great contrast to his brother who, when he paid a visit, always took two grooms of the chamber with him in his numerous retinue to make his bed. Apsley House was purchased in 1816 from Lord Wellesley and £90,000 spent upon it. In 1817 Stratfield Saye was bought from Lord Rivers for £500,000. In 1828 he was made Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports and acquired Walmer Castle. In all three homes he lived in lavish but not wasteful dignity. He always gave a large dinner on the anniversary of Waterloo, always gave a ball during the Season, and he entertained itinerant Royalties and all the great ones of the earth. He had no love of splendour for its own sake; all this was part of his sense of

what in him was proper and fitting. When he had grown into his surroundings at Stratfield Saye and Walmer, he considered everything that he had perfect and unalterable, his houses, his horses and his guns. In the early morning he sat at home and dealt with his unending correspondence; then he came down to his small circle of respectful listeners, Stanhope, Croker, Rogers, Greville and Gurwood, to whom he could pour out his stream of reminiscences and opinions on men and events. He liked to have the Fitzroy Somersets, the Wiltons, the Shelleys and the Clanwilliams to stay, people whom he had always known and with whom he could be at his ease. He liked to give pleasure and hated to bore people. He was always afraid that there was not enough to do at Stratfield Saye, and that the absence of sport and the presence of neighbours would prove tiresome to his guests. But no really intimate talk took place among this circle of companions. Nothing imaginative or speculative disturbed the pleasant decorum of their conversation. Similarly his favourite books, Clarendon, Gibbon, Adam Smith and Caesar's *Commentaries*, were works which bore upon his military and political life. He would not have seen the point of reading a book unless you wanted to find out something. No doubt when, in his old age, he turned to Bishop Butler and Jeremy Taylor's *Holy Living and Dying* it was because he felt the necessity of preparing for the next world. In religion he had always accepted without enquiry the dogmas of the Church into which he had been baptised, and in ethics he conformed to the current conception of "an English gentleman."

His wife had many of the qualities he most disliked. She was romantic and indiscreet; she was afraid

of him and lied to him; she had no common sense; she was obstinate about trifles and very unpunctual. She failed to run the household on the money given her by the Duke, and, being afraid to ask him for more, ran into debt. She passed on to her children her fear of her husband. "Don't tell the Duke; don't tell your father," she would say to them. She warned Douro not to disclose his debts to his father. Her plaintive airs of ostentatious resignation as a neglected wife gave her children too harsh an impression of their father, without increasing their affection for her. Querulous and over-sentimental, in religion as well as in daily affairs, she chilled and exasperated her husband. Lady Shelley observes that the Duchess, resenting the arrival of guests whom the Duke had asked, would refer to them as "the Duke's company," and describes her on such occasions as sitting huffily apart, dressed in white muslin without jewels when everybody was in full dress, talking to the neighbours or the tutor, and retiring to bed when, after dinner, the ladies went into the drawing-room. She was ill at ease in the great world, and did not know how to live up to the great position into which she had been thrust. Occasionally the tension between them reached breaking point, but on the whole appearances were preserved. Wellington seldom spoke to her, and his coldness was probably increased by loving but reproachful glances. Miss Edgeworth describes a visit to the Duchess shortly before her death; her tone does much to explain, though it may not justify his treatment of his wife. *"The Duchess has her apartments on the ground floor. A magnificent room, full of the presents of Cities,

* Miss Edgeworth's Life and Letters: ii, 174, 175.

Kingdoms and Sovereigns. On a high, narrow, mattressed sofa, all white and paler than marble lay the Duchess of Wellington. Always little and delicate-looking, she now, on the huge raised pillow, looked a miniature figure of herself in wax-work. I could not speak, but she was composed and cheerful, and the sweet voice of Kitty Pakenham exclaimed: 'Oh, Miss Edgeworth, you are the truest of the true, the kindest of the kind.' Opposite her couch hung the gold shield in imitation of the Shield of Achilles with all the Duke's victories embossed on the margin. On either side the great candelabras that cannot be lifted without machinery. At either end the services of china presented by the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia. While I looked at these, the Duchess, raising herself quite up, exclaimed with weak-voiced, strong-souled enthusiasm: 'All tributes to merit!' The fresh, untired enthusiasm she feels for his character, for her own still youthful imagination of her hero, after all she has gone through, is most touching. There she is, fading away, still feeding, when she can feed on nothing else, on his glories, on the perfume of his incense. So ended that sweet, innocent—shall we say happy or unhappy, life? Happy, I should think, through all, happy in her good feeling and good conscience, and warm affections,—still loving on!" The Duke could not stand such tender idealistic gush.

He was very fond of children—children were usually unaffected. He spoilt his grandchildren and his great-nephews and nieces. He played football with them on the ramparts of Walmer, and had cushion-fights with them in the drawing-room before dinner. When the Grosvenor children were staying at Stratfield Saye he

heard that they liked receiving letters and he wrote them one every day during their visit. Yet he failed to establish any affectionate relation with his sons. Douro was a man of no small ability, but he was entirely unappreciated by his father; Lord Charles was more accommodating, but more afraid of him. Both suffered from being overshadowed by their father's greatness. Born into surroundings where everything had already been achieved, and faced with an example that it was impossible to emulate, nothing seemed to them worth doing. The Duke could not forgive Douro his indifference to public life. In his view Douro started with advantages such as he had never had. He did not see his children's handicaps; nor did he lift a finger to help them. Partly from indifference, partly from integrity, he refused to use influence on their behalf. Occasionally in conversation caustic phrases would show his disappointment with them. "I like a good dinner when it is set before me; Douro will take the trouble to order one." "There's only one Caricature that has ever caused me annoyance,—Douro!" He was cold and undemonstrative towards his sons, never making any effort either to educate them or to make them his companions. They knew very little about his life and movements, and were often obliged to ask the housekeeper where he was.

Wellington had no family feeling. He was dutiful to his mother and wrote to her regularly; he was polite to Lord Wellesley when they were not antagonists in political quarrels; he visited Lord Maryborough every day during his last illness and he was kind to his widow. So far he was carried by his sense of duty and propriety. In conversation he never pretended to warmer feelings.

When his brother, Lord Cowley, died a lady enquired after the Duke's health: "There must be some mistake," he said, "it is Lord Cowley who is dead." During a delay at Lord Wellesley's funeral he fretted with vexation, exclaiming: "One might have done something else." On the other hand, when attracted to a woman his behaviour was very different; Lady Douro was beautiful, and he never failed to be charming to her; Lady Burghersh, his favourite niece, who treated him naturally and felt no awe in his presence, said that he "never varied in his tenderness to me and mine." It was a pity that he had no daughter, since it was only with women that he could be intimate; though it would never have done if she had inherited her father's nose.

He had no real friend among his equals; Alava hung about his life as the sole relic of his fighting days; his feelings for Castlereagh were warm but political, based upon similarity of outlook. The gentle Arbuthnot, who sank his own life and personality in the Duke's, undoubtedly received his full confidence and a large measure of affection; but it was not a relation between equals. The crowds who flocked to stay with him were merely acquaintances; even his chosen immediate circle never penetrated his reserve. In his relations with men he came to look upon himself as a public institution, as a representative type of English gentleman, as the upholder of a code, as the corner-stone of tradition. He would often refer to himself as "the Duke of Wellington," as if he were someone else over whom he had no control. His public character had become separated even in his own mind from his private personality.

With women it was different. In his younger years his blunt and unromantic attitude towards them had

been merely that of the male. But the matter-of-fact virility that brought him under the spell of Grassini and made him figure in the memoirs of Harriette Wilson; the susceptibility that made him subject to the flattery and grace of Lady Shelley and the insidious intelligence of Princess Lieven, changed in later years to a placid and tenderly gallant flirtatiousness. It must be remembered that the Duke, like a great heiress, could never be sure whether he himself or his position was the attraction that brought the Lady Frances Websters, the Lady Georgiana Fanes and all the prettiest women in London fluttering to his side. Even Lady Jersey, the acknowledged queen of the social world, was not above saying proudly—and entirely incorrectly—"I was the one thing he loved." Lady Shelley recorded that at their first meeting her awe of him was so great that she nearly fainted. The Duke seized the opportunities that came his way, but he was too clear-sighted to dignify such pleasures by the name of love.

His relations with Miss J., with Lady Shelley and with Mrs. Arbuthnot were, of course, more serious, and, in the case of the first of these ladies, peculiar. Wellington was sixty-five and Miss J. twenty when they first met. Miss J. was exceedingly pretty, and it is clear that at first Wellington's intentions were the reverse of "honourable." He tried at once in his blunt fashion to make love to her. Seizing her hand he exclaimed: "Oh, how I love you!" Years before Harriette Wilson had complained that he was unentertaining. "What, child!" he had said; "do you think that I have nothing better to do than to make speeches to please ladies? You should see me where I shine,—

on a field of battle." Miss J., on her guard against such advances and armed with a Bible, complained that he "brushed up his chair to her." He quickly saw that advance in that direction was impossible, but for seventeen years he continued to correspond with this bigoted, prudish, touchy and long-winded woman, who was possessed by a fixed idea of converting him. Many of her letters, in which evangelical zeal was combined with the bridling pride of the humble snob, were nineteen pages long. There was never a trace of humour in them. She often sent him in addition long letters to read that she had written to other people. With unexampled patience the busy statesman read and answered these documents. True his replies were often mere acknowledgments; nevertheless, for seventeen years, during which time he wrote to her 390 letters, he endured it, and, if he ever laughed at her absurdities, a rebuke from her produced a letter which was as near an expression of contrition as he was capable of writing. The misunderstandings between them, always about trifles, were frequent. He would often be sarcastic, or write to her in the third person. Once, after he confesses he "does not know what to do to please her," there is a break of four years in their correspondence. She, however, was relentless in her pursuit, and his efforts to break away from her remained unsuccessful. It is curious that he should have been unable either to laugh at her or to be ruthless with her for long together. In this relation the Duke was certainly not iron. Indeed, his conduct is inexplicable and seems contrary to his character. Was it that he would not break his invariable habit of answering every letter that he received? Was it that he had reached the period in his life when he was

seeking information on the subject of the next world? Or was it that in the heaven-directed evangelist he had met his match, a pertinacity even greater than his own? Wellington's replies to Miss J.'s effusions do not provide us with answers to these questions. He never argues one of her metaphysical points or discusses her involved speculations. She had no influence over him at all; as a saver of souls she was a complete failure. His letters remain from first to last practical and uninteresting, and so little had her almost superhuman efforts to convert him succeeded that in 1851, at the end of the seventeen years' struggle, the Duke concludes the correspondence very much at the same place where it began: "I know well that Miss J.'s Mind is occupied by Reflections on Spiritual things; and that she must despise the occupation of one who considers it His duty to serve the Public to the best of His Ability! With due respect for Her Higher occupations, I hope she will excuse my adhering to my own Course of duty."

Lady Shelley was always shy with him. In her later years she complained that her husband had encouraged her to court admiration and to lead a life of vanity. Undoubtedly Sir John was gratified that she had been taken up by the Duke of Wellington; he certainly smiled upon their intimacy. She considered that her husband had complete faith in her chastity, but it is possible that he did not care. She herself was "intoxicated" by being the "chosen companion" of the hero, and the intoxication lasted. In 1827, when she was ill from an accident, she lived in Apsley House, and the Duke "drew her in her wheeled chair to meet all the great men of the day." The Duke continued to enjoy

her incense and, until her attempt to use her little stock of brains in 1848, no cloud darkened their intimacy. She had a cosy quality; she could sit quietly in the room while he dealt with his papers; she made no demands upon him, and, although rather a goose, she was never tiresome.

Even Lady Shelley, however, recognised the superior qualities of Mrs. Arbuthnot, who was a broad-minded, intelligent woman, expressing straightforward opinions, clearly and resolutely. She seemed to Lady Shelley to have "sense like a man," indeed she possessed the characteristics that Wellington liked: she had no nerves, she spread repose round her, she was loyal, truthful and very discreet. Above all, she was not afraid of him. She was his "fireside friend" and he was devotedly attached to her, always wearing her miniature round his neck by a chain of her hair. After her death he had no intimate friend; Mrs. Arbuthnot could not be replaced. The material in our possession does not allow us to answer the interesting question as to whether Mrs. Arbuthnot loved him or not. No doubt she enjoyed her paramount position in his life. There is no indication that she was jealous of her rivals; her pretence of being so with regard to Lady Shelley was merely *badinage*. Obviously she felt secure, and it is impossible to doubt her devoted friendship over a long course of years. But whether she was ever actually in love with him remains an open question.

The limitations which made Wellington's private life bleak and his home a solitude told also in his career as a statesman. He always maintained that he was a good-natured man and it was undoubtedly true. Also he was far from being unemotional. On seven recorded occa-

sions he was seen to weep, at the bed-side of Lord March in 1814, after Waterloo, on saying good-bye to Lady Burghersh on his departure for Russia, on taking leave of the Queen in 1830, on speaking in the House of Lords after the death of Sir Robert Peel, and at Arbuthnot's funeral. He was charitable to the extent of being frequently imposed upon; indeed, some of his intimates considered him absurdly generous. On the other hand he had no patience whatever with weak men. Pestered by all sorts of people, he acquired a forcible and laconic method of speech which paralysed his interlocutors. Always cool in a crisis, always aware of what could and could not be done, his manner was often dictatorial. He had no uneasiness whatever about giving a false impression of himself; indeed, if others had been like him that impression would not have been misleading. Sometimes he employed the sharp tone, or the third person in his letters consciously to keep people at a distance. It was not surprising that in public life he was considered dry and unemotional, and that he acquired outside his private circle the reputation of being an unloveable man. Also, he was largely out of sympathy with his own time, and was perpetually resisting its tendencies. With all the moderation of the best type of English Conservative, he had the aristocratic outlook upon life. He was convinced that the country was going to the dogs and that it was his duty to try and prevent it. He would not admit the possibility of progress. A belief in progress requires the assistance of the imagination, and the effort was beyond his capacity. Mankind in his eyes were a flock of very silly sheep, and he felt very strongly the personal and continual responsibility of the shepherd. Thus he was

always intensely moved by any public disaster, as if he were partly the cause of it; the sheep had not been well guarded.

The French Revolution lay like a shadow across the youth of all his generation, a warning never to be forgotten. Wellington was a man of intrepid courage, not only as a soldier, but on all the battlefields of life. The desire to fight and not to give way burnt fiercely in his autocratic nature. In private affairs he was the last man to be blackmailed into submission. The well-known story told of him, that, when threatened with the publication of compromising letters, he had replied: "Publish, Fanny, and be damned!" is thoroughly characteristic. But in politics the spectre of the mob would always move him to compromise, however deep his distrust in change. He himself had seen democracy at work in Spain and Portugal; he had heard Napoleon lauded by Whigs and poets as the child of liberty. He could not believe that change was desirable; human nature did not change. The turbulent temper of the England of his day only confirmed his views. He saw present dangers so clearly, and his vision never stretched into the future. Thus abroad the defect of his diplomacy was that he could not see whither a situation was leading, while at home the whole movement of economic and political forces which was going on around him, its meaning and direction, was hidden from him. In his view the duty of the governing class was to preserve what they could of eighteenth-century England, fighting a losing battle against the encroachments of an ignorant mob. Within that governing class the difference between Whig and Tory was a minor, almost negligible one. He did not consider

himself a party-man. He was a Tory because they fought harder and gave way less easily. He had no dislike for the lazy cynicism of Lord Melbourne; indeed, he preferred it to the stiff conscientiousness of Peel, who was more self-conscious than a gentleman ought to be, and whose rigidity was only broken by graceless gestures of unbecoming vehemence. But Canning, the man of vision, he could not tolerate. Canning seemed to him a demagogue and self-advertiser, and he distrusted his gift of oratory. He had no such gift himself, though he could state a fact trenchantly and roundly. Once in the House of Lords Wellington was accused of having misunderstood the measure under debate. "I've read the Bill once," he replied; "I've read the Bill twice; I've read the Bill three times, and if I don't understand it, I must be a damned stupid fellow." But the polished periods of Canning's glittering orations, rehearsed in front of a mirror, replete with apt allusion and romantic glow, seemed to him nonsense. Castlereagh had done first-rate work for his country without talking about it more than was necessary. Castlereagh had cared neither for the perfect phrase nor for the popular applause that followed it; he was the sort of orator capable of ending a speech on the word "if".

The life of the Duke of Wellington was lived under the keen scrutiny of the world, and the world detected in him something superlative, which drew together all his not unusual characteristics and constituted his greatness. There can be no doubt that the key to his character was an intense realism. He did not see very far, but, within the limits of his vision, he saw things as they are more clearly than other men. This realism, with its virtues

and its accompanying defects, is the clue to his personality.

The imaginative faculty that underlies a feeling for family could not be supplied by the realist. Those related to him were simply other human beings whom he might or might not happen to know well, like or find tiresome; though his strong sense of the value of conventions made him preserve appearances. So also the realist had not sufficient imagination to weave the ties that bind one man to another, and all sensitiveness to personal relations was absent. He had no inner life and no private life; his thoughts were as realistic as his conversation, and his lack of imagination limited his resources. His constant social activity, therefore, is not surprising. All the parties he went to, the weddings and christenings with which he filled his old age, were merely methods of filling up the hours when there was no work to do. When the immediate task of the day was done, he could think of nothing else to do but change his clothes and go out into Society. Even in his relations with women, from which he derived so much pleasure and which drew out all that was most human in him, the realist was without illusion. He was once asked whether during his career he had inspired admiration and enthusiasm in women: "Oh, yes, plenty of that! plenty of that! But no woman ever loved me; never in my whole life." It is quite possible that that was true.

If the limitations and defects of Wellington's realism were harmful to him in the intimate relationships of private life, there can be no doubt that his central characteristic was a great quality in statesmanship and a transcendent quality in war. The clearness of his

vision assisted his judgment; the narrowness of his outlook was essential in action. After his return from France it was ten years before Wellington felt his feet in domestic politics, but, after the death of Canning, he rendered great services to his country as a statesman. He was, as we have seen, in conflict with his time. Yet the directness of his outlook forced him to grant Catholic Emancipation in 1829, to attempt to construct a Reform Administration in 1832 and to support Sir Robert Peel in the repeal of the Corn Laws in 1846. No fear of destroying his own party; not even the distrust of democracy, or his hatred of the mob, could prevent his seeing the immediate necessity for such actions. His apprehension of the future was severely limited; he looked, however, with as clear an eye upon the field of politics as upon the field of battle, and was as ready to retreat as he had been from Burgos. A Tory leader who knows when to give way is the safeguard of the English constitution. The wise and careful rearguard action fought by Wellington after 1830 was largely responsible for the fact that England passed safely through the danger of 1848. His opportunism was not based on subtle calculation; it was derived from the realism of his character. His instinct was to deal with things as they came, to judge things on their merits. It was obvious to him that, if the King's Government was not carried on, there would be chaos. On these lines he led the House of Lords, forcing them to accept the Reform Bill and the measures of the Reform Government. He did not allow the spectacle of himself as an aristocrat with large landed estates to cloud his vision of the realities of politics.

In war the value of Wellington's central characteristic

was still greater. Once again, as we have seen, he was blind to the larger issues of the European struggle. But in his own theatre of war his eye for strategy was unerring. Throughout the war he knew exactly what he could and could not do. He remained undisturbed by failure and unelated by success. Above all, he was free from the sensation of the romance of war. Napoleon has been considered a realist, as indeed he was; cunningly using mankind for his own purposes and imposing upon them by his instinctive understanding of their weaknesses. But the quality of his realism was not, like Wellington's, crystal clear. He was often the dupe of his own passions; he often forgot that he was acting and toppled over into reality; he became inebriated with success; he saw visions and his head was full of dreams. When he was at Elba he spoke to Lord John Russell on the subject of war and described it thus: "*Un beau jeu; une belle occupation.*" Such a phrase would but have confirmed Wellington's opinion of "Jonathan Wild the Great." His own far nobler realism could not have looked upon war in this romantic light. From the first, after Waterloo, his great influence was invariably thrown on the side of those who wished to restore France to her place as a Great Power. The spirit of revenge, the desire to keep down a fallen enemy, to keep alive the passions of war-time, were foreign to this great soldier. For it is superlative greatness in a man to see so clearly the wickedness of what has made him renowned. Wellington's hatred of war, his continual opposition in England to all forms of militarism and his continual advocacy abroad of a policy of peace, are derived from the quality of realism. He, if anybody, knew what war was like, and he was not

intoxicated by the rewards that it had brought to him. He did not allow the spectacle of himself as a hero to cloud his vision of the realities of war.

This direct and narrow realism was the essence of Wellington's character. It was responsible for his limitations and for his defects, but on the larger stage of his public career it amounted to genius. Indeed, in Wellington his genius was character, and the superlative quality of it, clearly recognised by his contemporaries, has continued to excite the interest of posterity.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Alphabetical List of books consulted for the facts of this biography

Albemarle's "Fifty years of my Life"
Lady Airlie's "In Whig Society"
Lady Airlie's "Lady Palmerston and her Times"
Buckle and Monypenny's "Life of Disraeli"
Lady Burghclere's "A Great Man's Friendship"
Lady Frances Balfour's "Life of Lord Aberdeen"
Lady Burghersh's "Correspondence with the Duke of Wellington"
Lady Blessington's "Life and Correspondence"
Belloc's "Campaign of 1812"
Broughton's "Recollections of a Long Life"
Buckingham's "Memoirs of the Court of England"
Lord Burghersh's Correspondence
Mrs. Berry's Journals and Correspondence
Blakeney's "Boy in the Peninsular War"
Cambridge Modern History
Cambridge History of British Foreign Policy
Curzon's "Walmer Castle"
The Cornwallis Correspondence
Cooper's "Seven Campaigns"
The Creevey Papers
The Croker Papers
Castlereagh's Memoirs
Crabb Robinson's Diary
Canning's Political Life
Lord Campbell's Life
Clarendon's Life and Letters
Dudley Ward's "Romance of the Nineteenth Century"
Disraeli's "Life of Lord George Bentinck"
Lord Durham's Life
Lord Dalhousie's Private Letters
Lady de Ros' Reminiscences
Ellesmere's "Personal Reminiscences of the Duke of Wellington"

Miss Edgeworth's Life and Letters
Lord Eldon's Life
Lord Ellenborough's Political Diary
Lord Ellenborough's Indian Administration
Froude's "Life of Carlyle"
Henry Fox's Journal
Frazer's "Words on Wellington"
Frazer's Letters
Fitchett's "Wellington's Men"
Fortescue's "Wellington"
Gleig's "Life of Wellington"
Lord Granville's Letters
Guedalla's "Palmerston"
Gallatin's Diary
Lady Granville's Letters
The Greville Memoirs
Graham's Life and Letters
Henry Greville's Diary
Haydon's "Autobiography and Memoirs"
Hammond's "Lord Shaftesbury"
Harriette Wilson's Memoirs
Holland's "Further Memoirs of the Whig Party"
Hardinge's "Lord Hardinge"
Hay's "Narrative of the Peninsular War"
Hickey's Memoirs
Lord Harris' Life
Hook's "Life of Sir David Baird"
History of National Biography
Larpent's Journal
Liverpool's Life and Administration
Lee-Warner's "Life of Lord Dalhousie"
Lockhart's "Life of Sir Walter Scott"
Princess Lieven and Earl Grey's Correspondence
Lady Lyttleton's Correspondence
Lady Shelley's Diary
Lytton Strachey's "Queen Victoria"
Morley's "Life of Gladstone"
Martin's "Life of the Prince Consort"
Malmesbury's "Memoirs of an ex-Minister"
Melbourne's Papers
Moore's Diary
Sir John Malcolm's Life

BIBLIOGRAPHY

McCarthy's "History of our own Times"
Maxwell's "Life of Wellington"
Napier's "Peninsular War"
Oman's "History of the Peninsular War"
Parker's "Sir Robert Peel"
Peel's "Private Letters"
Palmerston's Life
Raikes' Private Correspondence with the Duke of Wellington
Raikes' Journal
Russell's Early Correspondence
Russell's Later Correspondence
Russell's Recollections and Suggestions
Rogers' "Table Talk"
Schauman's "On the Road with Wellington"
Stanhope's "Life of Pitt"
Stanhope's "Notes of Conversations with the Duke of Wellington
Stockmar's Memoirs
Shaftesbury's Life
Stanmore's "Memoir of Sidney Herbert"
Trotter's "Walks through Ireland"
Torrens' "Memoirs of Lord Melbourne"
The Taylor Papers
Trevelyan's "Lord Grey of the Reform Bill"
Trevelyan's "British History in the Nineteenth Century"
Temperley's "Diary of Princess Lieven"
Temperley's "Foreign Policy of Canning"
Teignmouth's Life and Correspondence
Timbs' Wellingtoniana
Queen Victoria's Girlhood
Queen Victoria's Letters
Wellington's Despatches
"Wellington in Private Life"
Walpole's "Life of Lord John Russell"
Walpole's "History of England"
Wellesley's Memoirs and Correspondence
Wilkin's "Life of Sir David Baird"
Wyndham's Diary
Webster's "Foreign Policy of Castlereagh"
Yonge's "Life of the Duke of Wellington"

INDEX

Abercromby, Sir Ralph, 9
Aberdeen, Earl of, 255, 276; Foreign Secretary, 171, 217; on Wellington's political influence, 257
Abrantes, Wellington at, 46
Achilles statue in Hyde Park, 122
Adelaide, Queen, 228
Adour, the, crossing of, 54, 131
Adrianople, Peace of, 169, 225
Agriculture, changes in, 172–173
Ahmadnagar, capture of, 22
Aix-la-Chapelle Conference, 161–162, 164
Alava, Spanish attaché to Wellington, 110; friendship of Wellington and, 132, 135, 144, 149, 159, 202, 286
Albemarle, Lord, and Mrs. Fitzherbert's papers, 250
Albert, Prince-Consort, 257; visit to Stratfield Saye, 266
Albuera, Battle of, 50, 94–95, 101
Aldborough, Lady, on Wellington's dullness and mischievousness, 6,11
Alexander I., Emperor of Russia, interview with Napoleon, 41–42; policy of at Aix-la-Chapelle conference, 162, 164; creation of Holy Alliance by, 163; change of attitude, 165, 166; attitude to Greek revolt, 168, 200, 201; death, 168, 201; and Wellington at Congress of Vienna, 192
Almeida, captured by Masséna, 48, 49, 90; and lost, 50; escape of garrison, 72, 104, 141
Althorpe, Lord, 245
American Colonies, loss of, 172
Angers, Wellington at Academy at, 4–5
Anglesey, Marquess of, loss of leg at Waterloo, 149–150; visit to Apsley House, 210, 241; Wellington's quarrel with, 219-220; visits Great Exhibition with Wellington, 276
Angoulême, Duc d', at St. Jean de Luz, 129; reception of at Toulouse, 135–136
Antrobus, Lady, reception of Wellington at a party given by, 247
Antwerp, expedition to, *see* Walcheren Expedition
Apsley House, Spanish pictures at, 122; protected, 231, 240; windows broken by mob, 236, 237; purchase of, 281
Arbuthnot, Mr., friendship of Wellington and, 14, 184, 221, 256, 264, 286; Wellington's affairs managed by, 208; on Wellington and the C.-in-C. ship, 204, and the Premiership, 205; Wellington's conversation with on Catholic Emancipation, 221; on Wellington's religious feeling, 265; on Wellington and the Corn Laws Crisis, 268, 269; death of, 275, and funeral, 291
Arbuthnot, Mrs., her influence on, and friendship with Wellington, 14, 184, 186, 187, 195, 196, 198 *et seq.*, 202, 203, 211, 217–218, 219, 223, 242, 287, 290; Wellington's conversation with, on the siege of Gameghur, 25; death of, 246
Argaum, Battle of, 22, 23
Argentine, commercial treaty with, 197
Arkwright, Sir Richard, spinning frame invented by, 173
Army, British, Wellington's attitude to his generals and officers, 63–66, 140–143; behaviour of during the Peninsular War, 72 *et seq.*; pay of, 74; punishment in, 77–78; dress and kit of, 80–81, 106; food, 81–82; size of, 84; faith of in Wellington, 101 *et seq.*; Wellington's opinion of, 104, 242, 266–267; equipment of in Crimean War, 242; Wellington's views on size of in 1848, 270
Artillery, the, Welllington's criticism of, 142
Assaye, Battle of, 22, 23
Austerlitz, Battle of, 32

Austria, Napoleon's campaign against, 41, 46; intervention of, in Naples, 165; interests in Greek revolt, 166, 168, 201, 203; *see also under* Metternich
Austria, Emperor of (Francis I), Wellington's message to, after "1812", 119; Wellingtonhonoured by, 139
Aylmer, Lord, 103

Badajoz, Soult's capture of, 49; siege raised, 50; stormed and taken, 51, 78–79, 108, and dinner in honour of, 133
Baird, General, resentment against Wellesley's favouritism to Wellington, 14; relations with Wellington, 15; quarrel with Wellesley on expedition to Egypt, 18–19; snubbed by Madras Government, 21
Balance of Power, principle of, 155, 163
Barba del Puerco, bridge of, 141
Baroda, the Gaekwar of and 2nd Mahratta War, 21 *et seq.*
Bassein, Treaty of, 21
Batavia, proposed expedition to, 17
Bathurst, 3rd Earl of, at the War Office, 97, 99; Wellington's letters to, 125, on peace with Napoleon, 130–131, and on additional pay, 138; and George IV, 188
Bautzen, Russian defeat at, 54
Baylen, defeat of Dupont at, 43
Bayonne, Soult at, 131
Bedchamber Plot, the, 253–255
Bedford, Duchess of, letter to Wellington, 186
Belgium, Duke of York's expedition in, 8–9; independence of, 169, 170, 179, 229
Belloc, Mr. H., on Napoleon's ideal, 41
Bentham, Jeremy, *laissez-faire* doctrine of, 175
Bentinck, Lord William, expedition to Italy and Spain, 52, 100, 107, 108; letter from Wellington to on the Press, 130
Beresford, General, 121; organises Portuguese army, 45; besieges Badajoz, 49, 50; occupies Bordeaux, 54; Wellington's relations with and opinions of, 63–64 66; despatch upon Albuera by, 94; second-in-command, 98–99; invested with Order of the Bath, 102–103; letters from Wellington to on loss of his keys, 104, on Burgos, 112, on "Orders," 138–139; given title by Spain, 105; at Battle of Toulouse, 133
Berry, Miss, on the Duchess of Wellington, 111; Wellington's friendship with, 156
Berry, Misses, 103
Bessborough, Lady, on Wellington's Copenhagen letters, 36; on Duchess of Wellington, 111; on Wellington's attentions to Grassini, 147
Bevan, Colonel, suicide of, 141
Blessington, Lady, Wellington's relations with, 252–253
Blood, Sergeant, 124
Blücher, Field Marshal Prince, 148, 150
Blues, the, Wellington becomes Colonel of, 138
Bonaparte, Joseph, *see under* Joseph, King
Bordeaux occupied by Beresford, 54
Boulognes, Mayor of, 133
Bourbon, House of, claims of and question of succession, 126, 129, 131
Boxtel, Abercromby's defeat at, 9
Brenier, General, taken prisoner at Vimiero, 72
Bridgwater Canal, the, 173
Bright, and the Repeal of Corn Laws, 176
British Army, *see under* Army
Brougham, Lord, 214; on Wellington's opposition to Reform, 231, his ministry, 234, his patriotism, 251; attack on Wellington by, 247
Broughton, Lord, on Wellington in Paris, 147, and popular interest in, 153
Brussels, Wellington in, at School, 4, and in 1815, 148, 150
Buckingham, Duke of, on Wellington, 197
Buckingham, Marquess of, 138
Burghersh, Lady, Wellington's letters to, 143–144, and friendship with, 202, 252, 286, 291
Burghersh, Lord, letters from Wellington to, on the Peninsular War, 87, and on the Bourbons, 129
Burgos, French retreat to, 51, 111; British siege of and retreat from,

52, 74, 77, 78, 82, 97, 98, 112–113, 141
Burgoyne, Sir John, letter from Wellington to, on size of the Army, 270–271
Burrard, Sir Harry, supersedes Wellington at Vimiero, 43, 57; recalled, 59
Busaco, Battle of, 48, 101, 102
Butler, Bishop, works of, 282
Butler, Lady Elinor, 56

Cadiz, importance as a base, 45; Soult's siege of, 51, 69, 70; Wellington's reception at, 114–115
Cambrai, Wellington at, as C.-in-C. of Army of Occupation, 153
Camden, Lord, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, 10
Campbell, Sir Colin, 60–61
Canada, revolt in, 251; union of, 256
Canning, George, quarrels with Castlereagh, 47, 85–86, 95; friendship with Wellesley, 96, 97; foreign policy of, 163, 166–168, 169, 191–194, 197; representative of the Middle Classes, 179; death of, 180, 209, 295; Wellington's dislike for and quarrels with, 181, 194–195, 197, 204, 205, 293; George IV's dislike of, 189, 196; and the Cottage Coterie, 196; candidature for Premiership, 204 *et seq.*; influence over George IV, 205; becomes Prime Minister, 207–209
Cannizzaro, Duchess of, Wellington's reception at a party given by, 249
Carlisle, Lady, Wellington's letter to on his Premiership, 212
Carlyle, Thomas, description of Wellington at 82 by, 274–275
Carnot, Lazare, 8
Caroline, Queen, and George IV, 99, 186, 188
Castanos, General, 109
Castello Melhor, Conde de, 94
Castlereagh, Robert Stewart, Viscount, first visit of Wellington to, 31–32; appoints Wellington in command of Portugal expedition, 38, 56; supports Wellington over Convention of Cintra, 44, 59–60; quarrels with Canning, 47, 85–86; 95; at Foreign Office, 96, 179 and policy of, 163 *et seq.*, 178, 188–190, 191, 194; in Paris, 144; in Vienna, 148; his support of and friendship with Wellington, 161–162, 191, 286; at Aix-la-Chapelle Conference, 164–165; protest of, at intervention policy by Laibach and Troppau Conferences, 165–166, 188; death of, 166, 178, 190; Wellington as disciple of, 182; weight of political work, 188–190, produces mental breakdown and suicide, 190
Cathcart, Lord, proposed expedition to Hanover under, 32; military expedition to Copenhagen under, 36
Catholic Emancipation, *see under* Roman Catholic Emancipation
Cato Street Conspiracy, 178, 185–186
Caton, sisters, the, 156
Cavalry, the, Wellington's criticism of, 142–143
Champagné, Colonel, letter from Wellington to, on Baird incident, 19–20
Charles X, 225, 229
Chartism and the Chartists, 176–177, 180, 181, 272–273
Chelsea Hospital, Wellington's lying-in-state at, 277
Cheltenham, Wellington at, 33, 156–157
Cinque Ports, Wellington as Warden of, 264, 281
Cintra, Convention of, 43–44, 85; Wellington's disapproval of, and British indignation at, 57 *et seq.*
Ciudad Rodrigo, taken by French, 48; siege of, 50, 104, 105; capture of, 51, 90, 137; British retreat from Burgos to, 52, 53; General Cole's investiture at, 117–118
Clanwilliam, 217, 282
Clarence, Duke of, *see under* William IV
Clarendon, works of, 282
Climbing Boys, Petition on, 262
Clive, Lord, relations with Wellington, 14, 17
Cobbett, William, 175
Cobden, and the Repeal of Corn Laws, 176, 267, 268
Codrington, Admiral, at Navarino, 169
Cole, General, investiture with Order of Bath at Ciudad Rodrigo, 117–118

Colley, Garret (later Earl of Mornington), 3
Colley, Sir Henry, 2
Colley, Richard (later Baron Mornington), 2
Collier, Sir George, 60
Combination Act, repeal of, 179
Commentaries (Julius Cæsar), 282
Confederation of the Rhine, 41
Connaught, Duke of, 276
Conroy, Sir John, 260
Constantinople, Straits of, neutrality of, 170
Constitution Hill, Wellington's statue on, 270
"Continental System," the, 42
Conyngham, Lady, 189, 196, 209, 217
Cooke, Sir Henry, news of Napoleon's abdication brought by, 134
Copenhagen, military expedition to, 1807, 36, 37
Cork, Lady, Wellington at reception given by, 245
Corn Bill, 215
Corn Laws, repeal of, 176, 267–269, 295; 1815, 178, 179
Cornwallis, Lord, disapproval of Wellington by, 6, and commendation, 9; Indian policy of, 12
Cortes, the, Wellington's opinion of, 68–70, 85, 117, 127
Corunna, Sir John Moore at, 45, 60
Cottage Coterie, the, 196, 198
Cotton, Sir Stapleton, hunting invitation from Wellington to, 107
Cowley, Baron, *see under* Wellesley, Sir Henry
Cowper, Lady, 195, 217
Cracow, Republic of, destroyed by Central Powers, 171
Crauford, General, Wellington's relations with and opinion of, 64; disaster caused by at Almeida, 90–91
Creevey, on the Wellesleys, 87; on Wellington and Portugal, 95; conversations with Wellington at Brussels, 148–149, 150–151; his impression of Wellington, 158–159; meeting with Wellington at Brighton, 196; Wellington's abuse of Canning to, 209; his opinion of Wellington, 211; on death of Mrs. Arbuthnot, 246; on the despatches, 249
Crocodile, frigate, 56
Croker, John Wilson, conversations with Wellington, 282, on Baird, 15, on the Portugal expedition, 38–39, on the feeling towards him after the Convention of Cintra, 59, on Canning as Prime Minister, 204, on his cabinet forming, 213–214, on his ministry, 216, on Lord Anglesey, 220, on Roman Catholic Emancipation, 220, on Waterloo, 249, on his infirmities, 250–251; quoted on Wellington's illness, 198; on Goderich's government, 209; refuses to take office, 239; on Wellington's loyalty to Peel, 268
Cuba, Spanish possession of, 197
Cuesta, General, 56
Cumberland, Duke of, Wellington's opinion of, 158; opposition to Wellington, 215, 222; peace patched up, 224; Wellington's advice to on death of William IV, 249
Curates' Relief Bill, 88
Curtis, Dr., Wellington's letter to on Catholic Emancipation, 219

Dalhousie, Lord, description of Wellington, 1835, by, 247–248
Dalrymple, Sir Hew, Convention of Cintra concluded by, 43–44; supersession of Wellington by, 57; recalled, 59
Denmark, Cathcart's Lord expedition to, 36
Derby, Earl of, ministry of, 1851, 276
De Ros, Lady, Wellington's correspondence with, 253
Despatches, Wellington's, published by Colonel Gurwood, 249
De Wellesleigh, family of, 2
Dhoondia Waugh, campaign against, 17
Dickson, Colonel, Wellington's trust in, 142
Disraeli, Benjamin, on Wellington's power of debate, 233, generosity, 251, and loyalty to Peel, 269; at Lady Cork's reception, 245; open letter to *The Times* on Wellington, 258–259; Wellington's joke regarding, 276
Dorsenne, Marshal, 50
Douro, Lady, 286
Douro, Lord, marriage of, 253, 280;

relations of, with Wellington, 283, 285
Douro, River, the turning of, 53, 120
Dudley, dismissed from Wellington's ministry, 216
Dumoriez, General, letter from Wellington to, 105
Dungannon, Viscount, 3
Dupont, defeat of at Baylen, 43
Dynasts, The (Hardy), 56, 80

East India Company, 16, 23
Edgeworth, Maria, friendship of, with Catherine Pakenham (Duchess of Wellington), 34; visits Duchess of Wellington, 284
Egypt, expedition from India to, 1800–1801, 18–20; Napoleon's campaign in, 42; crisis in, 1839–1840, 257
Elba, Napoleon at, 148, 296
El Bodon, Wellington defeated at, 50
Eldon, Lord, 206, 210, 213, 215
Ellenborough, Lord, Governor General of India, Wellington's correspondence with, 261, and his criticism and support of, 262–263
Elvas, Wellington's headquarters at, 108
Enclosure of common land, 172–173
England, Napoleon's attitude to, and command of the sea by, 42, 43; foreign policy of, after Waterloo, 163–171; transition in industry and political power in, 172–182; *see also* under Army *and* Navy
Erskine, Sir William, 141
Esterhazy, Prince, 196
Eton, Richard and Arthur Wellesley at, 3, 4, 11, 244
Exhibition of 1851, the, 181, Wellington's visits to, 276

Fane, Lady Georgiana, 287
Ferdinand VII, Napoleon's offer to, 129
Fitzherbert, Mrs., miniature of, worn by George IV, 228; death of, 250; letters of, to George IV, 272
Fitzroy, Georgina, marriage of, 146
Fleurus, Duke of York's defeat at, 8
Fox, Charles James, becomes Prime Minister, 33; death of, 35
Fox, Henry, on Wellington, 187
France, Revolutionary Convention declares war on England and Holland, 8; influence of, in India, 12, 14, 21; extension of dominions, 41; Wellington's invasion of, 54–55, 127 *et seq.*; discipline and behaviour of army in the Peninsular War, 74; Bourbon question in, 126, 129, 131; Army of Occupation in, 153 *et seq.*, and leaves, 162, 164; relations with Allies, 164, 296; policy of intervention in Spain, 166, 167, 192–194; attitude to Greek revolt, 169, 225; attitude to Belgium, 169, 170; Revolution of 1830 in, 169, 171, 179, 229; Palmerston's policy to, 170–171; Aberdeen's policy to, 171; Revolution of 1848 in, 171, 272; *see also under* Napoleon, Peninsular War
Fraser, General, 57
Free Trade, Cobden and Bright's belief in, 176; introduced, 181; Canning and, 194
French Revolution, ideals of, 40–41
Freneda, Wellington at, 107, 115 *et seq.*
Frere, 85
Frias, Duque de, 114
Fuentes d'Onoro, Masséna defeated at, 50, 103; anniversary dinner to celebrate, 119–120
Fuentes Guinaldo, Wellington's headquarters at, 98, and Schaumann's description of, 105–106

Gameghur, siege of, 25
Gawilghor, storming of, 22
Gazan, Comtesse de, 122
Gell, Sir William, impression of Wellington at Lisbon, 103
Genghiz Khan, reputed sword of, used by Wellington, 28
George III, insanity of, 93; death of, 186, 188
George IV (Prince Regent), politics of, 93, 96, 97; Vittoria fête given at Vauxhall by, 100; sends Wellington Field Marshal's baton, 121; birthday dinner given by Wellington, 126; correspondence with Wellington on the Order of the Garter, 138–139; at dinner party at Wanstead, 145; Wellington on, 159; and Queen Caroline, 186; relations with his ministers,

188–189; visit to Waterloo, 189; influence of Wellington on, 190, 227–228; dislikes Canning, 191, 196, but changes attitude, 198, 199; Canning's influence on, 205; decision of regarding Canning and Wellington's rival claims to Premiership, 205 *et seq.*; and Wellington's resignation of C.-in-C.-ship, 208 *et seq.*; on Wellington's political powers, 216; antagonism to Catholic Emancipation, 220,221; breach with Wellington, 222, and improved relations with, 224; amused at the Wellington–Winchelsea duel, 223; death, 227–228, and Wellington as executor, 250; and Mrs. Fitzherbert, 250, 272
Germany, French domination of, 41; command in, offered to Wellington, 122; Wellington on operations in, 130
Gibbon, Edward, works of, 282
Gladstone on Wellington's ministers, 234
Goderich, Viscount, Government of, 169, 208–212, 215
Gough, Viscount, 269
Goulburn, 239
Goya, picture of Wellington by, 62, 65
Graham, 115, 256, 263
Grande Armée, composition of, 41; Russian campaign of, 42, 51, 53
Grant, Sir Colquhoun, at a review, 120
Granville, Lady, Wellington's friendship with, 156; impression of Wellington by, 186–187
Granville, Lord, 111
Grassini, Wellington's attentions to, 147, 287
Great Exhibition, 1851, 181; Wellington's visits to, 276
Greece, revolt against Turkey by, 1821–1823, 166, 168, 178, 189, 225; Canning's policy to, 200, 201; Russian attitude to, 201 *et seq.*
Greenwood & Cox, 139
Grenville, Lord, 33, 35; on Wellington as a soldier, 84; Chancellor of Oxford University, 244
Greville, Charles, 259, 261, 282; conversations with Wellington on the Walcheren Expedition, 86, on his political independence, 256, and on Lord Ellenborough, 262–263; quoted on, Wellington's critics, 227, his power of debate, 233, his political manner, 235, the death of Mrs. Arbuthnot, 246, Wellington's health in 1839, 255, 256, and in 1843, 263, the Corn Law Crisis, 269
Greville, Lady Charlotte, 148, 187
Grey, Earl, on Talavera, 84; Reform Government of, 180, 243; on Wellington's political power, 216–217; and William IV, 228; on a dinner with Wellington, 230; Prime Minister, 235; resigns on Reform Bill 238, and recalled, 239; resigns in 1834, 245; on death of Mrs. Arbuthnot, 246
Guizot, plans invasion of Great Britain, 171
Gurwood, Colonel, 282; letter from Wellington to, on treatment by Indian Government, 20; Wellington's Despatches published by, 249; suicide of, 271–272
Gurwood, Mrs., Wellington's correspondence with on her husband's papers, 271–272

Habershon on the Prophecies, 265
Hanover, proposed expedition to, 32
Hardinge, Henry, Viscount, 269; second to Wellington in Winchelsea duel, 223
Hardy, Thomas, "Dynasts" by, 56, 80
Hargreaves, James, spinning-jenny invented by, 173
Harris, General, 14 *et seq.*
Harrowby, Lady, 187
Harrowby, Lord, 148, 185; Wellington's conversation with on Reform, 237–238
Hay, Lady Elizabeth, married to Lord Douro, 253
Henry IV, on warfare in Spain, 44
Herries, 239
Hertford, Lord, 197
Hickey, William, diary of, on Wellington in India, 27–28
Hill, Anne (Countess of Mornington), mother of the Duke of Wellington, 3, 4, 7, 219
Hill, Rowland, Viscount, evacuation of Madrid by, 52; relations with Wellington in Peninsular War, 64, 66; letter from Wellington to,

on retreat from Burgos, 113; dinners given by, 130; appointed Commander-in-Chief, 214; death, 262
Holkar, and Second Mahratta War, 21 *et seq.*
Holland, France declares war on, 1793, 8
Holland, Lord, on Wellington as Prime Minister, 224, and his expediency, 234; at a dinner with Wellington, 230
Holy Alliance, the creation and use of, by Alexander I, 163, 165, 166, 168; Canning's attitude to, 192, and Wellington's belief in, 194, 201
Holy Living and Dying (Taylor), 282
Holy Roman Empire, the, French domination of, 41
Honours and titles given to the Duke of Wellington, 27, 47, 51–52, 105, 137–139, 145
Hope, General, 57
Hope, Mrs., party given by, 203
Hunt, Henry ("Orator"), 176–177, 180
Hunting, Wellington's fondness for, 81, 107, 109, 113 *et seq.*, 119, 127, 129–130, 135, 211
Huskisson, William, Free Trade sympathies of, 179; Wellington's dislike of, 181; in Wellington ministry, 214, but dismissed, 215; Corn Bill of, 215; death at opening of Liverpool and Manchester Railway, 229–230
Hyderabad, Nizám of, treaty with, 14–15; part of Mysore given to, 16; bribe offered to Wellington by, 29

India, French influence in, 12, 14, 21; Mornington (Lord Wellesley) appointed Governor General, 12, 13, and his forward policy in, 14 *et seq.*, 20 *et seq.*; Wellington's military career in, 12–29; Mysore campaign, 14 *et seq.*; Second Mahratta War, 20 *et seq.*; attacks on Wellesley's administration, 33, 35
Industrial Revolution, the, 172 *et seq.*
Ireland, Wellington appointed Chief Secretary for, 35–37, 44, 57 *et seq.*; his policy for, 128, 263
Irish Municipal Corporations Bill, 248
Italy, French domination of, 41

J——, Miss, Wellington's relations and correspondence with, 242, 252, 287–289
Jersey, Lady, Wellington's friendship with, 157, 195–196, 198, 217, 287; conversations with Wellington on, Canning, 207, and threats to his life, 232
Jervis, Mary, Wellington's friendship with, 253
Joinville, Prince de, 280
Joseph, King, in the Peninsula War, 43, 50 *et seq.*, 111, 121; sword of, presented to Wellington, 124; Napoleon's relations with, 151
Jourdan, Marshal, baton of, captured, 121
Junot, Marshal, defeated at Vimiero, 43, 57; on Wellington's discipline, 78

Kaitna, River, incident at in 2nd Mahratta War, 22
Kent, Duke of, 158
Knighton, Sir William, 196

Ladies of Llangollen, the, 56
Laibach, Conference of, 165
Lake, General, 26, 27
Lamb, Lady Caroline, 156, 157
La Mota, Wellington at, 121
Larpent, Judge-Advocate-General, 116, 117, 121, 126
Leipsic, Napoleon's defeat at, 54, 130
Leitrim, Lord, on Wellington as a young man, 6
Lieven, Princess, friendly relations with Wellington, 192–193, 195, 196, 287; in the Cottage Coterie, 196; sides with Canning, 199; on Wellington in 1826, 200, his visit to Russia, 201, and on rival claims of Wellington and Canning to Premiership, 205–206; becomes a nuisance, 214, and cooler relations ensue, 216–217, 228; gossip spread by, 225–226; conversation with Wellington on Reform, 236
Lisbon, importance as a base, 45; Wellington at, 103, 105 and his investiture of General Stuart at, 117
Liverpool and Manchester Railway, opening of, 229–230

Liverpool, Earl of, Wellington's visit to, 39; Secretary of War in Perceval's government, 47, 86 and support of Wellington by, 88; Ministry of, 51, 96–97, 191; Wellington's correspondence with 107, on British invasion of France, 131 and on his "Orders," 138–139; Wellington in Cabinet of, 162, 188; death of, 179–180, 203, 204; Wellington's opinion of, 189; division in Cabinet of, 194
London, Wellington's reception by, after the Peninsular War, 145
Londonderry, Lord, on Wellington's contentment in 1837, 249
Longford, Lord, objects to marriage between Wellington and Catherine Pakenham, 7–8
Lord's Prayer, the, Wellington's opinion of, 265
Louis XVIII, Wellington's toast of, 135, differences with, 154, criticism of government of, 160 and visit to, 189
Louis Philippe, 170
Lowe, Sir Hudson, 159
Lowther, Lord, 253
Luddite Riots, the, 174
Lützen, Russian defeat at, 54
Lyndhurst, Lord, in Wellington Ministry, 214, 216; Lord Chancellor in Peel Ministry, 245; antagonism to Wellington in the Lords, 248, and opinion that he retire, 255
Lyttelton, Lady on Wellington at Windsor, 265–266, 273–274

Madras, Wellington at, 15
Madrid, Napoleon takes, 43, 44; evacuated by Hill, 52; Wellington in, 66, 111–112, 145
Mahratta Confederacy, British move against, 20
Mahratta War, (2nd), 21 *et seq.*
Malcolm, Colonel, friendship of Wellington and, 28–29; letters from Wellington to, on his return from India, 26–27, on Parliamentary work, 35, 37–38, refusing invitation to return to India, 36 and on guns taken from French, 122
Manchester, Peterloo Massacre at, 178; visits to, 229–230, 274
Manners-Sutton, Speaker, 239
March, Lord, wounded at Orthes, 132, 291
Marlborough, Duke of, Wellington on portrait of, 186
Marmont, Marshal, supersedes Massena, 50; defeated at Salamanca, 51, 110; replaced by Massena, 52
Maryborough, Lord, 195, 219, 285
Mascarenhas, Madame, daughter of, 94
Masséna, Marshal, concentrates against British and takes Ciudad and Almeida, 48, 89–90; effect of lines of Torres Vedras on, 48–49, 92 *et seq.*; superseded by Marmont, 50, and is replaced, 52
Mauritius, proposed expedition to, 17
Maxwell, Sir Herbert on Wellington in India, 20, and his irritation against his superiors, 26
Mehemet Ali, 170, 171
Melbourne, Viscount, Ministries of, 171, 176, 245; Wellington's support of, 251–252, 257–259; fall of government, 253 and return to power, 255; Wellington's liking for, 253–255, 293, advice to, 257, and tribute to, 259
Melville, Lord, 39
Metternich, Prince, intervention policy of, 164 *et seq.* 188, 189; at Congress of Vienna (Verona) 192, 194; Wellington's relations with, 197; on Wellington's political sense and statesmanship, 198, 225; and the Greek revolt, 200–201
Middle-Classes, accession of political power by, 173, 176 *et seq.*
Miguel, Dom, 168
Militia Bill, the, 276
Mines Act, 1842, 177
Ministry of All the Talents, 35
Miranda, General, Wellington's interview with, 37
Moira, Lord, expedition of, to Netherlands, 8
Monson, Colonel, Holkar's defeat of, 26
Moore, Sir John, action and death of, at Corunna, 44–45, 60; supersedes Wellington, 57; on the defence of Portugal, 89, 90
Moore, Thomas, on Wellington's frivolous fooling, 6

Morning Chronicle, publication of Wellington's Cabinet in, 214
Morning Journal, libels on Wellington in, 226
Mornington, Baron, (Richard Colley) 2
Mornington, 1st Earl of, (Garret Colley) 3
Mornington, 2nd Earl of (later Marquess Wellesley) *see under* Wellesley, Marquess
Moscow, Napoleon's retreat from, 53
Mulgrave, Lord, resignation of, 162
Münster, Count, 196
Murray, General, 142; letter from Wellington to, on his attitude to plundering, 29; defeats Suchet, 119
Mussolini, Signor, 156
Mysore, Campaign against, 14 *et seq.*

Nagpur, Rajah of, and 2nd Mahratta War, 21 *et seq.*
Napier, Sir Charles James, Wellington on *History of War in the Peninsula* by, 71; quoted on taking of Oporto 83 and on Salamanca, 110–111; recommended for C-in-C in India, 269–270
Naples, revolution in, 165, 178, 188, 189
Napoleon I (Bonaparte) born in humble circumstances, 2; creative efforts of, 40–41; interviews Alexander I, 41–42; attitude to England 42; plans for control of the Peninsula, 42–43 and his attitude to the Campaign, 50, 51, 106; concentrates on Spain, 44; leaves for Wagram campaign, 45–46 and makes peace with Austria, 47–48; Russian campaign of, 51 *et seq.;* battles of Lützen, Bautzen and Leipsic fought by, 54; abdication of, 55, 134–135; on Wellington after Talavera, 84; compared with Wellington, 95, 139, 140, 144, 296; system of, 126; Wellington's opinion of, 129, 143, 144, 149, 151–152, 292; escapes from Elba, 148; at St. Helena, 159
Navarino, Battle of, 169, 225
Navy, British, effect of command of Sea by, in Peninsular Campaign, 42, 43, 98 *et seq.* 107
Nelson, Lord, meeting of Wellington and, 31–32
Netherlands, Duke of York's expedition to, 1793–4, 8–9; French domination of, 41
Newark, Lord, wedding of, 276
Newcastle, Duke of, on Wellington's acting for Peel in 1834 government, 246
Newport (I.O.W.), Wellington as M.P. for, 35
Ney, Marshal, execution of, 154
Nicholas I., Emperor of Russia, Greek policy of, 168–169; accession of and Wellington's visit to, 201–203; visits Windsor, 265–266
Nicholls, Sir Joseph, Journal of, quoted on Wellington's liberality, 25
Nivelle, battle of the, 54, 128
Northumberland, Duke of, 138

Ocana, Spanish defeat at, 47
O'Connell, Daniel, elected M.P. for Clare, 218
Oporto, taken by Soult, 46, and retaken by Wellington, 46, 56, 83, 131
Ord, the Misses, 148
Orthes, defeat of Soult at, 54, 131
Ossulton, Lord, at Lady's Cork's reception, 245
Ostend, Lord Moira at, 8
Owen, Robert, socialism of, 175
Oxford University, Wellington elected Chancellor of, 244

Paget, General, 57
Pakenham, Catherine, wife of Duke of Wellington, *see under* Wellington, Duchess of,
Pakenham, General Edward at battle of Salamanca, 110
Palmerston, Viscount, foreign policy of, 170; dismissal from Wellington Ministry 216, and reconciliation proposals, 230; opinion of Wellington as Foreign Secretary 1834–1835, 247
Pamplona, fall of, 53, 54, 122, 125, 127
Paris, Allies entry into, 134; Wellington as Ambassador in, 144, 146–148 and as Commander-in-Chief of Army of Occupation 153 *et seq.*
Paull, attacks on Lord Wellesley's Indian administration by, 35

Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, abdication of, 168
Peel, Sir Robert, and Roman Catholic Emancipation, 179, 180; budgets of, 181; on Wellington as Commander-in-Chief, 204; attitude of, to the Wellington-Canning rivalry for Premiership 206–207; association and relations with Wellington, 209, 210, 248, 256, as member of his cabinet, 213, 216, 219 and during the Corn Law crisis, 267–269, 295; his attitude to Reform 238–239, 243; Prime Minister in 1834, 245–246, resigns, 247, 248, in 1841, 259 *et seq.* and Wellington's position in his government, 259, 260–261; Wellington on the manners of, 249; and the Bedchamber question, 254; and Ireland, 263; death of, 275, 291; qualities of, 293
Peninsular War, histories of, 1, 71; events leading to, 40–43; Wellington's first expedition to Portugal —Vimiero and the Convention of Cintra, 43–44, 56–57; Napoleon's 1808 concentration and Moore's defeat at Corunna, 44–45, 60; Alliance with Spain, and Wellington returns to the Peninsula, 1809, 45, Campaign against Soult, Oporto and Talavera, 46–47, 83–85; Masséna's advance, 1810–1811—Torres Vedras, 47–49, 87, 89, 92–93, Busaco 48, 101,102, 1811 Campaign, Fuentes d'Onoro, 50, 103, Albuera, 50, 94–95, 101; Almeida 72, 104, 141; Ciudad Rodrigo 50, 51, 90, 104, 105; Wellington takes offensive—Badajoz, 51, 78, 108, Salamanca, 51, 108–111; Soult evacuates Andalusia, and Wellington enters Madrid, 51, 111–112; siege of and retreat from Burgos 52, 53, 77, 78, 82, 112–113; Wellington crosses the Douro, 53, 120–121; King Joseph's defeat at Vittoria, 53, 75–76, 121–122, and Soult's attempt to relieve Pamplona and San Sebastian 53–54, 78–79, 122–125, 126–127; invasion of France, 54, 128–133; Battle of Toulouse, 54–55, 133–135; medals for, 266
Perceval, Spencer, government of, and its attitude to Peninsular Campaign, 47, 86 *et seq.;* assassination of, 51, 96; quarrel between Lord Wellesley and, 95–96
Peshwá, Head of Mahratta Confederacy 21; treaty with, 14–15; portion of Mysore given to, 16
Peterloo massacre, the, 178
Pichegru, in command of the Army of the North, 8
Picton, General, Wellington's opinion of, 64–65
Piedmont, revolution in, 165, 178, 189
Pitt, William, Wellington's meetings with, 30 *et seq.;* death of, 32; foreign policy of, 163
Pole, Emily, marriage of, 146
Polignac, Prince de, Canning's meeting with, 167; territorial schemes of, 169; at meetings of the Cottage Coterie, 196; Wellington's reported opinion of, 225–226, and support of, 228, 229
Poona, Wellington's cavalry action at, 21
Portland, Duke of, government of, 35; fall of, 47, 59, 86
Portugal, Expedition to, 38–39, 42, 43; proposed evacuation of, 47; invaded by Masséna, 48–49; Wellington's opinion of government of 62–63 and relations with, 105; its army organised by Beresford, 63–64; difficulty of defence in, 89–90; Wellington leaves, 120; revolution in, 165, 167–168, 178, 188, 189
Ponsonby, Colonel, news of Napoleon's abdication brought by, 134–135
Ponsonby, Miss Sarah, 56
Press, English, information regarding Peninsular Campaign given by 91, 93, 99, 127; Wellington's dislike of, 127, 130, 208, 242–243, 265
Privilege Bill, 256
Prussia, French defeats of, 41, at Lützen and Bautzen, 54
Public Health Act, 1848, 177
Punishment in the Army, 77–78

Quadruple Alliance, the, (England, Russia, Austria and Prussia), 163 *et seq.;* (England, France, Spain and Portugal, 170–171
Quatre Bras, Picton at, 64; Wellington's greeting to Alava at, 149

Raikes, Wellington's epigram on Victory to, 150; impression of Wellington by, 241; his correspondence with, 261; on life at Walmer Castle, 263–264
Railways, Wellington's dislike of, 229, 242
Ramsay, Captain, Wellington's treatment of, 141–142
Redesdale, Lord, 258
Reform of the Franchise, agitation for, 176; Reform Bills, 1832, 180, 295, 2nd defeated 237, 3rd introduced, 237–238, and passed, 239, 243; Wellington's hostility to, and statements upon, 226, 227, 231, 236 *et seq.*
Richmond, Duchess of, ball at Brussels given by, 149
Richmond, Duke of, 7, 258; Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, 35; letter from Wellington to on Dalrymple and Burrard, 57; good opinion of Wellington by, 125
Ripon, Lord, 261
Rivers, Lord, Stratfield Saye bought from, 281
Robinson, Crabb, impression of Wellington by, 186
Rogers, Samuel, 282; on contrast between the two Wellesleys, 13; on Wellington's religious devotion, 265
Roman Catholic Emancipation, 179, 180, 194, 207; Wellington's support of, 218, 233–234, 295; Bill introduced, 221 and passed 222, 224
Russell, Lord John, visit to, and impressions of Wellington in the Peninsular Campaign, 102–103, 112–113, 114–115, 120; endeavours to form a government in Corn Law Crisis, 267 and Wellington's relation with 269; on danger of war with France, 270; resignation in 1851, 276; visit to Napoleon in Elba, 296
Russia, Napoleon bargains with 41–42; campaign and defeat of Grande Armée in, 42, 51, 52, 53, 119; defeated by Napoleon at Lützen and Bautzen, 54; rival interests of Austria and, created by Greek revolt, 166, 168; demands upon, and War with Turkey by, 169, 201, 202, 225
Rutland, Duke of, on Wellington's resignation from Cabinet, 208; Wellington's visit to, 211 and his letter to, in support of Catholic Emancipation, 220
Rye, Wellington M.P. for, 33

St. Helena, Napoleon at, 159
St. Jean de Luz, Wellington at, 128 *et seq.*
St. Paul's Cathedral, Wellington's funeral in, 277
St. Simon, Marquis de, news of Napoleon's abdication brought by, 134
Salamanca, Masséna at 49; Marmont defeated at, 51, 66, 109–111, 137; Wellington's entry into, 108–109
Salisbury, Lady, Wellington's conversation with on, his despatches, 23, Battle of Toulouse, 134, and on Waterloo, 151; her friendship and correspondence with Wellington, 252
Salisbury, Lady (II) Wellington's letter to, 276
San Sebastian siege and sack of, 53–54, 75, 78, 79, 123, 125, 126–127
Scotland, deputation from, to Wellington, 260
Scott, Sir Walter, high opinion of Wellington held by, 210–211
Seringapatam, capture of, 15–16
73rd (Highland Regiment), Wellington an ensign in, 5
Seville, Wellington at, 114
Shaftesbury, Lord, social work of, 177, 180; opinion of Wellington held by, 210
Shawe, Colonel, secretary to Lord Wellesley, 20, 27
Shelley, Lady, Wellington's friendship with, 145 *et seq.*, 153, 156–157, 184 *et seq.*, 193, 196, 198 *et seq.*, 207 *et seq.*, 211, 218, 219, 242, 246, 253, 282, 284, 287, 289–290; breach and reconciliation, 270–271
Shelley, Sir John, 282; breach between Lady Shelley and Wellington closed by, 271; attitude of, to Wellington's relations with his wife, 290
Shore, Sir John, Governor General of India, 12–13
Sindhia and the Second Mahratta War, 21 *et seq.*
Six Acts, the, 178

Smith, Adam, works of, 282
Smith, Sydney, on Perceval's government, 88
Somerset, Lady Fitzroy, 150
Somerset, Lord Fitzroy, 110, 114, 282
Sorauren, Battles of, 53, 75, 101, 123–124
Souham, advance of, from Burgos, 112–113
Soult, Marshal, movements and engagements of, in Peninsular Campaign; Oporto, 46; Ocana, 47; Andalusia, 48; Badajoz, 49; Albuera, 50, 94; Cadiz, 51, 69, 70, Andalusia evacuated, 51, 111; joins Joseph's army in Valencia, 52; Burgos, 52–53, 113; Pamplona, 53, 122–124, Bayonne 54, 128; Orthes and Toulouse, 55, 131–133; present at Queen Victoria's coronation, 250
South America, Spanish Colonies in, revolution of, 37, 164, 166, 167, 194, 197
Spain, revolution of South American Colonies of, 37, 164, 166, 167, 194, 197; Napoleon's plans for control of, 42 *et seq.*, difficulties of warfare in, 44; English alliance with, 1809, 45, Wellington's opinion of, the people, 66-68, 105, the government, 68–69, 85, 117, and the Army, 70–71; Throne question, 129; attitude of to Wellington after Vittoria, 139; revolution in, 165, 178, 188, 189; French intervention in, 166, 167 and its consideration at Congress of Vienna (Verona), 192–194; Peninsular Campaign in, *see under*
Sparrow, Lady Olivia, conversation of, with Wellington on Catherine Pakenham, 33
Speenhamland System, the, 174, 180
Spencer, Lord, death of, 245
Stael, Madame de, 156
Stanhope, Lord, Wellington's conversations with, 282, on Netherlands campaign, 9, Second Mahratta campaign, 22, and on General Brenier, 71–72
Stanley, Lord, 269, 276
Stevenson, Colonel, in the 2nd Mahratta campaign, 22–23, 25
Stewart, Sir Charles, at Toulouse, 135
Stockmar, Baron, impressions of Wellington in 1817, 157, in 1828, 212, as a statesman 235 and in 1840, 257
Stockton and Darlington Railway, 173
Strachey, Mr. Lytton, on Wellington and Queen Victoria, 260
Strangford, Lord, British Ambassador St. Petersburg, 201
Stratfield Saye, rebuilding 01, by Wyatt, 184; life at, 187, 211, 242–243, 282; visit of Victoria and Albert to, 266; choice of, 278; purchase, 281
Stuart, General, in command during Second Mahratta War, 21; letter from Wellington to on hunting, 113–114; invested with Order of Bath at Lisbon, 117–118
Suchet, Marshal, 119
Sultanpettah, Wellington's repulse at, 15
Surveillante, frigate, 60
Sweden, King of, Wellington honoured by, 139
Switzerland, French domination of, 41; unity of, secured by Palmerston, 171
"Syren" the, (Mary Jervis), 253

Talavera, Battle of, 46–47; English opinion of, 84–85
Talbot, Pte. Jack, Wellington's remark to, 82
Tarbes, battle at, 132
Ten Hours Act, 1847, 177
Test Act, repeal of, 179, 215
33rd Regiment, Wellington as Colonel of, in India, 12, and long connection with, 138
Thistlewood, Arthur, and the Cato Street conspiracy, 185
Thornton's *Collection of Prayers*, 265
Tilsit, Peace of, 1807, 41
Times, The, Disraeli's open letter to, 258–259
Tipú Sultan, campaign against, 14 *et seq.*
Titles and Honours given to Wellington, 27, 47, 51–52, 105, 137–139, 145
Torres Vedras, lines of, 40, 48, 49, 87, 89, 92–93, 112
Toulouse, Battle of, 54 *et seq.*, 124, 132 *et seq.*
Trafalgar, Battle of, 42, 43, 98
Tralee, Wellington as M.P. for 35

Transport, inland, revolution in, 173
Trevelyan, Mr., quoted on Wellington, 155
Trident, H.M.S., Wellington leaves India on, 27
Trim, Wellington as M.P. for, 7
Trincomalee, expedition to Egypt from, 17–18
Trinity House, Wellington Master of the Elder Brethren of, 274
Troppau, Conference of, 165, 188, 189
Truck Act, 1831, 177
Turkey, Greek revolt against, 166, 168, 178, 179; Russian demands upon and war against, 169, 201, 202, 225
Turnpike Trusts, 1750, 173
Tweeddale, Lord, 107

U.S.A. British war with, 1812, 52, 98 *et seq.*

Valladolid, Sir John Moore's march on, 45, 46, 52, Wellington's entry into, 51, 66, 111; abandoned by French, 53
Valmy, 1792, 41
Van de Weyer, 250; on a meeting with Wellington, 230–231
Vansittart, Nicholas, financial measures of, 179
Vera, Wellington at, 127
Verona, Conference at, 166, 167, 193
"Vic," a terrier, 5
Victor, Marshal, in command of Southern Army, 46
Victoria, Queen, First Council of, 249–250; Coronation of, 250; interview with Wellington, 253–254; marriage, 255, 256; Wellington visits, at Windsor, 265–266, 273–274; visits Stratfield Saye, 266, and Manchester, 274; Wellington's relations with, 291
Vienna, Wellington ambassador in, 148, Congress, of 1815, 148, 161; of 1822, 166, 170, 192, transferred to Verona, 193
Villiers, George, on Wellington's health, in 1839, 255
Vimiero, Battle of, 43, 57, 75
Vittoria, Battle of, 53, 100, 121, 139, 141; French losses of guns and plunder at, 75, 121–122; effect of, on French Army, 124

Wagram, Battle of, 45, 46
Walcheren expedition, the, 42, 46, 47, 85–86
Wallace, navigation measure of, 179
Walmer Castle, Wellington's life at, 263, 281, 282
Waterloo, Battle of, 149–151
Waters, Colonel, 113; capture and escape of, 143
Watt, James, invention of steam engine by, 173
Webster, Lady Frances, Wellington's friendship with, 156, 287
Wellesley, name adopted in place of Wesley in 1798, 13
Wellesley, Gerald, Wellington's remark to, on Catherine Pakenham, 34
Wellesley, Sir Henry (later Baron Cowley), Wellington's letters to, on the Baird incident, 19, on Spanish affairs, 106–107, 119, 127; death of, 286
Wellesley, Lady Charles, 277
Wellesley, Lord Charles, 277, 285
Wellesley, Marquess (Richard 2nd, Earl of Mornington), 3–4; interest in his brother Arthur, 5 *et seq.* 10; makes Wellington M.P. for Trim, 7; character of, 11, 14, 18, 30; appointed Governor-General of India, 12, 13; forward policy of, 12, 20 *et seq.* contrast between Wellington and, 13–14; favours Wellington 14 *et seq.*; leading to Baird incident 18–20; Marquisate granted to, 18; return to England, 30; attacks upon administration of, 35; and the Convention of Cintra, 59; Ambassador to Spain, 61, 85, 87; Foreign Secretary in Perceval's ministry, 61, 87, 88, 95; manner of, 65; quarrel with Perceval and desire for Premiership, 95–97; suggestion of, for Wellington's Coat-of-Arms, 137; and the Canning - Wellington quarrel, 209; estrangement between Wellington, and 213, differences on Catholic Emancipation, 218, 219, and reconciliation, 253; Apsley House bought from, 281; Wellington's relations with, 285; funeral of, 286
Wellesley, William, (later Lord Maryborough) 97, 195, 219, 285
Wellington boot, the, 116

Wellington, Duchess of, (Catherine Pakenham), Wellington's marriage proposal to, 6, 10, 33–34; marriage of, 34; character, 35; effect of Salamanca upon, 111, admiration of, for the Duke, 146; Lady Bessborough on Wellington's behaviour to, 147; Lady Shelley on 211–212; Wellington's relations with, 219; death of, 236; domestic life and qualities of, 282–283; Maria Edgeworth's impressions of a visit to, 283–284

Wellington, Duke of, (Arthur Wellesley), ancestry, 2–3; education at Eton, Brussels and Angers, 4–5; ensign in 73rd Regiment, 5–6; A.D.C. to Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, 6 *et seq.*; meets Catherine Pakenham, 6, 7, 10; M.P. for Trim, 7; in Netherlands expedition, 8–9; appearance and character, 1795, 10–11; goes to India as Colonel of 33rd Foot, 12; relations with his brother in India, 13, 14, 16 *et seq.*, 23, 26, 27; in Mysore campaign, 14–17; differences with General Baird, 14 *et seq.*, 18, 19, health and physique in India, 20, 25–26; in 2nd Mahratta War, 20–26; desires to leave India, 26–27; public praise of, and K.C.B. granted, 27; character and temperament as shown by Indian service,27–29; return from India, 30; meetings with Pitt, 31, 32, Castlereagh 31, and Nelson 31–32; enters Parliament, 33; marriage to Catherine Pakenham 33–35; Chief Secretary for Ireland, 35–37, 44, 57 *et seq.*; in expedition to Copenhagen, 36; question of revolt of Spanish Colonies considered by 37; in command of Portugal expedition, 38–39, 43–44, his supersession, 43, 44, 56–57; Convention of Cintra and his unpopularity, 44, 57–60; returns to Spain, 45, 60–61; Main outlines of Peninsular campaign 1809–1814, 45–55; made a peer 47, and marquess 51–52; appearance and physique at 40, 61–62; attitude to Portuguese government, 62–63; relations with his generals, 63–66, 90–91; attitude to and opinion of Spanish, 66–68, the Cortes, 68–70, 85, 117, 127, and the Spanish army 70–71; his opinions on war, 71–72, 194, 296; his relations with and opinions of the British Army, 72–82, 91, 104, 106, 242, 266–267, 270; political attitude to Oporto and Talavera, 82, 84; effect of fall of Portland administration upon position in Spain, 86–88; his reply to criticism of the Campaign, 88–90; control of appointments desired by, 91–92; Torres Vedras lines made by, 92–93; effect of Albuera on home attitude to, 95–96; Perceval government support of, 95–96; appointment of a second-in-command to, 98–99; relations of, with Liverpool government, 98 *et seq.*; Vittoria makes him a popular hero, 100; Army's faith in, 101–102; impressions of, during 1811, 102–105; at Fuente Guinaldo, 105–106, honours and title, given to, 105, 137–139, 145 (see also 27, 47, 51–52) correspondence during the Campaign, 105, 106–107, 116; fondness for hunting, 107, 109, 113 *et seq.* 119, 127, 129–130, 135; at Badajoz, 107–108; entry into, and Battle of Salamanca, 108–111; entry into Madrid, 111–112; retreat from Burgos, 112–113; at Cadiz114–115; his realisation of his prestige, 116–118, 122, 139–140; at social gatherings in the Peninsula, 117–118, 119-120, 126, 128, 130, 133; Vittoria, 120–121; invasion of France by, culminating in Battle of Toulouse, 124–134; appearance at 44, 128; celebration of Napoleon's abdication by, 135–136; discipline and treatment of his officers by, 140–143; personality and qualities of, 143–144; 146–147, 152, 154, 155, 157 *et seq.* 160, 161, 200, 210–212, 226, 227, 233, 235, 241–243, 262, *et seq.*, 271, 278 *et seq.*; friendship with Lady Shelley, 145 *et seq.*, 153, 156–157, 184 *et seq.*, 193, 196, 198 *et seq.*, 207 *et seq.*, 211, 218, 219, 242, 246, 253, 270–271, 282, 284, 287, 288–290; Ambassador in Paris, 144, 146-148, and Vienna, 148; Brussels, 148–149, 150, and Waterloo, 149–151; commands Army of Occupa-

tion in France, 153–162, and is unpopular, 153–156; fondness for society of women, 156–157, 217, 241, 242, 252–253, 278, 286–290, 294; at the conferences of Aix-la Chapelle 161–162, 164, Vienna (Verona) 166-167, 192–194; in Liverpool's cabinet, 162, 183, 188–190, 191, 194, 195; visits Nicholas I, 168–169, 201–203; pro-Turkish policy of, 168–169, 199, 200; responsible for middle classes rise to power, 181–182; unpopularity of, in 1820, 185–186; impressions of *circa* 1820, 186–187; illnesses and deafness, 192, 197, 218, 230, 241, 250, 255, 256, 258, 260, 262, 265, 273; quarrel with Canning, 193 *et seq.*; connection with Cottage Coterie, 196, 198; appointed Commander-in-Chief 204, 210; claim to Premiership, 204, 207; resignation of cabinet seat and C. in C.-ship, 207–209 which is again accepted, 210; impression of in 1828, 212; as Prime Minister, his cabinet, 213, *et seq.*, 244, Catholic Emancipation granted, 218–224; duel with Earl of Winchelsea, 222-224, foreign policy of, 224–226, 229 (*see also* 169–170); executor of George IV. 227–228, 250; relations with William IV, 228, 245, 247; at opening of Liverpool and Manchester Railway, 229–230; antagonism to Reform and his unpopularity, 231, 235–240; impression of at 63, 241–243; popularity of, 244, 247–248; holds office for Peel, 245–246; Foreign Secretary in Peel's government, 246–247, impressions of, *circa* 1835, 247–249; Despatches published, 249; and Queen Victoria, 250, 254, 257, 260, 266, 273–274; support of Melbourne, 251, 252, 254 *et seq.*; political influence of, in 1840, 256–257; in Peel's government, 259 *et seq.*; at Walmer, 263–264; popularity in 1845–1850, 266, 273; and the Corn Law Crisis, 266–269; and Mrs. Gurwood, 271–272; impressions of, in old age, 274–275; closing days and death, 276–277; domestic life of, 281–286; general political outlook, 291–296

Wellington, estate bought for Duke of Wellington near, 137, 139

Wesley, the family, 2; name used by the Wellesleys until 1798, 13

Westmorland, Lady, 277

Whitbread, Wellington's letter to, on Oporto, 83

"Who-Who Ministry" the, 276

William IV (Duke of Clarence), 158; resignation from Wellington government, 215-216, 218; quarrels with Duke of Cumberland, 222; accession of, and Wellington's influence on, 228; and Reform, 232, 238, 239, question of, regarding Grey, 235; asks Wellington to form a government, 1834, 245; Wellington's relations with, 247; last illness, 249

Wilson, Harriette, Memoirs of, 242, 287

Wiltons, the, 282

Winchelsea, Earl of, duel between Wellington and, 222–224

Windsor Castle, Wellington at, 265–266, 273–274

Worcester, Lady, 187

Wordsworth, William, pamphlet on the Convention of Cintra by, quoted, 58

Wurtemburg, Duke of, William IV's reference to married life of, 228

Wyatt, James, records Wellesley's remark on Wellington, 13; rebuilt Stratfield Saye, 184

Wynn, 239

York, Duke of, (Frederick Augustus) Netherlands Expedition commanded by, 8–9; opposes Wellington's Peninsular command, 56; death, 204

Zamora, Wellington's entry into, 121

BOOKS OF DISTINCTION

THE GARMENT OF PRAISE

The Necessity for Poetry

by Eleanor Carroll Chilton and Herbert Agar

$5.00

TWELVE DAYS

by V. Sackville-West

$3.00

MORE FAMOUS TRIALS

by the Rt. Hon. The Earl of Birkenhead

$4.00

IN THE IMPERIAL SHADOW

by Mirza Mahmoud Khan Saghaphi

$3.50

THE PAGEANT OF THE STARS

by Dr. Willem J. Luyten

$2.50

THE ECSTASIES OF THOMAS DE QUINCEY

Chosen by Thomas Burke

$2.50

FAMOUS MEN

RICHARD BURDON HALDANE: ***An Autobiography***
By Viscount Haldane — $5.00

WELLINGTON: ***A Character Study***
By The Honorable Oliver Brett — $3.50

THE EXQUISITE TRAGEDY: ***An Intimate Life of John Ruskin***
By Amabel William-Ellis — $3.50

PERE MARQUETTE: ***Priest, Pioneer and Adventurer***
By Agnes Repplier — $3.00